

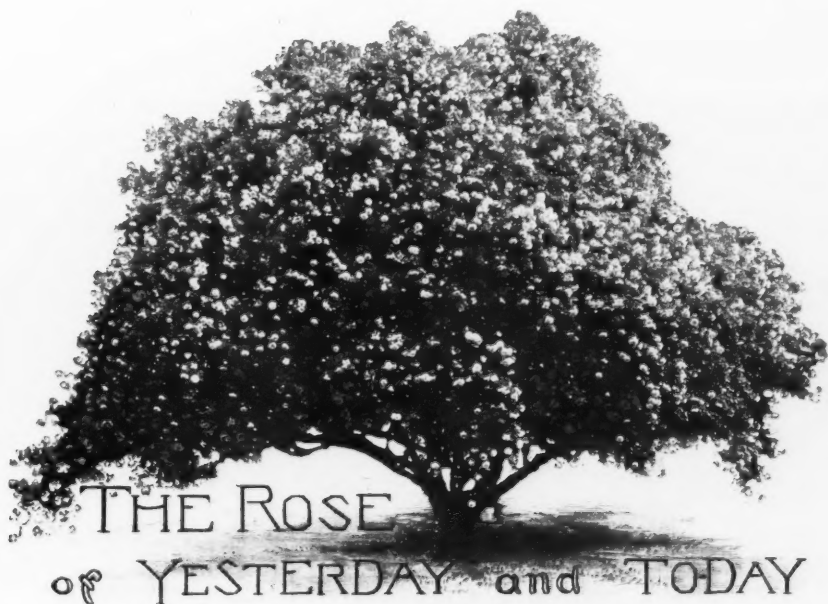
# THE COSMOPOLITAN.

*From every man according to his ability : to every one according to his needs.*

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BY KATHERINE V. C. MATTHEWS.

"THE imperishable rose" has been well said of it, and in witness to this happy truth is the fact that the mystical beauty of roses is as irresistible to-day as it was three thousand years ago, when they bloomed in the rose-gardens of Jericho.

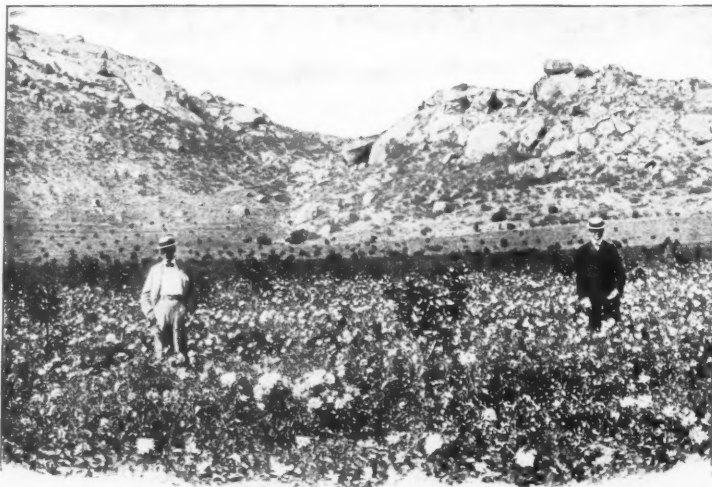
The history and legend of the rose are woven with the very fiber of human history; and the Angel of the Flowers has so withheld the hand of Time from harming the flower to which he has given the supremest beauty, that, through periods so filled with devastation and change that dynasties have been overthrown, kingdoms vanquished and civilization become extinct, it has been ordained that the rose, undiminished in fragrance and in loveliness, should miraculously

escape the world-changes which swept away far mightier things, and, affording delight to countless generations, should bloom on gloriously throughout the centuries.

The origin of the rose is lost upon that dim borderland where legend merges into truth, or fades away from it.

Sir John Mandeville would have us believe that a certain Jewish maiden of Bethlehem, being condemned for witchcraft on the charges of a jealous lover, and sentenced to be burned alive at the stake, declared her innocence and called upon God to show it, whereupon the burning brands turned to red, and the unkindled ones to white, roses—the first ever seen upon earth.

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A CALIFORNIA ROSE-FARM.

An ingenious pagan fable tells us that when the favorite nymph of the goddess Flora was dying, the goddess, with the aid of the other deities, turned her body into a flower, endowing it with every obtainable virtue of beauty, perfume and delight; and in this heaven-born flower we have the rose.

Hindu mythology has it that one of the wives of Vishnu was discovered in the heart of a rose; and all the ancient writings abound in allusions to the rose, its fabulous origin and its brilliant influence. It was the flower which Cupid gave to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to bribe him not to betray the loves of Venus. From that time it became the emblem of silence, and through this

transaction of Cupid's, came the expression "sub rosa," signifying that anything told "under the rose" must be kept an inviolate secret. It was also dedicated to the dawn-goddess, Aurora.

It is believed that there were roses in the

hanging gardens of Babylon; it is certain that they abounded in Palestine, and that the Jews possessed great knowledge of their culture and held them in high esteem. Seven hundred years after King Solomon had written of the Rose of Sharon, when the author of "Ecclesiasticus" was searching for an expression which would symbolize the highest beauty, he placed the rose among the loveliest comparisons: "As the morning star in



THE "BRIDE" ROSE.

the midst of a cloud, . . . as the rainbow giving light, . . . and as the *flower of roses in the spring of the year.*"

The Egyptians grew roses on the banks of the Nile, and as early as in the days of Homer the Greeks had them in abundance, so that in both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* he could borrow figures of color and perfume from them. Sappho sang of roses, as did the Eastern poets, and those songs were taken up and continued by that long line of poets who write the poetry of the present with that of the past.

The Romans delighted in the luxury of roses, and used them in incredible quantities, covering their couches with rose-petals, and even scattering them in the halls of their palaces, and, on gala occasions, in the very streets, to be trodden under foot. To them, also, belonged the distinction of being the first people to know, and make use of, the methods of

forcing roses during the winter months, and so making their bloom a delight which would endure the year round. For festivals and domestic or public rejoicings they used them in a profusion so unequalled as to be noticeable even in an age of reckless prodigality.

The rose found its way into Persia, where love and honor awaited it. Some of the Persian monarchs so surrounded themselves with roses that one, at least, even used them as corks for his crystal decanters; and it is from a Persian poet, Attar, that we

learn of the nightingale's hopeless love for the rose, and how, night after night, it pours its heart out in a passion of love and grief to the flower it adores.

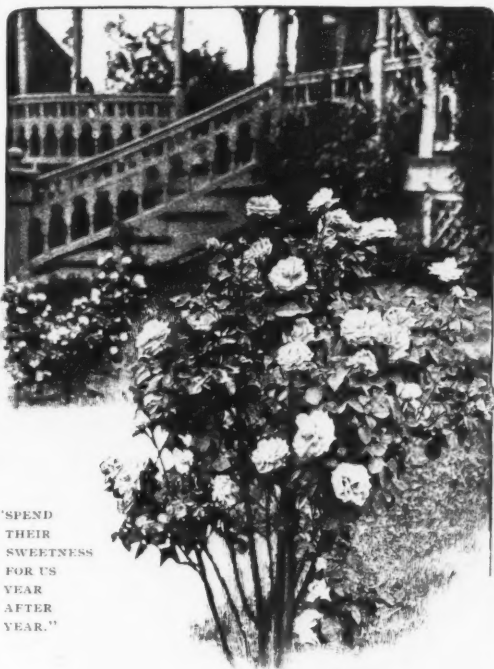
Gradually, as we trace the history of the rose through country after country, age after age, through paths lit by its splendor of color and perfumed by the fragrance that so intensifies its charm, we find it gaining place in every part of the world, lending itself everywhere to romance and to song, with virtues of utility added in the distil-

ling of its leaves for rose-water, in the extraction of its essential oil for attar of roses, and in the making of a quaint old-fashioned conserve from the rose-hips, highly thought of, and said to be most delicious.

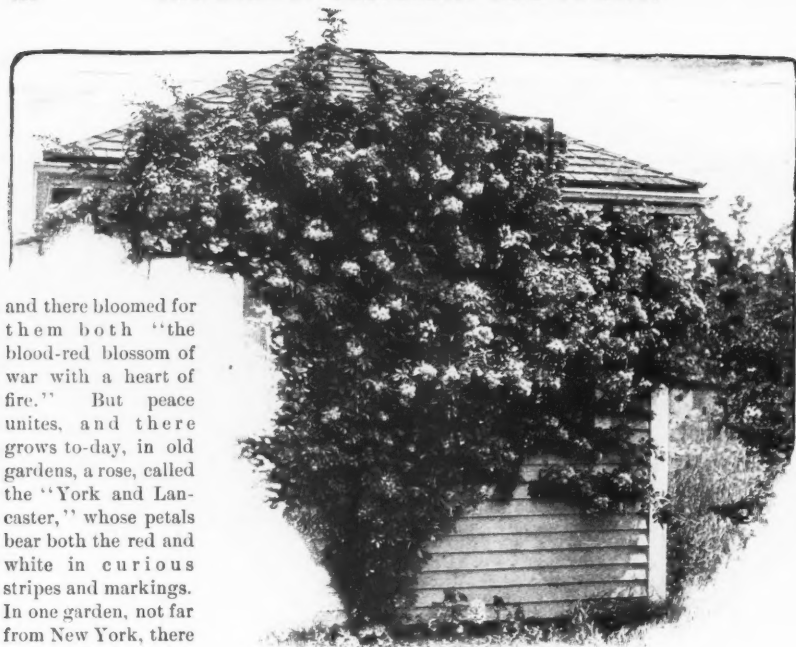
Early in the thirteenth century, Chaucer said that "the savor of the rose" smote to the "heart's root;" and, by the sixteenth century, Gerard was writing that the damask and the

cinnamon roses were common in English gardens.

Throughout the Middle Ages runs a thread of rose-romance almost too slight to be historical, yet lending a touch of grace and lightness to matters heavily weighted with importance. It was the flower of chivalry—of love—yet sometimes its petals were stained with a deeper crimson than their own, as, in the "Wars of the Roses," when civil war rent England; of the rival factions, the followers of York wore the white rose, and those of Lancaster, the red,



"SPEND  
THEIR  
SWEETNESS  
FOR US  
YEAR  
AFTER  
YEAR."



CRIMSON RAMBLER IN FULL BLOOM.

and there bloomed for them both "the blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire." But peace unites, and there grows to-day, in old gardens, a rose, called the "York and Lancaster," whose petals bear both the red and white in curious stripes and markings. In one garden, not far from New York, there is a rose-bush of this variety known to be over a hundred years old, whose bloom, instead of failing with time, grows each year more lavish and profuse.

There are stories, both in England and America, some of them authentic, of yearly rentals consisting of "one red rose," and, in France, of maidenly amiability and virtue being rewarded once a year with a crown of roses. Over the mystic rites of the Rosierucians lies the glamour of the

rose, whose magic, nevertheless, appeared to help them but little to the philosopher's stone, though it would seem that to those who love gardens, the touchstone of happiness, if not of a more substantial reward, is to be found in the cultivation of the rose.

Both, it may well be claimed, are the result of their culture; certainly, commercially, the rose has a value no other flower possesses, both horticulturally and as the source of rose-water and attar of roses. It has been suggested that in the extensive cultivation of roses, for the yielding of their essential oil, as well as the sale of the flowers, lies a field, for American women, of work both profitable and pleasant.

In many countries it is a recognized and most remunerative industry, notably in the south of France and in Bulgaria, where, in the Tundja Valley, on the southern slope of the Balkan mountains, is obtained the finest grade of rose-attar in the world. Great



THE "BRIDESMAID."





AN UNNAMED NEW ROSE.

areas, containing thousands of acres, are devoted to rose-cultivation for this purpose. The process is to make a rose-water which must be twice distilled. It then yields, floating upon the surface of the doubly-distilled fluid, tiny oily drops, which are the attar. The high value placed upon it is more easily understood when we are told that the petals of two thousand roses are required to make a single dram of the essence.

The attar was the discovery of the Eastern sultana Nourmahal, who one day saw drops of oil floating upon a canal of rose-water, which lent its artificial delight to her garden. She noticed, with true Eastern joy in perfume, the wonderful scent which these oily globules possessed, and so it was that this delicious secret was given to the world.

The finest essence is not, as may be supposed, extracted from the most costly roses. On the contrary, the commonest varieties, the freest bloomers, such as the damask,

the cabbage and the hundred-leaved rose (all of them ordinary summer roses), contain the greater number of oil-glands in their petals. It is claimed for some roses, the "Gloire de France," for example, that they possess the double advantage of containing in their petals unusual quantities of oil with the true attar-perfume, and are, as well, perpetual bloomers—a combination of qualities which makes them highly desirable for this industry.

In this country, southern California and many of the southern states afford unusual advantages of climate and of soil for roses, and the Department of Agriculture, after making extensive investigations concerning the manufacture of attar, has strongly advocated their extensive culture for the purpose of extracting attar.

The semi-tropical climate of southern California has long made its luxuriance of roses famous. They flourish there in a wonderful profusion, even when neglected and untended, and repay the slightest care by a lavishness of bloom scarcely believable. In some localities the Cherokee and Jacqueminot roses grow in thick hedges, heavy with bloom, and in the gardens, the

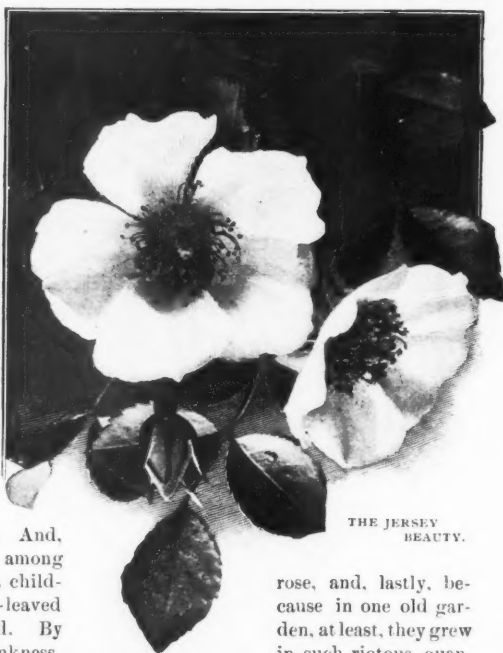


"A FIELD, FOR AMERICAN WOMEN, OF WORK BOTH PROFITABLE AND PLEASANT."

white "niphotos" and the beautiful "bon silence" grow abundantly, side by side with the "Gold of Ophir," the "La Marque," and a myriad of varieties as famous as these.

The rose-trees of California, obtained by budding a rose upon a dogwood stock, arrive in time at a gorgeousness absolutely unique, attaining a height of from eight to twelve feet, and with trunks nine or even eleven inches in diameter.

Of the roses of our grandmothers, those cheerful bloomers which spend their sweetness for us year after year, truly royal in their giving, affording the utmost pleasure and asking in return only the slightest possible attention from us, there cannot fail to be favorites, even where all are beloved. And, since there must even be a favorite among favorites, to any one who has spent a childhood in a rose-garden, the hundred-leaved rose will stand first and best beloved. By reason of its pretty, old-fashioned pinkness, its sweet delicacy of perfume, the generous handfuls of petals yielded by even a single



THE JERSEY  
BEAUTY.

rose, and, lastly, because in one old garden, at least, they grew in such riotous quantities

that the guardians of the garden laid no restrictions on the picking of them, and made no such laws of "touch them not" as hedged about the rarer varieties, in spite of the fact that this rose has the distinction of coming from the Vale of Cashmere!

The damask and the cabbage roses crowded them close for favor; and the "York and Lancaster" folded away the romances of history in its heart of varied white and red. Cinnamon roses were little and not especially winsome, and the "seven sisters" were not very highly prized. Although of Chinese origin, they had grown to consider themselves English roses, and their owners often clung to the delusion. Among the oldest of old-fashioned varieties was the "black rose," a small, dark-purplish bloom, whose name savored of enchantment.



A CLUSTER OF PINK-PEARL BLOSSOMS.

The "Harrison" or "yellow wreath" rose was the earliest comer, and, by reason of its innumerable prickles, the hardest of all to pick, though, the thorns once conquered, there could be no prettier rose-picture than an old, blue India-china bowl crowded full of their yellow beauty. Of white roses, "Madame Plantier" is of truly generous bloom and not to be daunted by any vagaries of season. The "Bourbon" is a later rose, and the rich perfection of its bloom more than compensates for its scarcity. The delicate "eglantine" has an individual charm hard to rival. All of these roses are summer bloomers, who, having made June an unforgettable glory, settle down to a quiet and old-fashioned rest until another June shall bring their dormant loveliness to yet another budding forth.

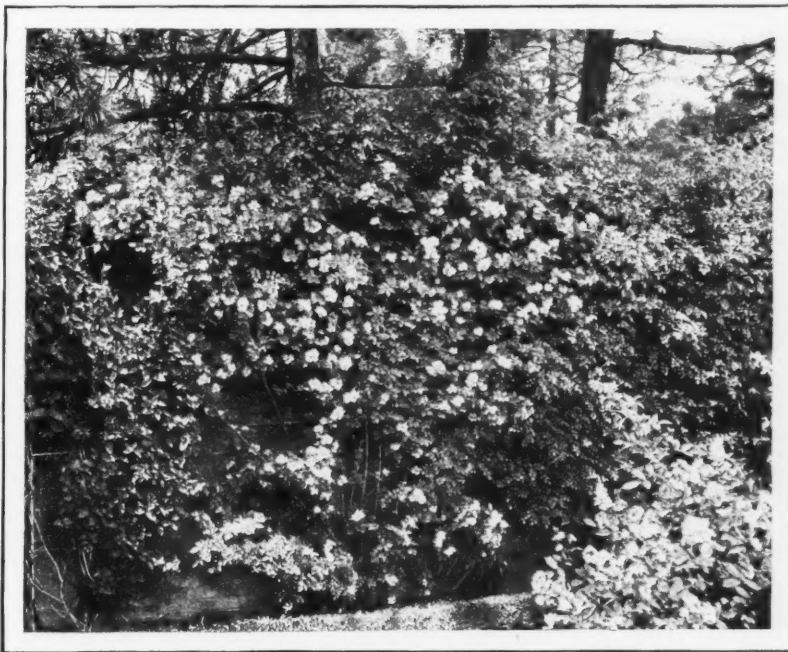
Of the making of books about roses, there is truly no end. From Pliny to John Parkinson, who wrote his "*Paradisus Terrestris*" in 1629, and dedicated it to Queen Henrietta Maria; and from Parkinson down to our own day, there are books dealing with the rose in all its phases, and

yielding every degree of fascination and information, from the "dry-as-dust" variety

to those possessed of an absorbing interest. Notable among them is "*Les Roses*," by P. J. Redouté, and, for a mass of information, briefly and plainly set forth, we have "*Parsons on the Rose*,"—although, among the wealth of rose-literature, to specify but two books is to ignore a long, long list of worthies, in all of whose works may be found explicit directions to the amateur rosarian, which, if carefully adhered to, cannot fail to crown his efforts at rose-culture with success.

To turn from the garden-roses to those which yield their beauty only to the care and attention of the devoted horticulturist and florist, is to step into a world in which rose-beauty would seem to have attained perfection; where we may find in the single specimen the concentrated loveliness of years.

It is claimed for the twentieth-century



"A LAVISHNESS OF BLOOM SCARCELY BELIEVABLE."



AN ELABORATE ROSE-GARDEN.

rosarian that there is but little which Nature and his skill, working together, cannot accomplish in the evolution of the rose, in the changing of its bloom from glory to glory. Would the old Hebrews who grew them in the rose-gardens of Jericho recognize them to-day in their infinite variety?

It is doubtful; for, although the rose beloved then is the rose beloved now, the forms of flower-life change so under cultivation that it is impossible to tell what form was taken by the rose three thousand years ago. It is enough to know that it was beautiful, then as now.



"THE TOUCHSTONE OF HAPPINESS."

Capable of producing more varieties than any known flower, it has won world-triumph for itself and for the horticulturists who delight in perfecting it. In 1899 the American Rose Society was formed by enthusiastic rosarians in this coun-

try, whose object in the formation of the association was to increase rose-production in every possible way, and to stimulate public interest, in the American culture of roses, by organizing and holding annual exhibitions.

Roses had always been a most prominent and attractive feature of all flower-shows, but the annual rose-shows of the American Rose Society have met with remarkable enthusiasm and success. These exhibitions show every variety in a faultless perfection of form and color. Great interest has been manifested in them by the world of society, and, while they are being held, roses and women meet in a



THE NEW "MRS. OLIVER AMES."



A NEW YELLOW ROSE.

friendly rivalry of loveliness. New varieties have won recognition, old favorites taken to themselves new laurels; the peerless "American beauty" always leading in favor among a collection of

roses whose gorgeousness of bloom is only equaled by their gorgeousness of name! Here the "bridesmaid" and the "bride" crowd the "four hundred" for admiration, and the "Queen of Edgeley" and "Alice Roosevelt" secure admiring praise.

The rose is not as common in America as it is in the Old World. It does not grow farther south than India, Abyssinia and Mexico, although cinnamon roses are known as far north as Point Barrow, Alaska. In most cases the rose of the poet and the rose of the botanist is identical, but popular usage has attached the name "rose" to a variety of plants whose kinship to the true flower no botanist would, for a moment, admit. Love for the rose grew so strong that peo-

ple emigrating from their native lands to countries where the rose was not found gave the name, as a token of endearment, to the flower newly-found that resembled it.

It is a truth which is as old as the world that nothing which is upon the earth was made without a purpose; and while following the history of the rose, we see its beauty and its use, its exhaustless loveliness and its perfumed fragrance spent lavishly through all ages for the gratification and the delight of man. We trace the rose of many yesterdays, every to-day and many to-morrows through poetry and romance, and there we find it used always as a type of the highest ideals, the symbol of imperishable love. And when, in the





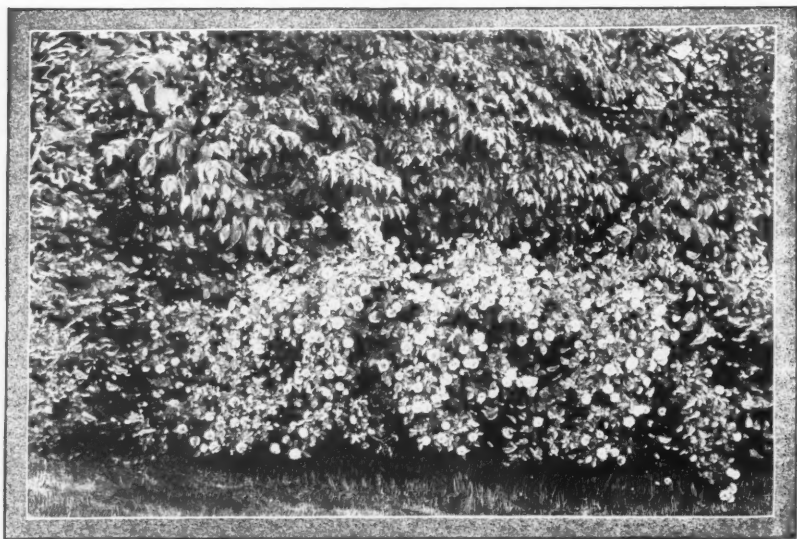
A CLUSTER OF AMERICAN BEAUTIES.

end, we come to ask with Tennyson:— as the great poet answered it, that:—

"And is there any moral shut  
Within the bosom of a rose?"

we find it a question only to be answered

" . . . . Any man  
In bud or blade or bloom may find  
According as his humors lead,  
A meaning suited to his mind."



"IN THICK HEDGES, HEAVY WITH BLOOM,"



## GATEWAYS ARTISTIC-AND-CHARACTERISTIC

BY PHEBE WESTCOTT HUMPHREYS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

IN the valley of the Wissahickon, where the historic, many-legended waters empty into the Schuylkill, is a plain stone entranceway to a winding flight of steps, leading to every picturesque possibility—if one will follow the banks of the former stream, through its miles of primeval forests, jutting rocks, mountainous ascents and shadowy caverns, to where the brook shallows down to a mere thread and finally loses itself among the hills of Pennsylvania.

In the shadow of the Pyrenees is an old castle that has stood stanchly for many hundreds of years. It is located at Milhau, in the south of France, in the department of Aveyron, not many miles away from the beautiful city of Toulouse. Fortress as well as château, it witnessed many a stormy scene in the religious and continental wars that bathed Europe in blood. Owned now by one of the most celebrated cantatrices of the day, it is known as "Château Cambrieres." It includes nearly one hundred acres of woodland, and the rugged and diversified scenery of the spot seems to reflect the moods and temperament of its owner. The gateways leading

to the castle are in themselves miniature castles, grim reminders of ancient drawbridges and moat-protected ramparts.

No other entranceway could suggest itself that would be more thoroughly in keeping with the surroundings in either instance. Place the sturdy, plain, little stone gateway on the Wissahickon at the entrance to "Château Cambrieres," and we should have an architectural anomaly. Build the castellated, tower-gateways to give entrance to the wild, primeval beauties of the Wissahickon, and we would laugh at their absurdity. The one key-note that will produce harmony in the construction of the



"MASSIVE STONE ENTRANCEWAYS SENTINEL SUBURBAN KEEPS."

gateway is struck only by the architect who possesses that indescribable something known as "sense of the fitness of things." No matter how elaborate the gateway, no matter how plain and unobtrusive, it must be in keeping with the grounds and mansion to which it gives entrance if it is to be architecturally beautiful. It cannot be truly artistic unless it is strikingly characteristic.

It is not true that our American millionaires are fashioning their country-seats and their gateways after the types selected by those successful artists of brush and stage who glory in Old World castles as their places of rest and seclusion. Only in rare exceptions do we find flat incongruities expressed in the erection of new summer homes or the modern modifications of historic country-seats. The taste of the indigenous millionaire is more frequently in the direction of exaggerated simplicity or overdone antiquity. The costly log-

cabin country-seats of the mountain districts, and the commodious one- and two-storied structures, fashioned after the old colonial homesteads or the rambling inns of Revolutionary days, are more commonly encountered than new-made castle homes among the wealthy of this country. In the "colonial" homestead of this later day, quaintly roofed gateways are frequently the appropriate accompaniment of this studied simplicity. The most pleasing type is a low wall of stone, finished with plain wooden posts that are surmounted with a

square, shingled roof—supports and eaves being finished without the slightest suggestion of ornament.

One of the most pronounced exceptions, and the one which probably led to the recent announcement by a prominent architect that "our American millionaires are building their country-seats after the fashion of Old World castles," is the popularity of the "English tower" effect, found not only in the suburbs of our large cities, but also at fashionable watering-places. Architects give the credit of the fad

to the turrets and donjon-keeps of popular actresses. They tell us that it is fashionable nowadays for those artists to have something more tangible than mere "castles in Spain." The unwritten law of the stage almost seems to be that a successful season in America must be followed by the purchase somewhere of a schloss. Patti set the precedent by establishing herself at Craig-y-



"DIFFERING SOMEWHAT FROM HERALDIC GATEWAYS."

nos. Jean de Reszke retreated to the depths of Poland, to his beautiful estate of Borovna. Bernhardt took to an island in the Mediterranean; and Calvé ensconced herself in the south of France on a rock that recalls Gibraltar. Alluring word-pictures of these castle homes prove tempting to the millionaire whose greatest ambition is to eclipse neighboring Mr. Moneybags in the erection of a palace. But only occasionally does American wealth get the better of American common sense, and bring to pass such haunting absurdities,

emphasized by incongruous surroundings in grounds and gateways. More frequently even the most dictatorial of the newly rich will entrust the details to the architect in charge, without offering the blundering advice of cherished aspirations; and the result is harmony and consistency, although the whole may appear somewhat overdone.

When the American imitation of the British castle is fashioned tactfully after ancestral homes, and when good taste is displayed throughout, the result is most pleasing. Imposing and massive stone entranceways sentinel these suburban keeps; and not only the doorways, but the domed and turreted conservatories and all the various details of the huge mansion, correspond in architecture with the striking entranceway to the extensive grounds.

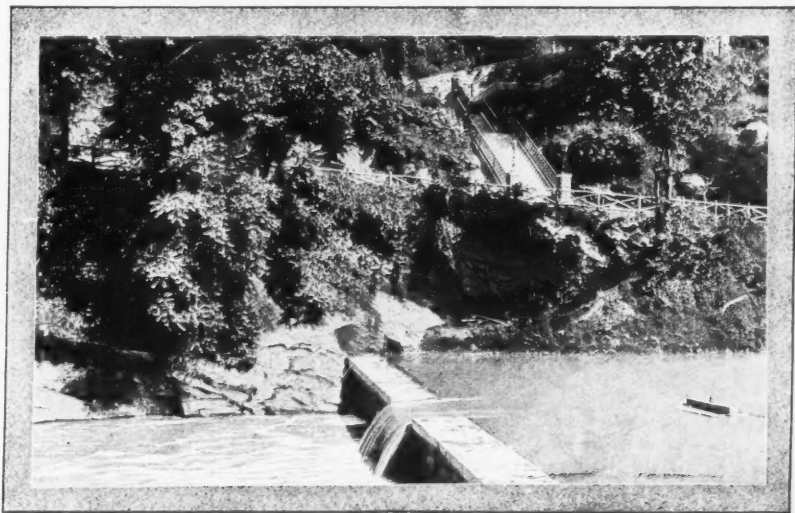
Again, where Old English tower-effects predominate in the country-seat, gigantic tower-gateways, constructed on the same



THE BOY'S CLUB AT MANHEIM.

general lines, guard the entrance to the grounds.

Magnificent simplicity is notably expressed in the erection of many palace homes to-day. They show a distinct type. It is not the simplicity pertaining to antique copies of old homesteads and inns or to the conspicuously gorgeous "log cabins." These true mansions are built as largely splendid in form and architectural lines as the castles just described; but their general plan is entirely different. Not a turret, or a gable, or even a flat, corbeled balcony is allowed



"A WINDING FLIGHT OF STEPS, LEADING TO EVERY PICTURESQUE POSSIBILITY."



AN IMITATION OF REVOLUTIONARY SIMPLICITY.

to project from the unbroken lines of calm, unfretted beauty on which some of the homes are constructed. Others show simply the addition of huge colonial porches or Greek porticoes. In many instances, such country-seats follow studiously the lines of the White House at Washington.

The summer home of Frederick W. Vanderbilt, in the suburbs of New York, and the Peter A. B. Widener country-seat, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, are striking examples of architectural grandeur simply yet elegantly attained. The Vanderbilt estate, situated on the Hudson, is not so pronounced in its haughty abstinence from ornateness as the Widener estate. Some measure of restraint, it is true, is noticeable on the west front; but the other side is enriched by an elaborate Greek portico. The estate is known as Hyde Park, being named from the ancestral English estate of Lord Hyde, a former owner. While a magnificent park of several hundred acres environs the Vanderbilt residence, that of Mr. Widener is surrounded by extensive stretches of lawn,

broken here and there by ingeniously designed Japanese gardens, with attractive lakes and velvety green slopes, but with very little woodland.

Wherever such types are found, the gateways are usually in satisfying accord with the mansions. Stately white stone pillars accompany the colonial-columned mansion; and the huge stone gateways belonging to other specimens of magnificent simplicity are relieved only by beds of evergreen shrubbery, attractively grouped about the entranceway and along the massive stone wall leading to it.

Heraldic gateways are of recent introduction in this country. At first thought, it seems an absurdity to "blazon arms or ensigns armorial" about the entranceway of the country-seat. One instinctively thinks of the immense sum of money that was probably paid at the office of a "herald" versed in the science of ferreting obscure genealogies from out their shy retreats in cheese-cellars or in chandlery. There are gateways where the coat of arms is so elaborately displayed that one naturally infers the designer failed to complete the work, and that "SNOBBERY," in capital letters, should be distinctly engraved below the staring bit of heraldry.

There are instances, however, where an armorial device is not only allowable architecturally, if on no other grounds, but quite in keeping with its surroundings. When massive stone gateways lead to summer mansions constructed on the lines of an



"THE UNPRETENTIOUS PILLARS OF AN UNPRETENTIOUS HOME."





AN ELABORATE GATEWAY AND ENCLOSURE—  
FROM THE INSIDE.

English ancestral home, when the coat of arms occupies only an inconspicuous and decorative place in the otherwise plain mass of stone masonry, and when the magic word "appropriate" may be fittingly applied to the ensemble of lawns and park, one forgets to criticize the detail in admiration of the entirety.

Differing somewhat from heraldic gateways proper, but showing the same idea in decorative effects, we find huge stone columns, supporting lions that in turn hold conspicuously into view the name of the estate. One of the most charming of these stone gateways, because it is most characteristic of the home to which it gives

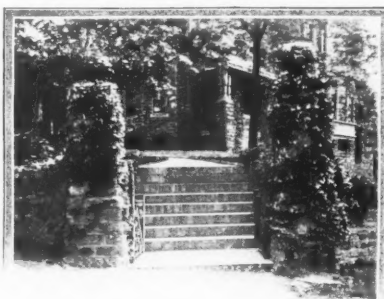


AN IMPOSING APPROACH.

entrance, is found at the Montebello estate, in Germantown, near Philadelphia. The walls, the gateways and their elaborate decorations are of brownstone, in perfect keeping with the brownstone mansion standing high upon the sloping lawn in the distance. It hap-

pens often that the name of the estate is displayed in elaborate ironwork, arched above the entranceway, and supporting the gas-lamps or arc-lamps that are found on the majority of artistic gateways, situated at a distance from the mansion.

Immensity is the key-note of other modern gateways. Stone pillars, so enormous that there seems no possible excuse for their existence, are capped by elaborate turrets, and near their base are great arched or angled entrances to give access through the stone columns to the walks leading along the curved driveway. When the mansion is built on the same enormously magnificent lines, such gateways may be considered characteristically beautiful. But only then; for, otherwise, there is the suspicion of an interrogation-point after



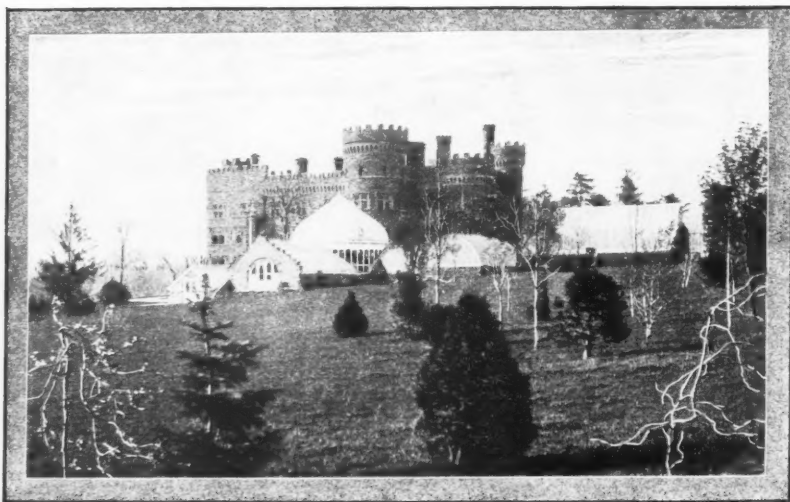
VINE-CLAD AND ARTISTIC.

tending from post to post and covering the entire entranceway, for the sake of the studied effect aimed at in the modern log-cabin old-homestead—only the individual gate-posts are roofed. The quaint bit of shingle roofing not only serves to protect the stonework of the posts from becoming weather-worn, but also gives just the touch of characteristic decoration required to make both the house and the entrance artistic in their effect.

Vine-clad gateways are charmingly artistic, no matter where they are encountered or to what elaboration or eccentricity they may give countenance. Fortunately, they are becoming more common in every part of the country. The great square post, with its flat capping, assumes, under the mollifying touch of the clinging vines, a

each challenge for admiration.

Curiously roofed gate-posts are frequently found which correspond with the conical roofing of the house-towers and form an attractive feature of the unpretentious suburban home. Unlike the quaint shingle roofs — ex-



A RESIDENCE REQUIRING A DIGNIFIED ENTRANCE.

grace and beauty unlooked for, even by the designer. The massive piles of angular, pointed stonework, leading to stretches of driveway, become mounds and arches of delicate green when the gardener adds the softening touch of a new beauty unknown to the art of the stone-cutter. The most curiously wrought scrollwork known to the iron-worker is never quite so delicately lovely as the vine tendrils that reach up their clinging fingers from stone or iron base and trace out the fresh scrolls and filigree to which Nature wills them, in the arch fancy that is so sweet a part of all her mighty plan.

World-famous club-grounds frequently serve as models for the aspiring home-builder in planning a country mansion. Extensive grounds in the possession of a wealthy club, determined to surpass some rival in a neighboring suburb, are occasionally endowed with grandeurs undreamed of by individual builders. The multitude of ideas suggested by the various globe-trotting members would produce as many incongruities were it not for the blessing that in some building-committees there is a master mind to control the final plans for structural designs of buildings and entranceways.

In the South and West, especially among



THE SEVERELY SIMPLE GATEWAY OF OLD COLONIAL DAYS.

the aspiring clubdoms of California and the Florida resorts, there is a tendency to imitate some old Spanish town in the arrangement of the various buildings. Concrete for building-material, terra-cotta for ornaments, and Spanish roof-tiles, give rich color combinations to the towers, pavilions, minarets and curious, overhanging roofs. One must enter the grounds through the characteristic Spanish courts and gorgeous, raised porteullis, from which the majestic towers of the various structures first meet the eye, to be thoroughly impressed by the imposing proportions of square tower and balustrade on the one hand, and, on the other, by the platforms leading up to the huge round towers, with each high

conical roof surmounted by an elaborate metal finial. Each tower is pierced near the top by an arched window, opening upon curious balconies with low projections, the whole presenting such a perfect picture of time-worn Mohammedan mosques that, from the balconies, we might almost expect to hear the muezzin's call to prayer. What more appropriate entranceway could possibly be imagined than porteullis and winding court, leading to groves of orange-trees and lemon-trees, to palms and palmettos, and to rose-gardens?

Club-grounds of northern and eastern suburbs must



THE MODEST ENTRANCE WHICH ANY ONE CAN HAVE.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE MANHEIM CLUB.

content their owners with velvety slopes of lawn or, at most, a treasured bit of forest park in place of moss-hung lanes, orange archways, mulberries, magnolias and myrtles. The buildings, accordingly, assume a plainer type of architecture. The noted Manheim Club, in Pennsylvania, possesses one of the most pronounced types of Old English garden. From the sun-dial and quaintly ordered flowers to the long, rambling structures forming the main club-house and the Ladies' Club, the Boys' Club and the main dormitory, it shows a bit of genuine American antiquity in the carefully preserved colonial buildings; while the newer swimming-pool and the squash-court buildings are fashioned after models of antiquity.

Ironwork and stonework, in attractive combination, form richly appointed entranceways, each with the most appropri-

ate significance of adornment.

It is seldom that ironwork alone guards the entranceway and encloses the grounds of private estates. A combination of evergreen hedges and massive coping or elaborate stonework frequently forms the main enclosing wall, with skilfully wrought designs in iron to serve for swinging gates and decorative finish. Occasionally, however, one encounters an enclosure within iron fencing alone, relieved by numerous iron gateways. In such cases, intricate design,

careful execution and elaborate finish are good to look upon; and the wonderful ironwork seems to guard glimpses of fairy-land, set amid the trees and shrubbery of these palatial country-seats. The States of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania to-day hold some main gateways of exquisitely wrought metal that are monuments of skill, with heraldic devices, as well as the names of the estates, beautifully sketched in iron that seemed to live at the touch of some master's hands.

Again, a plain, low, iron fence, with unassuming, vine-clad posts and simple, serviceable gateways, will offer enticing views of blooming plants and shrubbery, or of fountains and statuary, with shadowy walks, hammock-hung groves and an unpretentious but alluring summer home in the distance. Flowers are always a fitting accompaniment for the iron railing and



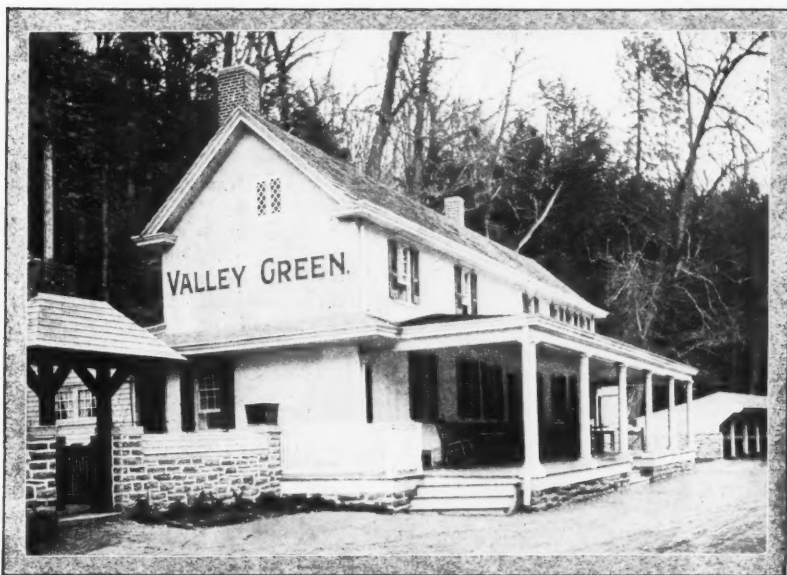
A RESIDENCE FOR WHICH STATELY ENTRANCEWAYS AND GROUNDS ARE NECESSARY.

entranceway, whether built on the magnificent or the modest scales. One landscape-gardener in the East, with a high courage, has arranged massive rockeries and beds of evergreen shrubbery on the street side of a showy iron fencing, leaving simply the green stretches of lawn, within the gates, to lead to the mansion beyond. A study of results in the newer ideas wrought in iron about enclosures convinces one that the combination of rockery, evergreen shrubbery and ironwork is capable of producing wondrously beautiful harmonies.

Throughout the entire country, during

other than the ordinary standards of bigness and cost. Though imposing in magnitude, they are graceful in execution. Though frequently criticized as un-American because they blazon claims to pride in Old World ancestry, they are yet so exquisite in the profusion and richness of their decorative details that even the eccentricities and apparent absurdities of the owners are made into things of beauty to the most patriotically republican eye.

It is not stern democracy that may bring about the better change, although signs are not wanting that nobility of England

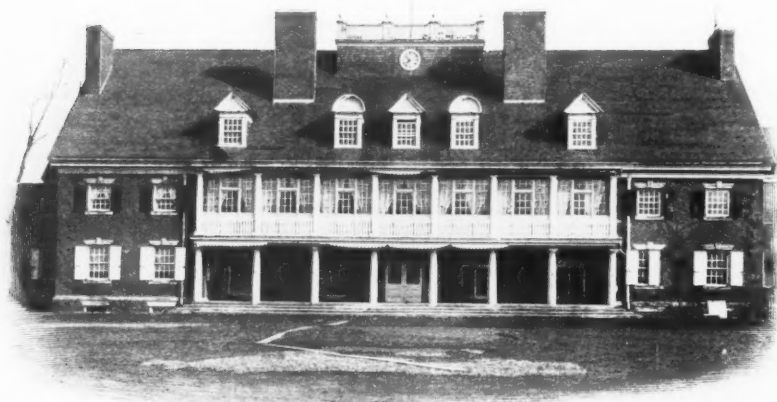


A MODEL FOR MANY COUNTRY-SEATS.

recent years, artistic and characteristic gateways have opened the eyes of the public to the great strides American taste has made toward architectural perfection. Mansions and their entranceways and every detail of their surroundings have felt the touch of a broadening culture and of a more refined discretion. So vast are the conceptions, yet, so true the proportions, so varied the outlines, in the planning of the palatial country-seat of to-day, that one must give them careful study to understand aright their true significance. They are worthy of being estimated by some measure

or of France, if not to be disesteemed, may rank no higher than ancestries that wrought their first great deeds amid the untamed Western wilderness. The ready answer to the call of native pride comes not alone in mere revivals of colonial porches and low, wide doors, but in a hundred significant developments, from the treasuring of samplers, wrought by dear, dead hands, to the Old Home Week, when hands yet living and more dear await the loving greeting. This shrewdly tender knowledge we have won, that our deeds are as great as we can make them good, and that the American





MAIN BUILDING OF THE MANHEIM CLUB.

pioneer was the hardy nobility of a later age, is having its due weight in fashioning the details of the very walls wherein we dwell.

To the trained observer—be he architect, philosopher of the people's garb, or cultured artist soul who asks his good unmixed—the discrepancies are rough realities

to mind as well as vision. That almost omnipotent phrase, "good taste," is working out its mastery more swiftly than ever before. This, with the admirable shibboleth, "Americanus sum," may be looked to for the perfecting of our art in architecture.



IMMENSITY IS THE KEY-NOTE OF SOME MODERN GATEWAYS.

## FLORAL HEAD-DRESSES.

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

THE blossoms in her hair! They are all a part with youth and sentiment, love and laughter. Then, suddenly, we note that yesterday has slipped into to-morrow, that "Gillian's dead, God rest her bier," and that the garlands are withered; but the roses still shake their perfume above the tresses of the maids of to-day.

Floral decoration for the hair is as old as coquetry. Eve probably exploited its possibilities to the utmost, and the serpent doubtless whispered that her wreaths and festoons were only half the feast—the bonbons or the appetizer. Some wicked old cynic once said that she ate the apple in order to obtain some clothes. Having that final coquetry of dress (the blossoms in her hair), it was naturally but one step to the offsetting costume.

And what a simple little trick it seems—this rose in the tresses; but it has its intricacies, its meanings, its consequences.

"The girl who twines in her soft hair  
The orange-flower with love's devotion,  
By the mere act of being fair  
Sets countless laws of life in motion."

When a man thinks of his first love, he remembers her always with the rose of eternal youth in her hair, or the "jasmine flower in her fair young breast;" and, for him, "she is not dead, and she is not wed," and the withered rose-leaves crackle in an old

letter, as from his heart he pays his tribute to his lost youth: "O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!"

The arrangement of flowers in the hair is not wholly a matter of sentiment, however; it is an art. The blossoms may be the last touch to a faultless toilet, at once its crown and its epitome; for the flowers should merely be the final expression of the fresh, exquisite, harmonious whole.

Properly chosen, what may not a flower express? The aloofness of sanctity, the essence of coquetry.

Some one has said that it is every woman's ambition to be either a great

saint or a great beauty; that she has only two spheres: passion and sanctity. The flower in her hair may easily define her sphere. The daughter of Spain lays a crimson rose in her dark locks, casts a mantilla over it—half revealing, half concealing its warm, red invitation—flutters her fan, and the



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"GLOWING GHOSTS OF FLOWERS."

havo is wrought. The rose allures, invites; the mantilla hints of reserve and mystery; the fan woos and repels; and man—proposes.

How different is the effect of the waxen camellia laid against the smooth hair of the maiden of a colder climate. It possesses a placid charm; it serves as a reminder of gentle, peaceful, well-ordered days; but it arouses no primitive desires in the unregenerate, masculine heart to capture and possess.

To attain this art in its perfection, there must be an innate feeling for it. The woman who would wear daisies in her hair with a costly lace gown and rubies has no music in her soul, no appreciation of beauty, no sense of the eternal fitness of things.

A wreath of daisies in the hair, or even a single blossom, must express simplicity—simplicity of costume and

appearance. They are rustic little flowers, breathing of the fields and meadows, and should only crown the childish face, the loosely arranged hair.

Flowers have as distinct personalities as people. I remember still the shock it gave me when reading the history of one of Augusta J. Evans' gifted and accomplished heroines, to have her appear, in one of the scenes of the book, with a pure white

hyacinth twined in the blue-black masses of her hair. Reader, as the novelists of the eighteenth century would say, picture to yourself a woman with a hyacinth in her tresses. As far as grace went, she might, with equal taste, have adorned those blue-black masses with a feather duster. Thereafter the tale was ruined for me. Through every situation the heroine walked with that stiff stalk of hyacinth sticking upright

in her hair. In the love-passages, it insisted on falling over one eye; in those depicting grief, it tumbled sidewise over one ear. What matter if she spoke like Madame de Staël, or looked like Helen of Troy? Her heroinely fascinations were gone for me.

A heroine famous for the flowers in her hair was Zenobia of the "Blithedale Romance." She never appeared without one gorgeous exotic tucked in her

black tresses. And, in his reference to this blossom, Hawthorne seems to use it to emphasize the effect of her character, creating in the reader's mind the impression of a nature strange, passionate and alien, always making the flower appear as the outward and fitting symbol.

Tennyson also uses the same motif to give an impression of appearance and even of environment, as in his poem "Lady



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"... DAFFODILS  
THAT COME BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES."

Clare." When Lady Clare discovers the deception that has been practised upon her, and that she is usurping the lands which belong to the rightful heir, she exclaims:—

"Pull off, pull off the golden brooch,  
And cast the diamond necklace by,"

thus giving the impression of renouncing, casting aside her state and splendor. Then she fares forth to tell the true lord the tale of her lowly birth:—

"She clad herself in russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare,  
She went by dale, she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair."

When Lord Ronald sees her, he exclaims:—

"Why come you dressed like a village  
maid,  
That are the flower of the earth?"

By that phrase, in conjunction with the single rose in her hair, Tennyson has made his desired impression with subtlety and precision. A wreath of roses would have hinted at state and opulence, but the single rose proclaimed her at once bereft and at once the flower of the earth.

Do we not grasp something of the nature of Pauline Bonaparte when we read of her scant, cobwebby costumes, of her sandaled, beautiful, bare feet, of the bands



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"RICH WITH THE SPOILS OF NATURE."

of leopard-skin, and of the vine-leaves and grapes in her hair? The pipes of Pan rang in her ears, the cymbals of the bacchantes clashed! She must image the untrammelled, the free. She exulted too greatly in her pagan loveliness to hide from the gaze of man all of that Phryne-like beauty.

The priestesses of the sun seized the materialization of the rays they worshiped and bound yellow flowers above their brows; and, with their gift of exquisite symbolism, the Greeks expressed almost every emotion and every impulse by means of the floral chaplet. What could have been devised more truly suggestive of spring—its passion and its poetry—than those processions of violet-crowned youths and maidens, trooping, with laughter and song, through the shady groves of the Antiochian Daphne, to lay their fragrant offerings at the altar of Love?

Violets, however, are singularly



"EVERYWHERE THE DAISIES SMILED."



"THE EVE OF DAY."

adaptable, and can be worn with any kind of a toilette. Although the insignia of royalty since the days of the first Napoleon, they are also the flowers of sentiment. The woman who pins a cluster of them in her hair hints of an unvoiced sensibility, of what Mallock calls "woman's last charm—a grief, but never a grievance." It is a tender sentiment, softening sorrow without bitterness. For her, the violets seem to voice an appeal. "Despite the hard glitter of diamonds on her breast, she has a heart."

The maidens of Samoa twine their hair with garlands and festoons of blossoms. It is the eternal aspiration of the eternal feminine toward beauty—that desire to render themselves fair, which is the "soul's

emphasis" of the daughters of Eve. It is their temptation and their strength; by it they reign, through it they fall.

Roses are a law unto themselves. Not always have they served as Beauty's chaplet alone. At the splendid banquets given by the Romans, there were wreaths of roses provided for the guests, in deference to the current belief that their fragrance dissipated the effect of the fumes of wine; but no matter to what use they may have been put in crowning the brows of befuddled senators, they are still the flower of youth. None but the young and beautiful should wear them.

A woman should have a charmingly poised head set upon her shoulders, with grace and distinction, before she may safely adopt a head-dress of flowers. There are certain sleek specimens of the coiffeuse's art which look well with a flat arrangement of leaves or a tiny garland, but to stand the ordeal of a floral head-dress, and not present a bizarre appearance, a woman must



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"A FIRE OF FLOWERS."





"WHITE ROSE OF WEARY LEAF."

possess beauty of a picturesque and effective order.

The young woman pictured in these pages, who has daringly wreathed her head with morning-glories understood perfectly the unwritten laws of the floral head-dress. She was aware that one of the most graceful and exquisite of sprays on its native vine would have a very different appearance when twined about the feminine head. It could only be beautiful with a costume and a manner of dressing the hair which would aim at flowing effects. As the picture stands—the bodice, of soft,

falling chiffon; the unbound hair; the haughty face, crowned by the loose spray of morning-glory—it is poetic, suggestive of the "happy morning of life and of May;" but fancy how the picture would have looked had the young woman worn a conventional gown and smoothly coiffed head!

Instead, she knew enough to follow the suggestion of the flower. All the lines of the spray were loose, flaring, springing; and the girl who elected to wear it, must, in costume and arrangement of the hair, adopt the same lines, produce the same effect. She must, in a word, express the flower which adorns her.

The use of the floral head-dress in portrait photography of pretty women has never been fully utilized. It has infinite possibilities. By the



"COLD SEA-BLOOM."

deft arrangement of flowers in the hair, results may be achieved which will procure a wonderfully picturesque and charming photograph, as is shown in the illustrations accompanying this article.

Some of the delicate wide-petaled blossoms in the hair and on the breast give a delicious butterfly effect, or a young woman with a classic type of beauty may bind the more massive flowers above her brow and resemble some stately, mysterious priestess of the temple of Isis.

Balzac assures us that a plain woman may make her lack of beauty as fascinating and attractive as a pretty woman's loveliness. Perhaps he is right; but the woman who accomplishes this feat must be an artist to her fingertips. She must instinctively understand all the harmonies and subtleties of color and drapery—what points are to be insisted on, what to be ignored. But the photographer's art is not quite so difficult. It is a poor photographer, indeed, who can not take a beautiful picture of an ugly woman.

Is she a trifle Japanesque in appearance? Then let him pose her so that the

Is she indefinite and colorless? He can make her appear strange, shadowy, ethereal. With plenty of gauze drapery and water-lilies in her hair, she is an unearthly, enthralling Undine; limpid-eyed, pale-faced, lulling and restful.

One of the accompanying pictures represents the delicate, cameo-like profile of a beautiful young woman, her loose hair covered with light blossoms, and the result is most attractive; but should she appear thus

at a dinner, for instance, she would be considered ridiculous, as Ophelia-like as her appearance indicates. Poor Ophelia, twining the blossoms in her hair, singing her pathetic songs! It was the feminine impulse to make herself fair which still actuated her disordered brain.

There is a difference between the decorative use of flowers and jewels. A woman fortunate enough to possess beautiful jew-

els may adorn herself with them in any sort of a way, and they will excite admiration; for they are permanent, and represent value. Now, flowers have no intrinsic value, to speak of, and are extremely perishable. Consequently, the woman who wears them at all must use her artistic sense and the tact of the toilette in their arrangement.

Floral head-dresses at best belong to youth or to radiant, young matronhood. The cheeks they bloom above must be as



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"THE MORNING-GLORY'S BLOSSOMING."

"Shadows of her rich brocade,  
Lights of gold thread overlaid,  
Gorgeous, glowing as her name,  
Fall about her, standing there,  
Cherry-blossoms in her hair,  
Chrysantème."

smooth as their petals. Console yourself with your rubies and diamonds and emeralds, mesdames, the roses are not for you. They are as transient as your lost 'teens.

Among the peasantry in various parts of Europe it has always been a custom for the young girls to wear coronets and wreaths of flowers on certain occasions. Tom Moore speaks of: "The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses her dark, flowing hair for some festival day."

In that sentimental mid-Victorian era, when "Lucille" was the poem of poems, when maidens wore long curls and floating, velvet riding-habits, flowers were much in vogue for the hair. Then it was the lover's proud privilege to twine those blossoms in his lady's locks.

"The roses I, at times, would twist  
To deck her hair, she oft forgot."

And again the fashion of the times is mentioned:—

"There's a high-born lady stands  
At a golden mirror, pale . . .  
Where her maid is weaving roses  
For the ball, through her dark hair."



"PANSIES FREAKED WITH JET."



"I COME TO PLUCK YOUR BERRIES,  
HARSH AND CRUDE."

A heroine was not a heroine in those days if flowers were not clustered in her hair. The poets of that era were forever harping upon the custom:—

"But sweeter still to choose and twine  
The garlands for that hair of thine."

It is said that the language of lovers is always and universally the same, and this must be true; for in how many, many different novels has Edward whispered passionately to Angelina: "Give me the rose in your hair?" It is always a definite scene in works of fiction of a certain type, occurring as regularly as the heroine's sprained ankle or the hunt ball.

With the survival of the modified early Victorian styles during the last few years, the custom of wearing flowers in the hair has, to a certain extent, been revived, especially among the English beauties. Some very famous



"THE VINEYARD'S RUBY TREASURES."

ones have worn the wreaths and half-wreaths of roses, and one great lady has set the fashion for a flat wreath of ivy-leaves which is very pretty and becoming to some faces.

The Frenchwoman often arranges flowers in her hair as a finishing touch to the toilette; but the American woman has never taken up the fancy to any particular extent, and, if she wears flowers in the hair at all, she usually confines herself to a single rose.

Yet the floral head-dress is a pretty fashion, graceful and poetic, and it is a pity that it has never been more widely adopted among us. Perhaps, however, the fact that it has not may be a blessing in disguise. With all her intuitive skill in dress, the American woman shows less taste in the way she uses flowers for adorn-

ment than the woman of any other country.

For a number of years those who love the faint, delicious spring-time violet, and consider that a woman's costume is refined and rendered more attractive by a cluster of these flowers, have had the pain of seeing their favorites massed into a huge, unsightly ball—a round bouquet of immense size, which resembles nothing so much as a cauliflower. These monstrosities women have worn on their bosoms, or at the waist, accepting, apparently without protest, a vulgarly ostentatious and un-beautiful fashion.



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"DEEP VIOLETS YOU LIKEN TO  
THE KINDEST EYES THAT LOOK ON YOU."

If the adoption of floral head-dresses means that women are to adorn themselves further with such excrescences, let us trust that they will never be considered good form.

In case the custom is revived, we can only hope that les femmes du monde will employ the services of a professional floral hair-dresser. If there should be a great demand for the services of such a functionary, he might in time achieve as much fame and fortune as the noted French salad-maker, in London, who drove from house to house in his well-appointed brougham, and who, alighting, was followed into the mansion by his footman bearing his monogrammed case of condiments.

The floral hair-dresser of the future may look his subject over and say: "Ah, Mad'moiselle, you shall interpret a 'frühlings lied.'"

Here, Gaston, the primroses, the narcissi, the snowdrops;" or, "Madame, you shall be a picture after Watteau—all airy delicacy and exquisite coloring. Gaston, the sweet peas and forget-me-nots."

Bret Harte pictures for us one of his characters—the fascinating Maruja, I think—with a wreath of purple artichoke-blos-

soms surrounding her dainty head. It sounds very kitchen-gardeny, but the flowers are beautiful, nevertheless.

When one sits down seriously to think of wreaths and festoons and garlands, what pictures rise in the memory! Here is a long series of Queens of the May, all in

white and crowned with flowers. Her attendant maidens of the Ephemeral Court are likewise decked and wreathed with blossoms. A merry, joyous, innocent picture.

And then, before the mental vision, appear the shepherdesses of La Petite Trianon, with their festooned, ribboned crooks, their gilded milking-stools, their panniers and their high heels; and encircling the white tower of their powdered hair are tiny, flat wreaths of flowers.

But there is one class of women who are debarred the chaplets and

the nosegays; who must, perforce, forego the perfume and beauty of flowers, eschew them as they would poison—and these are the singers. Any flowers of strong fragrance have an almost immediate effect upon the voice, and violets are especially inimical to its quality.

There is, I believe, a perfectly



"BARBARIC PEARL AND GOLD."



well-authenticated case of a young prima donna who was to make her *début* at some important, private musicale. The hostess had a large bouquet of violets in a vase upon the stage, not knowing the peculiar effect of perfume upon the larynx. The young artist advanced and opened her lips; but no voice came. It was as if she had temporarily been struck dumb; and, bitterly disappointed, she was forced to leave the stage.

It was, at first, considered an attack of hysteria; but her physician diagnosed the case differently, and claimed that her difficulty of utterance was solely due to the effect of the strong fragrance of the violets.

The wreath is a symbol of power, whether it be the floral tiara of a Theodora or a Cleopatra, the laurels of a Zenobia, or the slender rose-garland of a Queen of the May. From it sprang the enduring crown of gold and jewels, emblem of conquest and empire; but the frail, perishable chaplet of flowers is the symbol of a yet wider dominion—the power of beauty.

And, looking at the matter from a wholly philosophical standpoint, has the American woman been wise in discarding this outward and visible symbol of her empire? May it not be that the present inclination toward a more liberal use of flowers, for the purpose of adornment, is, to some extent, a return to truer gods?

The intense ambition for simplicity of attire, engendered by golf and tennis and



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"EVERY HYACINTH THE GARDEN WEARS  
DROPPED FROM SOME ONCE DEAR HEAD."

hunting and all the mannish pursuits which woman has taken up in the last quarter of a century, has led us far afield. Few there be who would now willingly revert to the days when heavy boots were an abomination, and the short skirt—comfortable monstrosity that it is—an undiscovered requisite. Yet, is it not possible that, in discarding our curls and our flounces, we have, in a measure, lost with them something all women—no matter what they may say—prize above comfort and independence, aye, above

rubies: the admiration and reverence of men?

Woman never seems to learn or to appreciate that man, far more than herself, is a creature of sentiment; that, as Agnes Repplier puts it in one of her essays, "he feels more wistfully the subtle charm of association, and has far more sympathy than she for the dear, faulty, unlovely, well-loved things of his youth."

It is a matter for congratulation that the woman of to-day would refuse to give up her untrammelled freedom of attire, her shirt-waists and easily arranged pompadour for the hoop-skirts and the elaborate frizzes of an earlier period; but would it not be wise for Fashion to compromise a little in her dictates, to grant, as a sop to Cerberus, a revival of the pretty and graceful custom of dressing the hair with flowers?



# A WARY CAMPAIGNER.

BY  
FRANCIS WILLING WHARTON.  
DRAWINGS BY  
THOMAS MITCHELL PERCE.

"MY dear," said Mrs. Marryat, adjusting her chiffon boa upon her shoulders, "I can only tell you that May and Fiddy were nothing to her. I took them through two winters each, as you know, and married them."

Mrs. Hayward nodded in appreciative assent at the triumph of Mrs. Marryat's tone; to marry May and Fiddy might have corrugated the brows of the ablest mother.

"Now," Mrs. Marryat, continued, "what happens? I have a really pretty, bright child whom any one might think it simple to launch in society, and—the result! I have never had so intolerable a season. Nora has one abominable fault. Her name for it is 'real pride.' I call it being possessed of the devil!"

The two ladies looked at each other. This was strong language. Mrs. Marryat's colorless, shapely countenance did not weaken. She proceeded:—

"She classes as false pride every decent act of decent society. She reverses every known law, is cavalier to the eligible, flattering to the dowdy, wears her best dress to dine with a trained nurse and her worst to the party of the season. She disobeys every command that I give her with a sweetness that makes it intolerable, and, my dear, she drives me to extremes! I am not used to being thwarted by girls, and—I have a plan."

There was a moment of almost awed silence. Mrs. Hayward leaned toward the speaker with fascinated eyes, but the latter shook her head.

"I cannot tell it, Susie. It would not do to tell, even to you. But I will confess that it is not the sort of thing that I generally approve of, or indulge in; still, I am pushed to extremes. I shall manage her without her knowing it."

She arose as she spoke and looked down

on her confidante. "I hope, my dear, that you will never have such an experience," she said, and she swept away, toward the tennis-courts, to find her troublesome daughter.

Mrs. Hayward stared in a wonder that verged on stupor as she watched Mrs. Marryat's handsome back disappearing. Addie Marryat was a worker of miracles. How, on her trifling income, she not only wore a dress like that, but paid for it; how she ran with the best, and not only ran *with* them, but *led* them; how, with no money, she ranked among the dowagers of consideration, gave balls or as good as gave them by receiving at them—these were things that no ordinary woman could understand.

There was the occasion on which, at an informal gathering of matrons, she had charmingly coerced them into getting up a set of dances to which she never subscribed, but which she undertook to manage. "My dear souls," were her famous words, "I'll give something better than money: I'll give you time and trouble." And, by dint of spending their money and her personality with a lavish hand, they were the success of the season.

There was the gay December when she talked minuets into fashion (having had Fiddy instructed during the dull autumn months) and sprang her accomplished daughter on the unthinking mamas and cotillion-leaders in so natural a fashion that Fiddy was sought by all the sons of the great houses, and led into empty halls and libraries to practise with these scions, who hung upon her steps, at least!

Mrs. Hayward's head buzzed as she thought of the wonderful things that Addie Marryat had done—and she thirsted to know what desperate step she was now taking. Mrs. Marryat, when not "pushed to extremes," was so formidable that she

trembled when she thought of her thus spurred.

She got up and wandered aimlessly about, chatting with her friends and longing to stalk Addie, but not daring to do so. She would have found her very naturally employed in welcoming an old friend.

"My dear Robert," she was saying, "it is really rather nice to have you back. I think, perhaps, we might almost say that we have missed you!"

The young man whom she addressed, and who sat beside her on a long bench near a tennis-court, laughed.

"You are good, Mrs. Marryat," he answered. "I am glad to be back."

"Are you truthful?" She raised her straight, firmly marked brows. "But how about the pretty lady in waiting I heard of, and the hunting? Confess that you miss the hunting."

"Perhaps I shall miss the hunting," he admitted, smiling; "but the lady in waiting is a stately fiction. I suppose that I have to thank Marshall for that."

"Mr. Marshall among others." She smiled, and then, with a little serious look ahead of her, she sighed. "Robert," she added, "I am having a horrid time."

Robert stared in sympathetic wonder. "My dear lady," he returned, "what is the matter? May? Fiddy?"

She again sighed. Mrs. Marryat in a softened mood was extraordinarily charming. If she had not had a stern preoccupation with her social and maternal duties, she might have wrought a very pretty havoc of her own.

"No; the girls are well and happy," she returned, with a plaintive note he never remembered having heard and which touched him; "but my baby, my youngest child, Robert, is causing me so much distress, so much distress."

He shook his head. "Dear me! What is the trouble? I thought some one said that she was pretty and——"

Mrs. Marryat fixed her eyes upon him, gravely.

"She is pretty," she said, in a hold-cheap voice. "Very pretty. What good is that when she behaves as she does? The child is—I don't know what to call it. She is a socialist."

The young man gave a relieved laugh.

"Oh, come, Mrs. Marryat, that isn't bad! Now, what difference do mere opinions make?"

"Mere opinions!" echoed the sorrowing mother beside him. "If they were only mere opinions. But she won't be civil to anything less than a pauper. It's a form of snobbishness, in my opinion," she proceeded, in righteous indignation. "It's no better to toady to the poor than the rich. No better to trample on the rich than the poor!"

Robert Spenser broke into an abrupt laugh. "I beg your pardon," he explained. "But it does sound funny."

"Does it?" She faced him reproachfully, the lilacs on her charming hat quivering in sympathy. "Perhaps it wouldn't if you had your child flout every friend you had and truckle to farm-hands."

"Oh, come!" Spenser laughed again.

"I wish I could come." Mrs. Marryat flashed back at him and then dropped her eyes wearily upon the scene before her. "I shouldn't have spoken of it, only—only—I'm fond of you, Robert; and you were so kind about Fiddy."

He did not disclaim. He had been kind about Fiddy, and it had been up-hill work. He had drawn one line, however; he had made it plain, early in the day, that he would not marry her, but would look after her and shelter her from the results of her own dulness, and he had done that and enjoyed it after a fashion—as you enjoy going to work among the newsboys or helping reformed drunkards, because you have such a light conscience with which to face your own sins.

"I've never said a word to any one," went on Mrs. Marryat, firmly. "This is just an outburst on my part of pent-up feeling, and I know you will understand and not repeat a word I say."

He nodded. "Mum's the word."

"You will understand just how unpleasant it is when she makes your money a disgrace to you," went on his confidante; "and, Robert, if she could only once like a rich man, it would fall to the ground like other follies and delusions. I wish that you would make her like you! But you couldn't!" She shook her head wearily, drew off her glove and turned her rings thoughtfully on her finger.

Spenser lighted a cigarette.

"I don't believe it. She shall like me. Of course she will. She must."

Mrs. Marryat's rings went slowly round.

"She would if she didn't know how rich you are, but the moment she sees that——!"

"Oh, come!" Spenser had recourse to his favorite expression. "It isn't written all over my face!"

She smiled at him. "No, but it is all over your horses." And they were both silent.

"Robert Spenser," said Mrs. Marryat, suddenly, "I have an idea." Her dark blue-gray eyes were shining. Spenser watched her with an amazed satisfaction. Really, you never could tell where pleasure could be gathered—to think that Mrs. Marryat's eyes should be so handsome!

"I want you to do something for me."

"With pleasure! Why not?" His answer came promptly, but held a reservation—like his attentions to Fiddy.

"I want you to let my girl have one friend among my friends, one decent fellow to whom she talks sometimes."

Again the unexpected, a spot of color in Mrs. Marryat's cheeks! Spenser watched it as he answered.

"Certainly, my dear lady; but it is not I who am the stumbling-block!"

"I know. Well, then, we will have to—to, for once, shuffle a little with the truth and do her a good turn against her will. Robert, I shall tell her that you are a poor man, with no connections!"

"Oh, come!" Spenser sat up.

"I'm coming." Mrs. Marryat was almost beautiful. "My child, it is an inspiration—a heaven-sent inspiration!"

Spenser stared and thought. He hadn't touched bottom yet—anything like bottom—but he was having a very good time and what he reveled in: a sense of mental effort. Keeping up with Mrs. Marryat was going to exercise his every faculty, and he knew it.

"I don't think I see exactly how it is to be done," he said, slowly. "Details, please."

"Let me think! How can I give you details when this has come, Minerva-like, whole from my poor, anxious head. But see, something like this——" Mrs. Mar-

ryat hesitated, and the semblance of vagueness was perfect. "Try this. We are going to Louisa's for a week to-morrow." (Louisa had married Mrs. Marryat's brother and given him the right to be the happy loafer that he was.) "You—you could come, too. I'll arrange it." (Louisa was accommodating.) "No one can tell on us there, and you can be as poor and unconnected as possible. Nora will take you to her heart, and, when we come back and break the horrid truth to her, she will have to confess that money doesn't absolutely ruin men—on occasion."

Spenser hesitated. He loved a masquerade, like his fellows—and it sounded harmless on the whole, and—and—yet he hesitated.

"There is Nora," said Mrs. Marryat, quietly, "coming toward me, now. Are you going to do me a good turn, and cure her of her folly, or be—inadequate?"

Spenser gazed gravely at the advancing figure and its attendant.

"Oh, I'll go in!" he responded; and Mrs. Marryat turned her ring so ruthlessly on her finger that it cut. "Don't overdo it," she said. "I'll just say a word to warn her against you." She gave him the sweetest smile he had ever seen touch her well-cut lips.

The young girl drew near. She was so natural, so gay, frolicking on the verge of their pit of deception, that Spenser felt not only guilty, but entranced. It was fun.

"Nora, my dear, where have you been?" Mrs. Marryat's voice had its usual slightly commanding accent. "I asked you to be at the pavilion."

Nora stood before them, looking very unlike a culprit. Spenser caught a scent of battle in the cool, independent glance that rested on her mother.

"It was too hot there, and the band played, and there was such a crowd, and George and I took a little walk." She smiled kindly at her companion, who moved his big canvas-covered feet uneasily as he felt Mrs. Marryat's eyes linger on them. He wished he had bought the other pair that the shopman had recommended.

"Hardly a day for walking, I should think." Mrs. Marryat's statement was

cold and general. "Mr. Spenser, you have never been presented to my daughter, I believe—Nora, this is Mr. Spenser."

He bowed, she acknowledged his salutation, and there was an instant's silence.

"There is Mrs. Willoughby." Mrs. Marryat spoke rapidly, as the occasion required. "Will you run after her, Mr. Carpenter, and stop her for me. I must speak to her about those seats, Nora."

Carpenter went on his errand with an alacrity which was a characteristic of most of Mrs. Marryat's messengers, and she laid her hand a moment on the girl's arm as she turned to follow him.

"I'll come back for you," she said, and added, in a low voice: "Don't keep Robert Spenser; he has just come. Don't begin by encouraging him. He is a pleasant enough fellow, but never has made a penny in his life, and never will, and, altogether—"

"You will miss Mrs. Willoughby, Mama," Nora broke in, with the slightly perceptible curl of her lip that Mrs. Marryat had learned to know so well. She nodded to them both and departed with her even, stately tread.

The sun was straight over their heads, and it was very hot, but just two steps back stretched the long, cool bench in the shadow of the squash-court. Nora glanced about and met Spenser's glance resting on her with some curiosity and, she thought, even amusement. It ran through her quick mind that he had caught her mother's warning undertone and was waiting for her to get rid of him. She gave a little mental jerk to the bit as she took it in her teeth and, sitting down, looked up at him.

"Are you going away," she said. "Are you tired of the Marryat family?"

Pure coquetry is a rare art; not to be self-conscious, not to look coquettish to the bystander, which is fatal and disliked of all men, but to be so, quietly, for the benefit of the one person it is aimed at—that is one of the charming things of the world, and very rare.

Spenser met her eyes, and they were challenging, provoking, and yet, thank God! innocent; he was not a friend to "knowing" girls. Fiddy's one charm had been a certain straightforward freshness.

"Going away?" he responded. "I hadn't

the most remote idea of it, unless you sent me."

"Why should I send you?" She smoothed her lacy skirt with the little ivory fan she held. "I'm not such a lover of solitude as that comes to, and, then, you are quite new, unknown ground, and I—I am something of an explorer." Her eyebrows were straight and black like her mother's, but the gray, shining eyes beneath them were informed by a totally different spirit. Spenser was fond of Mrs. Marryat, but he was glad.

"Are you?" was his answer, while his own glance took in these details with leisurely thoroughness—"so am I, but I don't think the Casino is, as a rule, the place to discover new regions. One walks through trim gardens nodding with roses and lilies, but for the wild charms of a meadow, the secrets of the woodland, one may seek in vain."

She stared. "Dear me," she said, slowly. "I haven't heard a word of that sort for months, not since I left the country and went to town to shop with Mama. How strange it sounds!" She smiled at him. "I am glad you came from wherever it was. It's nice to meet a fellow countryman, and I've been among these queer people so long."

He took in the slight flush that accompanied these words and waited for her to go on.

"Here we talk about the tennis-courts," she continued, "and the dancing-floors and the weather and our clothes and their carriages, and sometimes we revive our fainting spirits with a hopeful canvassing of our neighbors' disgraceful family quarrels—but why do I go on? You probably know it all, and perhaps like it, since you come here as a free agent from some other place."

"I've just come back from the other side," answered Spenser, and then stopped abruptly, his guilty mind suggesting that it was a queer place for a poor man to go. He hurried on to cover his retreat. "I stopped at my sister's for a day or two before I came here, and there I had unbroken rusticity. I took a ride yesterday (each thing sounded more leisurely and well-off than the last, but he blundered on) and went for miles without seeing a soul."



"Did you? How I envy you!" She looked discontentedly about her. "Here every road is infested with automobiles, every bush supports a bicycle."

"It was a wonderful place." Spenser forgot his responsibilities as he thought of his vision of two days before. "I rode on and on between fields and woods without a sign of human life except that the ground was plowed and cared for, until, suddenly, I came on a house lying not far back from the road, which had a stretch of green but rather shaggy lawn leading up to it. It had pillars and a second-story porch; it was a big house, evidently belonging to people of taste. There was a garden, running back at one side, and behind it the woods crowded up and almost clasped it in their green arms." He stopped and stared at her with a sudden recognition of her presence. "It was the nicest place I've ever seen, and I've—I've been in love ever since."

She smiled. "In love with *it*?" she queried.

"No, in love with *her*," he answered.



"NORA STOOD BEFORE THEM, LOOKING VERY UNLIKE A CULPRIT."

"Oh!" Her smile changed. "So you saw the mistress of it?"

He shook his head. "I saw no one."

"But——"

"But she lives there, just the same, and is everything I like best in woman. I sat on my horse," proceeded Spenser, "hesitating whether I should risk it and ride up and ask for her, and then—then I hadn't the courage, and I rode on, twisting in my saddle until I nearly fell off, watching the place until I got around the turn, out of sight."

"But, evidently, not out of mind!" She raised her black brows and smiled again. "Well, do you know, I don't think much of you—I should have gone in and found her."

"I was afraid some one else would come when I knocked and would not understand how important it was for me to see her. She was up-stairs, tying her sash over her dress of lavender lawn, and so she wouldn't have been in the drawing-room even."

Miss Marryat studied the profile beside her with the eager, ignorant eyes of youth. She liked it.

"So she has a lavender lawn, has she?" she asked, slowly. "Does she wear lavender a great deal?"

He nodded. "Yes, and organdies, lots of organdies. There is one with a yellow sprig on a gray ground."

Miss Marryat turned away and stared rather disconsolately over the lawn.

"I am beginning to feel lonely and neglected," she said, with a little pout. "When I asked you to sit down here, I didn't intend to talk about other peoples' organdies."

Spenser turned about in his turn and watched the face beside him; strangely enough, she was, in his mental vision, clad in lilac, though to an unenlightened observer her dress was pink.

"Didn't you?" he asked. "Did you intend anything when you asked me to sit down beside you?"

"Nothing very definite," she answered, and, being young, she became serious. "Only to weigh you a little, and——"

"And find me wanting?" he interrupted, with a very delightful smile.

"No," she laughed, but her eyes gave a little snap; "only to find out if every young

man in this place is equally hopeless as a companion."

He tried not to smile again. "Well, am I, also, quite hopeless?"

Miss Marryat fluttered her fan softly. "You wouldn't be if you hadn't fallen in love with *her*. I think you might be rather nice if it were not for that."

"There is hope for me, then," Spenser resumed. "For I am a very fickle person, and I may supplant her image with another in short order. I wonder if you would take a drive—I mean a walk with me this afternoon?"

The girl hesitated. They were sitting facing each other, and Mrs. Marryat approached with an indefinable smile hovering on her lips.

"My dear," she said; and Nora started and rose to her feet, as did Spenser also. "I've made an engagement for you this afternoon, and you must come now; for luncheon will be ready." She turned to Spenser graciously: "I'm afraid we shall miss your visit, Mr. Spenser, as we go down to my sister's place to-morrow for a week."

The girl turned to him with troubled eyes. He gazed a moment into their depths and pressed unconventionally the hand she laid in his.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You see how Mama disposes of my afternoons; but, perhaps, when we come back, if you haven't quite gone, and I buy an organdy, you might ask me again." Again they looked into each other's eyes, and both of them laughed.

"I may almost call it a likelihood," he responded, and reluctantly let her fingers go. "May I see you to the gates?"

Mrs. Hayward, who stood waiting for her brother, stared at them and felt her eyes growing round as she watched the girl's manner.

Had Addie's whole story been false? Impossible! And then Nora already had a reputation. Was she dreaming, or was this the result of Addie's desperate remedy? She sank on a bench and gasped as she saw them go through the gates and caught the flash of the girl's lovely gray eyes as she looked back at Spenser.

"Addie is a witch," she murmured; and she has never had cause to change her opinion.

## MAKING A CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

VI.—THE PROFESSION OF JOURNALISM.

BY ALBERT SHAW.

Editor of "The American Monthly Review of Reviews."

THE remarks that follow herewith are about a kind of work that some people do not consider a profession at all, and that certainly has a very wide range. There are three views of the business of writing and editing as it is nowadays pursued as a means of livelihood. I am carefully and intentionally coupling together those two terms, writing and editing, because I propose to talk about a practical, bread-winning vocation, most of the workers in which are either at the same time, or else at different times, both writers and editors.

I have said there are three views of this calling; and men come into it by three different avenues. One view of it is that it is a makeshift calling, at which practically any one can work who has had a certain amount of education, and who can put sentences together in fairly easy style. School-teaching used to be taken up twenty-five years ago in about that same spirit. Thus there are to-day a great many men earning their livings as newspaper workers who drifted into the business because they lacked the precise special training which would have been necessary before they could have been ordained as ministers, admitted to the bar as lawyers, licensed to practise medicine, or qualified to make a living as professors, engineers, or architects. There are others who hold the view that the business of writing is something quite apart, and that it would be presumptuous to take it up unless one were credited with at least a little touch of the divine afflatus. But I am not talking now about poetry, nor about that precious and exceedingly limited output of human expression that we call literature, in the jealous and exclusive sense of the word. The production of literature, in this exclusive sense, is by no means confined to people who take up writing or editing as a means of livelihood. More generally, they are too busy in their profession of writing to produce any literature. Nevertheless, there is, of course, such a thing as an exceptional talent for the ordinary work of writing; and a marked taste and preference have led a

good many people to choose that kind of work as their regular calling in life.

The third view is that the business of writing and editing, like any other calling, should be deliberately chosen, and that success in it is to be gained by methods analogous to those that must be pursued to win success in other dignified and worthy callings. According to this view, it is not a makeshift business on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, is it a trade that calls for peculiar talents or endowments. I have myself always inclined to this third view.

To the objection that it is an indefinite sort of calling let me answer that nowadays the practise of law and the practise of medicine also involve an immense range of diverse specialities. The lawyer who confines himself to examining the real-estate titles of a given city is doing a very different work from the lawyer who is arguing before the supreme court the question of the relation of the Constitution of the United States to the action of Congress in governing territories, or in controlling interstate commerce, yet there are principles and methods which have entered into the training of both these men—and which continue to underlie their professional work—by virtue of which they belong to the same great profession of the law.

Now it happens that the business of writing and editing does not have such well-defined methods of approach as a venerable profession like that of the law or medicine. Nor is it so sharply differentiated. It is a servant of all callings; and it may be pursued with success and skill by men who are also members of other professions. Nevertheless, it has its legitimate and dignified character as an independent vocation.

Every great calling finds its existence in some fundamental human fact or need. This assertion is so obviously true of the professions of the ministry, the law, medicine and teaching, that it would be a waste of time to illustrate it or dwell upon it. The comparatively new profession of writing

and editing grows out of those new political and social relationships that have sprung up in a period of universal education, popular self-government, rapid communication, and the interlacing of all sorts of free agencies and associations, under the impetus of modern democracy. As Gladstone pointed out, the great fact of the nineteenth century was the emergence of individual freedom. With this growth of freedom there arose into supreme importance a new force which we call "public opinion," and which had not previously existed except in an uncertain and subordinate way. Public opinion demands information, discussion, and constant dissemination of ideas. As the pabulum of public opinion there has come into existence a wholly new commodity, called news. The collection, publication, and distribution of news has become a business of dignity and importance.

Along with this business there have been developed certain more or less conventional methods of interpreting and discussing the news; of invoking the lessons of history as bearing upon present problems and tendencies; and of endeavoring to educate, instruct, persuade or convince public opinion, as respects current issues and policies. This work finds more than one organ and agency, and at special times, as during the pendency of a political campaign, the platform—that is, the stump, as we say, or the hustings, as they say in England—assumes a certain special importance for purposes of discussion and persuasion.

Unfortunately, no single word exactly characterizes this profession; but the word journalism comes nearer to it perhaps than any other. We need not bother ourselves about the etymology of the word, for our language is full of words that have grown larger than their original significance. Strictly, of course, a journal is a daily record or publication. But "Harper's Weekly" has long been "A Journal of Civilization"—to quote its sub-title; and we have hundreds of monthly journals of all sorts, not to mention quarterly journals of economics, or theology, or mathematics, or whatever else. Journalism has to do with the *business of writing, editing and publishing journals*—whether of daily, weekly, monthly, or other regular and periodical issue, and whether of general or

special character, or whether of local or national circulation.

Journalism in this broad sense is an interesting and dignified business, that does not as yet employ on its professional—as distinguished from its mechanical—side quite so many men as are occupied with the practise of law or the practise of medicine, but which affords room certainly for a very large number, and which—starting from the same common basis of practical workaday training—gives opportunity later on for a wider variety, perhaps, of individual specialization than does any other pursuit, excepting the fine arts (which are not to be classed with the regular professions.)

While this little article of mine is not so directly concerned with what is called the business management—for example, advertising, circulation work and the like—I must be allowed in one sentence to say that, to my mind, these departments are best managed by those who regard themselves as belonging responsibly to the newspaper craft, and who insist upon taking a professional view of their work. Thus, Doctor Abbott and Mr. Mabie would most emphatically say that Mr. Howland, as manager of the "Outlook," is a working member of the same journalistic profession in which they are themselves engaged. One occasionally sees at the Aldine Club in New York, after the luncheon-hour, a group of men filing out of a private dining-room. They are coming away from the regular weekly luncheon of the "Outlook" staff, which is held for the purpose of a general conference on all that pertains to the periodical—its wisest policy, its best interests, its highest usefulness and its largest prosperity. The leading members of the business staff are deemed just as essential in this conference as those who write editorials and book reviews, or who sift manuscripts.

The "Outlook" in a practical way thus recognizes the principles that I have been trying in this brief article to set forth, namely, that with many differentiations of precise function there is such a thing as a general calling to which all the men of the writing, editing and publishing business may feel that they belong. I care very little with what name this profession may be labeled.

But what is the relation of college life and training to journalism in this broad sense of the word, or, rather, what are the general or special means of training for a journalistic career?

In the first place, let us say that American college life and work as now carried on, are of themselves a better training for journalism in the technical sense than they are for any other calling, except teaching. This is in part because the work of journalism is at many points so closely related to the work of education; and also because the best college work nowadays is in such close sympathy and touch with the best social, ethical and economic progress of the community at large, such progress being the material with which journalism most concerns itself.

Another reason is that the skilful and correct use of language, whether to state a fact or convey an idea, is of the very essence of good journalism; and our college work more and more recognizes the importance of training all students in the art of direct and lucid expression.

In college, one ought to acquire the habit of seeking the truth and liking it for its own sake, in a disinterested way. One's logical faculties ought to get good training, in order that fallacious reasoning may be easily analyzed and disposed of. Scientific study should have as its great object the training of the powers of exact observation and accurate analysis.

And from beginning to end, a college course should train the student in the direct and exact use of the English language. As to special departments of knowledge, such as history, political economy, literature, ethics and psychology, certainly it is important that the student should acquire and retain as large a fund of information as he conveniently can. But it is still more important that he should get his intellectual bearings, acquire certain methods and habits of thinking, verify certain standards and principles, and learn how to apply sound generalizations to current and passing phenomena. The important thing is clearness, which means exact thinking; and next in importance is a certain sympathetic aptitude in more than one direction, together with some degree of capacity for enthusiasm—that is to say, a degree of

optimism, either temperamental or acquired.

In journalism, if one aspires above all else to write powerfully and convincingly upon public questions, he must give most attention to the substance. He must study political science thoroughly, must know constitutional history, constitutional law, international law, diplomatic history and whatever else there may be to know in connection with the special subjects about which he must write. Take the many phases of the one question of taxation. Take the whole subject of the civil service and the work of administration under a democratic government, based upon the existing party system. The student who wishes to fit himself for political journalism of this kind may, to be sure, read and study by himself, while doing some other kind of newspaper work. His best plan, indeed, will be to enter upon practical newspaper work, for a year or two after leaving college, in order to acquire a certain facility and a certain technical familiarity that comes with the smell of printers' ink. But then, if he can possibly afford it, let him spend a year or two studying political science in the postgraduate schools of one or another of our best universities, and then spend a year or two in Europe, not so much in university work as in travel and close study of social, economic and political institutions.

Upon such a basis of study and experience, the young man who is determined to devote his life to the discussion and exposition of public questions, with a view to the wise leadership of public opinion, may be reasonably confident that his opportunity will not be lacking. While it would certainly seem to me that the political and socio-economic lines of study have a more important bearing than any other upon journalistic work, it is none the less true that there is also a field for the college graduate who, after some practical experience in newspaper work, may determine to pursue special studies in literature, the drama, and the history and applications of art. As our civilization advances, there comes an enlarged opportunity for the journalism that would direct the public taste by means of literary and dramatic criticism and the discussion of esthetic subjects—as, for example, the improvement of parks, public



architecture, music, and a thousand other things having to do with the improvement of environment and social conditions.

Not to continue these suggestions, it is obvious that one may gradually specialize in journalism by acquiring a practical knowledge of science, of finance, of industry and industrial progress, of agriculture, of railroads and transportation problems, of particular countries or regions, such as Africa, or South America, or China, or of particular topics, such as municipal government, the care of the delinquent and dependent classes, educational work and progress, or religious and ethical activities. And it is also obvious that, while specializing in journalism in connection with these or other topics, or with particular regions or historical phases, one may also write books of a permanent character. It is true, indeed, that in many of the fields I have alluded to in this incidental way, journalists are writing a full half of the books that are worth reading. Of the other half, the great majority are written by college professors.

I must make some allusion to men who come into the ranks of the editorial, writing and publishing profession by several other avenues. First, we have the men of whom Benjamin Franklin and Horace Greeley are the great patron saints, those who have begun as printer's devils, and have got their training in the smell of printer's ink. Nobody can respect more highly than I do the ancient and honorable craft of printing. Many of the best men in our American journalism have first been practical printers. The proof-reader's room has been largely recruited from the printer's case, and not a few of the men who have afterward taken up the editor's pen from beginnings in the mechanical department have become most fastidious writers of pure English. In any case, every newspaper man should manage, by one means or another, to familiarize himself with the practise of typography, and to learn as much as possible both of the theory and of the art of all the printing trades—to know, in short, about types, presses, type-setting machines, stereotyping, electrotyping, photo-engraving and all the practical things that enter into the make-up of a newspaper or a periodical. The journalist

who comes "up from the case" must not, however, hold in contempt the "literary fellow" who comes into the office with a college education. These two men should associate with one another, and each should learn from the other as much as possible. I might remark incidentally that for us in America, at least, journalism has been the chief training-school for literature in the popular sense. I could readily give a long list of novelists and general literary workers whose starting-point, at least, was journalism. I have reference to such men as Mr. Howells and the late Charles Dudley Warner, or, to go a little farther back, William Cullen Bryant and George William Curtis; and like the magazine editors I have named and a host of the younger men, such as Mr. Mabie, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, and the story-writers, like Richard Harding Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, Booth Tarkington, and dozens more.

But, it may be said, these are the exceptional men who have been drawing the special prizes of their profession. How does it fare with the rank and file, and what is the other side of the story? To put it briefly, then, daily newspaper life is hard and self-sacrificing; and with all its fascinations, it is often bitterly disappointing to bright men who are drawn into it and swallowed as in a relentless maelstrom. For my own part, I have great belief in the possible future of journalism in our smaller cities, and also in country journalism pure and simple. The educated man may lead a happy, useful and comfortable life in a country town as minister, lawyer, or doctor. I happen to have known educated men who have led equally comfortable, useful and happy lives, with even a large measure of prosperity, as local editors in those same country towns. I have always looked upon the editor and proprietor of a country paper as a man whose position, if he knows how to make the most of it, should be a very independent and honorable one.

The country paper may play a very influential part, not merely in the industrial and educational life of the village or town, but also may have no small degree of influence in the politics and the public policy of the State. The country editor has an opportunity to write as ably and as influentially

as he knows how. He addresses the same audience as does the country minister, only that his is much the larger. He may become the political leader of his county, may go to the legislature, and may ultimately go to Congress.

Nowadays, the successful editor in a country town or the smaller city has a better average chance to play a leading part in politics than the average lawyer, although this was not formerly true. The number of editors nowadays in our state legislatures and the two houses of Congress, in the diplomatic service, and in high appointive posts under the federal government would surprise you if you have not had your attention called to it. To me it is a commonplace fact, because so many men whom I have known in journalism or with whose work I have been familiar, have gone into public life, where they have shown exceptional capacity for usefulness.

Apropos of the country newspaper, I should not fail to say something about the great business of cooperative editing carried on by establishments of which the American Press Association of New York is a type. These establishments furnish hundreds and thousands of country newspapers with an admirably prepared digest of general news and appropriate topics of current interest. This material is printed on one side of the paper, and is especially prepared with much tact and skill for different States and localities, and for different political parties.

The country editor who buys his newspaper thus half printed may confine himself more particularly to local news and advertising in the half of the paper which he edits and prints in his own office. This plan makes it possible for many little communities to have local newspapers of considerable merit which otherwise could afford none, or else very inferior ones. Besides the so-called ready-prints, the sending out of "well-selected plate matter" from these establishments is a modified form of this same principle of cooperative editing.

The limit seems to have been reached in the tendency to the overweening influence of the great cities. New and modern conditions are now beginning to make life very agreeable in the smaller cities and villages of the country, the social and community

interests of these smaller places tend to become more varied, and their intelligence and culture better diffused. Thus the business of representing the life and opinion of the small town and its environing neighborhood by the publication of a local newspaper grows constantly more inviting. I hold, therefore, that there is a safe, respectable and useful future in country journalism.

The great thing in journalism, as in anything else, is for the individual man to maintain his self-respect, his high personal standards and his determination to do the best work he can, even at a small salary, rather than do work of a kind that he secretly loathes, for the sake of a larger salary. I have known a good many men in metropolitan journalism whose positions were not congenial to them, and who longed to be doing journalistic work of a kind better suited to their tastes and ideals. But they consider the present rather than the future, and were allured by a large salary. I do not think that this is more necessary in journalism than for a lawyer to take an objectionable line of practise, as some lawyers do, merely because it pays well.

Mr. Choate is a great New York lawyer, now ambassador to England. He has made a brilliant success. But in the office of his firm in New York there have been perhaps thirty or forty (I do not know just how many) excellent lawyers, of whom one never hears—most of them college graduates, too—a few of them, perhaps, sharing in the profits of the firm and ranking as partners, but many of them employed at very moderate salaries, and working as law-clerks. I believe there are some large law offices in New York that employ seventy-five or one hundred fully trained members of the legal profession. It happens to please them better to have their assured salaries and live their lives in a great metropolitan center than to scatter into the smaller cities and towns, hang out their shingles, and elbow their way to the front as persons of at least local importance. For my own part, I should prefer the independent shingle and the country town. But this is a matter of taste—not to be disputed about.

Not so very far from the great law offices in New York are the buildings of the great newspapers. Take the New York

"Tribune" as a typical great newspaper, presided over by Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Not so very long ago, Mr. Reid was a special ambassador to Great Britain; then he was a member of the Board of American Peace Commissioners, who made the Treaty of Paris with Spain, and again a special ambassador. Before that he was a nominee for the vice-presidency, and he had been United States Minister to France. Mr. Reid has made a conspicuous success in journalism, as Mr. Choate has done in law. But employed in Mr. Reid's newspaper office, and engaged in the business of writing and editing, as fully trained journalists, are probably just as many, if not more, college graduates than you will find lawyers and trained law-clerks in one of the large offices, like Mr. Choate's.

These men in Mr. Reid's newspaper office, at least, average a good deal better pay than the lawyers and law-clerks in Mr. Choate's law office. In my opinion, they are engaged in a very much more interesting and diverting sort of work. They are in constant touch with all the great movements of the world at large, and their business is of a kind that gives them very little chance to think about themselves. They are always concerned with public news, public themes, public problems. It may be the death of a queen, and the accession of a king; it may be a presidential election; it may be a local reform movement; or it may be the vagaries of the Stock Exchange—but it is always interesting, and always more or less exciting.

I would much rather be a member of Mr. Reid's staff than a grinding law-clerk looking up cases in the library or searching real-estate titles. I do not say this to disparage the great profession of the law, but only to show that this ancient profession, with its unequalled prestige, has also its drudging, uninteresting and ill-paid side. And I am inclined to think that it promises the average young man less rather than more than is promised by the newer and less-conventionalized business of editing and writing, which I call journalism for lack of a better word.

But how to get a position on the staff of the "Tribune," or the "Sun," the "Times," or some other good paper? Certainly there is no rule at all about that. For my own

part, I am a great believer in country training. I think newspaper work in a smaller town or city affords the best opportunity for the beginner to learn all parts of his trade. He will get on much faster afterward in the city for having learned all that a country newspaper office can teach him. On the other hand, I am also a great believer in the country as a place for the able and self-respecting city newspaper man who has grown weary of the burdens and exactions of work in a metropolitan newspaper office, and who yearns for a little more chance to develop his own personality. I have known various cases where such men, still young, took what they had saved out of their salaries, bought newspapers in smaller cities or country towns, soon became leading men in their communities, learned to keep early hours, and "lived happy ever after."

I am not a recruiting-sergeant for the profession of journalism. It is an exacting kind of calling, and it offers little leisure. But if it allows scant freedom from work, it gives more freedom in work than the average pursuit. Its usefulness and importance are increasing all the time, since public opinion becomes more powerful and journalism becomes, more than ever, the exponent of public opinion.

There is one thing that the journalist must say to himself every day, and, if he is in danger of forgetting it, he should place it in bold letters over his desk where he cannot fail to see it. He may forget all else, but he must not forget this: *the journalist must serve the public, and no other master.* He must not be afraid to print the legitimate news without bias. He must treat all political parties fairly; he must never under any circumstances serve the interests of political bosses or franchise-seeking corporations. He must, in short, keep his self-respect and his independence. In the United States, newspapers rather than politicians lead the public mind in matters of statesmanship and policy. This will continue to be so as long as the newspapers are honest, independent and fair. There is, in the long run, no success worth having in any branch of journalism that does not come by way of honest service of the public, and a fair treatment of all interests, public and private.



IT would never have happened to a resident of Red Horse—or even to a sophisticated stranger. But Spade-Flush Pete hailed from the cattle-ranges far to the northwest, and the time since his arrival was a scant five hours. This interval had taught him little of prevailing conditions at the camp. Otherwise, when he entered the back room of the New Bonanza, that evening, he would prudently have left his armament with the bartender.

The fact is, six months previously had nearly witnessed the forcible removal of Red Horse from the map. Rich strikes in the placers began the excitement. Thief, gambler and "bad man" from fifty miles around fanned it to fever-heat. Soon existence had blossomed to a very holiday of violence. The better element had risen in the nick of time. As a vigilance committee they dispensed the law of Judge Lynch, and they gathered up the broken threads of government with an iron hand. The effect was magical. Order returned in a week, and with it came a mighty change in the public mind. From that hour good citizenship had been the camp's supreme ambition. Most of the "bad men" had left. Those who remained were now the loudest champions of reform. They teamed with virtue, and they longed for strenuous opportunity to prove it.

This latter fact may explain the visiting cow-puncher's lack of information. He

entered the game that evening with the merely general knowledge that he was among strangers, and that very probably his rights would be infringed upon. Swarthy Enrique, of the Golden-Haired Girl outfit, impressed him unfavorably. He watched Enrique. He saw him produce three aces from beneath the table-covering. And then—he acted with his customary promptness.

The events of the next few seconds were many and kaleidoscopic. Spade-Flush Pete emerged from them through the rear window. He carried portions of the sash about his person. He made for his bronco swiftly, realizing that he was "wanted" for attempt to kill, and numbly believing that the camp had gone crazy. Pursuit had been prompt and businesslike. The first command to halt had been followed by a bullet which swept his sombrero from his head. Another shot had punctuated the second order. Now, after a run of five miles, he was nearing the little railroad-station. His horse was beginning to falter. He heard the pursuing hoofs behind him. And in front was a long freight-train, standing like a barrier across his path.

Spade-Flush Pete flung the reins over his animal's head and sprang to the ground. To the right, a ledge of rock rose beyond the station like a wall. To the left, the ground sloped sharply from the trail, jagged with boulders and fallen trees. Darting

between two cars, he vaulted the coupling and ran, close to the ties, to the rearward of the train. But scarcely had he started when the little cavalcade of pursuers reached the station.

"There he goes," shouted some one, and a number of men dismounted to cross the train. The fugitive redoubled his speed. Rounding a slight curve which hid him for the moment from those behind, he came alongside a new locomotive coupled "dead" to the train. He sprang upon its step and into the gangway. But even as he did so the sound of footsteps came from the opposite side. His pursuers had divided their forces. Desperation came into the cow-puncher's face. Shifting his hopeless glance, he noticed that the door of the engineer's little cab was ajar. He sprang inside it, snapped the fastening into place and threw himself to the floor. Several men climbed, panting, into the gangway. But at the same instant, two long whistle-blasts came from ahead. A series of jerks ran through the train, and the dead engine, responding in its turn, began to move. The searching-party descended hastily and disappeared. Five minutes later the station was left behind, and the train rumbled on toward the foot-hills.

Spade-Flush Pete lay quiet in his hiding-place for some time, ruminating bitterly on his strange misfortune. He turned at last with a sigh, pulled open the cab-door slightly and looked out. But he closed it again instantly and dropped to his former position. Lights were approaching over the train. A moment later two brakemen climbed down over the engine's tank and entered the opposite side of the cab. The fugitive lay close to the big boiler and listened. But what he heard had nothing to do with himself.

"We can't be a great way ahead of the gold-train," said one of the men, pushing open the cab-window.

"That's right, too," assented the other. "She must have followed us out pretty close."

"Let's see; she left MK at '40, and we'll be onto the other line in half an hour. No, sir; she won't even see our tail-lights."

A watch-case snapped. Then there was silence for a moment.

"Bill," said the first speaker, "how much good hard coin do you s'pose there is in that train, for a fact?"

"Just what they say, five million dollars. I ain't counted it."

"But where's it all going?"

"Oh, I don't know. Out to the coast somewheres, to one of the big banks."

"In kags?"

"Likely, seein' that it's gold twenties. But there ain't nobody knows anything about it. They don't even know where it is. There's ten cars in the train, they say, and nine of 'em dummies. But here's Squaw Brook culvert. We'll have to get out ahead, goin' down the big hill."

"Hold on," objected the other. "There's nobody in the caboose. Morgan got on the engine."

"Come on," said one, impatiently.

"You don't know this run. If the junction semaphore's set for us, we don't have to twist a brake."

The two went out through the front doorway of the cab. Spade-Flush Pete crept from his hiding-place and stood up.

The engine which had afforded him this timely refuge was an immense specimen of the freight "hog." It had small drivers, adapted to heavy gradients, and a boiler-head which filled the cab almost to the roof. It was a new machine, destined for some line beyond the Rockies. As usual in such cases, it was being hauled across the continent on its own running-gear, although otherwise not completely "set up." Boiler and fire-box were empty. The frailer portions of outer equipment, including pilot and side-rods, were detached and stored in the coal-space on the tank. Ordinarily these would have included the smoke-stack and headlight, but here a quantity of cotton waste and round-house supplies filled the remaining room. The stack and headlight, therefore, had been set in their regular places. Their unusual presence there gave the engine a formidable, lifelike appearance which quite belied the circumstances.

Scanning these details curiously, the cow-puncher returned to the engineer's cab. He adjusted the little swinging seat and opened the window. The train was climbing a heavy grade. From the summit of this began the descent referred to



by the two trainmen. It was a winding, ten-mile slope, known as the most dangerous grade on the whole precarious line over the foot-hills. A mile beyond the apex of the two inclines was the junction with another division of the road. The freight-train was to take the other division at this junction. The gold-train, following, would continue on the main line.

The train climbed steadily. The rocky walls rang with the heavy exhaust of the engine. The glare from the fire-box alternately illuminated the landscape like a search-light, and disappeared into intenser darkness. Presently the fountain of sparks from the distant engine ceased. Then a series of jerks through the draft-gear announced that the head-end had cleared

the summit and was increasing its speed. But this added strain reached the dead engine with a snap of broken steel, and the car ahead wrenched itself free. The train had broken in two. For some moments the rear portion, headed by the new locomotive, continued at scarcely lessened speed. Then it slackened and seemed about to

stop. But the lagging pony-truck of the dead engine tipped over the top of the grade, and the dying momentum was revived. A moment later, engine and cars had started down the long hill.

Spade-Flush Pete sprang from the cab in alarm. Collision with the forward portion of the train seemed imminent. Leaning

from the gangway, he gazed ahead, calculating his chances, with half-closed eyes. As he did so, there appeared indistinctly to his vision the yellow painted numerals on the side of the cab. With a gambler's instinct, he bent forward to examine them.

"Three sevens!" he almost shouted. "Why, that's the very three I was holdin' up when the Greaser stole them aces!" he repeated, musingly, "three



"THREE SEVENS!" HE ALMOST SHOUTED. "WHY, THAT'S THE VERY THREE I WAS HOLDIN' UP WHEN THE GREASER STOLE THEM ACES!"

sevens. And, by gum, I'll play the hand out this time to the finish!"

He resumed his seat in the cab. Around the curve below appeared the gleam of the junction semaphore. As the engine leaned in on the beginning of the arc, he could see the little signal-cabin beyond. Past it, just discernible in the dim light, whirled the

forward half of the train. The last car had vanished into the darkness when the door of the shanty opened. The target-tender came forth, rubbing his eyes. Ten paces from the cabin, he stopped abruptly. For the first time, the roar of wheels came to him from two directions. He turned sharply to gaze after the front half of the train, then back toward the part approaching. No tail-lights on the one, no headlight on the other. He saw the situation. Then into the circle of light from the cabin loomed the giant outline of Engine 777, with the face in the cab-window and the green "marker" of the caboose blazing behind. That the gold-train was upon him the startled man never doubted. He threw himself bodily upon his switch and grasped the lever in both hands. The semaphore-lights moved slowly to the horizontal. The "Three Sevens" and her little train swung past in a cloud of dust and went thundering down the main line.

Spade-Flush Pete was embarked upon the ride of his life. The little train had gathered speed steadily from the top of the grade. Now, without a brake to restrain it, its velocity had become terrific. The noise of its passage sounded through the hills like an avalanche. The "Three Sevens" rolled and swayed. She tore through cuts and over culverts. She roared close to rocky walls, yawed over hungry chasms. Keeping the rails only by a continuous miracle, she wound her way toward the lowlands like a soul pursued by a fiend. But the cow-puncher found it glorious. With half his body out of the window, he swayed with the rocking cab and vented his excitement variously.

"Go it, 'Three Sev's,' we're ten-minutes off our time! Gold-train back of us—hurray! 'Oh, we'll sing one song'——"

He grasped the cold throttle and jerked it open, yelling orders to an imaginary fireman. Then he swore, and made a futile search for the bell-rope. He resumed his seat, laughing, and once more turned his gaze to the fierce rush of air from the window. Then the smile froze on his lips.

His grasp tightened convulsively on the cushioned window-ledge. His muscles stiffened as though he were being slowly turned to stone. Far ahead, on the velvet curtain of darkness, appeared a blur of

crimson color. For a moment it paused, and seemed to regard the approaching train like a baleful red eye. Then, at right angles with the track, it began to swing, in a wide arc, the signal "Stop!"

Insane suggestion! For power to check that racing monster the fugitive knew that he might as well have been a hundred miles away. Brakes were useless, even had he known how to apply them. "Emergency air" itself could scarcely have availed. What was he to do? Nothing, he concluded, when the first shock of fear had passed. He must stay where he was and play the hand out; that he had decided already. He braced himself on the seat and folded his arms.

"Yes, sir," he muttered, composedly; "I'm backin' them three sevens to win."

The red light was much closer, swinging frantically. Spade-Flush Pete watched it with fascinated eyes. Now he could distinguish the dark figure standing between the rails, saw it leap to one side and hurl the lantern into the ditch. Then there was a flash in the darkness, and a volley of shots came splintering into the cab. Spade-Flush Pete raised his hand with a yell of pain. Down the side of his face poured a warm stream of blood. The top of his right ear was gone.

Under the spur of his rage and pain the cow-puncher's brain worked swiftly. A hold-up, surely, but for one circumstance. What could sane men be seeking in a freight-train? The truth flashed upon him like a revelation, and with it the first understanding of his peril.

"Took us for the gold-train!" he gasped. "Hold-up? Oh, mebbe not! And a blockade ahead!"

"I'll fool you, I'll fool you," he muttered between the throbs of pain, "and then—I'll put you out of this game, or I'm a goat."

He sprang to the lurching tank and hauled a bale of cotton waste into the gangway. Ripping the jute covering with his knife, he seized armful after armful of the contents and stuffed it into the fire-box. With the last load he plunged through the opening himself, setting the door on the latch behind him. He wrapped the waste thickly about his head and face, and stretched himself on the grate-bars,

with his feet to the front of the engine.

The little train was now about a mile below the point where the stop-signal had been given. Here the track straightened into a long tangent, extending to the bottom of the grade. On one side, the hill was hollowed back in a wide, flat space—a former stone-quarry. Opposite, the ground descended in a gradual slope some fifty feet. Between the rails, ahead of the engine, appeared a curious little mound of earth. In the top of this mound a tin cylinder, about two feet in length, lay longitudinally, ballasted into place. It was arranged at the exact height to meet an engine's pilot.

But the "Three Sevens," with her pilot on her tank, whirled over the obstruction

without touching it. The forward cars also cleared it with room to spare. Doubtless the whole train would have passed it unharmed but for a low brake-rigging on one of the middle cars. This rigid bar of steel struck the tin cylinder squarely in the head, and there followed a roar which shook the very

hills. The middle cars of the train were splintered to match-wood. The cars ahead scattered promiscuously across the disused quarry. Those behind crashed into a huge excavation which opened like magic in the road-bed. The "Three Sevens" plunged from the rails like a frightened horse, rolled over and over to the foot of the slope,

dropped on her side and lay still.

Silence followed, broken presently by the crackling of timbers ignited from the caboose stove. Then the door of the fire-box opened slowly, and Spade-Flush Pete crawled forth. He seated himself painfully, in a digital examination of his legs and shoulders. The result seemed satisfactory. Headjusted a bandanna handkerchief to his damaged ear, and rose.

"Now,"

he muttered, grimly, "I reckon I'll draw cards."

He ascended the slope to the right of way. The end of a box car lay near the point where the engine had left the rails. Behind this the cow-puncher seated himself, resting his cocked revolver across his knees.



"HANDS UP, STRANGER!" HE CALLED.

He had not long to wait. Rapid hoof-beats sounded up the trail, which paralleled the track. The noise grew louder, ceased. Three masked men stepped warily into the light from the blazing cars. They halted in momentary consultation. The tallest of them motioned with his hand to three different portions of the wreck. The trio separated, peering cautiously among the débris. As their search took them farther apart, Spade-Flush Pete followed one of them with unwinking gaze. This was the tall man, who seemed to be the leader. Gradually he swerved from his course, nearing the ambush as if drawn by the unseen eyes. Soon a pile of wreckage cut him off from the view of his companions. Spade-Flush Pete stepped quickly out, with his back to the light.

"Hands up, stranger!" he called.

There was no struggle. One glance at the leveled revolver and the face behind it, and the newcomer obeyed.

"Hold 'em there," said the cow-puncher, still leveling the weapon. He passed quickly behind the captive and cut his belt. A heavy armament of knife and revolvers fell to the ground.

"You kin leave that thing on," continued Spade-Flush Pete, dryly, indicating the handkerchief-mask, which had dropped from his face. Now you go on down that bank. And don't you lower them hands; for I'm goin' to be close behind you."

They picked their way down the slope in silence. Near the side of the ruined locomotive the cow-puncher stopped.

"Halt!" he commanded. "Turn 'round here and face me."

The captive obeyed, with a side-glance of apprehension at the big boiler.

"Don't be lookin' around like that," said the captor, sternly; "I ain't brought you here to blow you up. That engine ain't never had fire nor steam in her. Thanks to you, I reckon she never will have. Listen to me," he continued, calmly, disregarding the captive's amazement. "There's two more of you coyotes up there, lookin' for loot in them cars. Is there any more of you in this job?"

"Naw," growled the captive, sullenly. "Rest got cold feet."

"All right. You're goin' to take and call them two down here, and then you're

goin' to do just what I tell you to. Understand? If you don't, or if you try to come any funny game, you'll go up that bank feet foremost. Sabe? Come over here in the shadow. You kin rest your hands on that timber. Now, call 'em."

The captive executed a peculiar whistle-signal in three notes. It was answered from above, and the figure of a man appeared, silhouetted against the fire.

"Dan, git Jake and come down here."

The figure on the bank vanished obediently. Two figures replaced it a moment later.

"Where be you?" asked one of them, shading his eyes.

"Right here by the engine."

The two began their descent, with many smothered curses at the rough path. Spade-Flush Pete stepped closer to his prisoner.

"Tell 'em to git into that fire-box."

"But they won't——" whispered the captive, frantically. "They never——"

The cold revolver-muzzle pressed hard into the back of his neck.

"Make 'em."

"Hey, Dan, wait! Stand still a minute. Now—this here engine's only a dummy—ain't got no fire nor steam in her, you know. I—I—was a-lookin' around here, and—and——"

"What d'you find in the fire-box?" suggested the cow-puncher, in a whisper.

"And I found the swag in the fire-box. You and Jake git in there and hike it out. I'll pipe the game."

The newcomers had listened with growing amazement; but the mention of the loot banished every other thought. They sprang toward the boiler, mumbling excited oaths. A bulls-eye lantern flashed and showed them the narrow door. In a moment they were struggling for precedence to enter it. The light disappeared, and presently the scrambling and shuffling ceased.

"Now," said Spade-Flush Pete to his captive, "it's up to you. Go on!"

But the leader turned in sudden defiance.

"No, blast you, I won't! Shoot ahead!"

Shooting was safer now than ever, but Spade-Flush Pete had an eye for climax. He dropped the revolver and closed on his captive with the deadly grip of a "half-

nelson." A second's struggle, and the two struck the earth before the fire-box door. At the same instant a head and a bar of light appeared at the opening from within.

"Say!" roared the indignant Dan. "We can't——"

But the form of his leader, projected through the opening like a battering-ram, sent him sprawling on his back. The remark was still unfinished when the heavy steel doors clashed together on the three. Spade-Flush Pete wedged the catch with a broken axle, and smiled at the scope of the muffled blasphemy.

Picking up his revolver, he began to ascend the slope. The exact trend of the cow-puncher's plan at that moment will never be known; for he had not covered half the distance to the track when an unmistakable sound brought him to a halt. It was the throb of an engine's air-pump. The gold-train had arrived—and stopped! He raised his head. Along the bank above him stood five men, each silently covering him with a repeating rifle. Spade-Flush Pete swung up his hands without a word. So his premonition had been false; his mascot was a hoodoo, after all!

The men closed about him. They were quiet, square-jawed individuals in the express-company uniform.

"Now hold on!" he protested. "You ain't got no call to go tyin' me up. I've put the gang that done this job where you can find 'em."

A tall, grizzled plainsman, with a badge on his flannel shirt, motioned the others to stop. "You done what?" he asked with a sarcastic smile.

Spade-Flush Pete began his story. He altered somewhat the circumstances attendant on his boarding the engine, and he chronicled that event as occurring many days before, in parts vague and remote. But this he made good by charging his wounded ear to the struggle at the fire-

box. His motives he modestly concealed.

The sheriff had listened attentively, exchanging occasional glances with the others. "Let's see," he reflected, watching the cow-puncher lazily through half-closed eyes, "didn't we stop at Red Horse, ten minutes after this train left?"

"Well," stammered the cow-puncher, thickly, "well—that's proof enough, ain't it?"

"I reckon. But you jest stay here, kind of restful-like, till we git back. Two of you fellers keep an eye on him, now. Rest of ye come along with me."

Turning, he led the way down the slope. Corroborative evidence, muffled but abundant, resounded from the improvised jail, and the party halted at its door. It needed but short argument to induce a surrender. The three "bad men" were promptly shackled and marched up to the right of way. The sheriff nodded to the leader with nonchalant interest, and advanced to remove the masks of his two companions.

"'Evenin', Jim," he said. "I thought this job looked like you. How many was they of ye, Jim?"

The captive shrugged his shoulders in silence, but his glance toward the cow-puncher was eloquence.

The sheriff turned to Spade-Flush Pete with extended hand. "Pete—I forget that other name of your'n—but I congratulate ye. Jim LeFevre's been wanted by the Leadville bank and others for a year. The hull reward's about ten thousand dollars, an' I'm a witness that it's your'n. Also, I'm a pretty good friend of the Red Horse folks. That little shootin'-accident won't give ye no trouble."

Spade-Flush Pete turned away his head. Possibly he wished to hide his emotion.

It is certain that he winked portentously into the darkness, but his acknowledgments were expressed with the dignity befitting a seer whose prophecy has been fulfilled; for the "Three Sevens" had won.



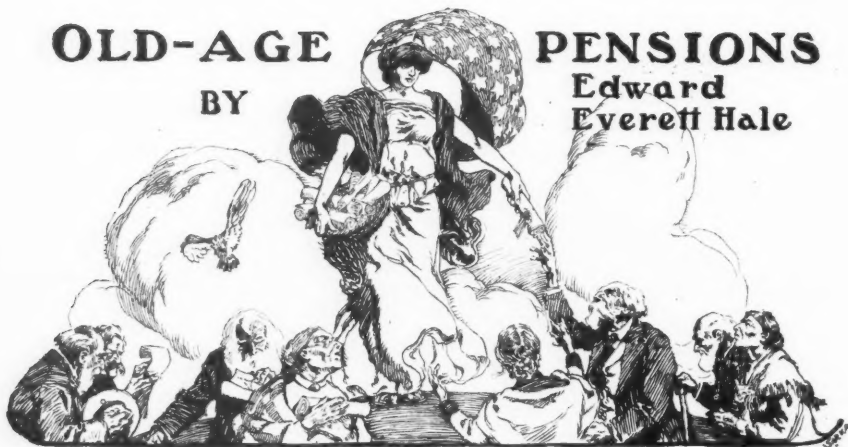


# OLD-AGE

BY

# PENSIONS

Edward  
Everett Hale



WHEN I was a boy, there was a very edifying and entertaining book, called "The Book of Trades." Mine had a red morocco cover, but for us boys its value was much more in the inside than in the color of the outside.

The book really told you how hatters made hats, how shoemakers made shoes, how printers set type and printed books, and went into similar details for all the callings of men. And if you read a story-book, the "virtuous Frank" or the "good Harry" went into a real blacksmith-shop and saw a real blacksmith make a real horseshoe and nail it upon the hoof of a real horse.

Such were the methods of a hundred years ago. They were the methods in England, whose modest hack writers wrote the children's books of that day; and they were the methods of America, which imported those children's books. For in those days, the American boy knew about bullfinches and robin redbreasts, and nobody taught him that there were such realities as mocking-birds and orioles.

All this is changed. A man who made millions by his mechanical inventions, a man whose inventions have changed the daily life of every American, told me that he had asked fifty boys what handiwork they would prefer; and that, in every instance, the boy replied that he would like to be a plumber. The curious truth was that

plumbing was the only mechanical art which these boys, trained in our modern life, had seen in practise. The average boy of to-day cannot go into a blacksmith-shop, he cannot go into a carpenter-shop, he cannot see a printer at his work; we do such things in another fashion now. We do them on a scale quite too large to admit of "virtuous Harry's" or "thoughtful Frank's" walking in and conversing with the "operative." And with the movements which change a workman into an "operative" many other changes follow.

What I want to talk about is the condition of the workman now, as he advances in years. That hatter in the picture, or the "joiner" in the picture, or even the weaver, was of more or less use in the last years of his life. He need not stand so many hours a day in making his hats, or he need not weave so many hours, or he could still make a hat or two, or weave a yard or two. But now that the artisan works with great machines, his hatting, shoeing or weaving is the product of machinery, worked by steam-engines or by waterfalls, much more than it is a product of human hands. The men who contribute perhaps a tenth part toward manufacture are, as they grow old, in a wholly different condition from that of a century ago. As the old phrase was, they must run with the machines. If they are in a State where machinery runs eleven hours, they must work

eleven hours. If they cannot work eleven hours, they cannot work at all.

Just this same change asserts itself in almost all other life. The average man, in New York, in Philadelphia, or in Chicago, is a thousand times as strong as the average man of a century ago. By which I mean that he uses a thousand times as much physical power. But he does this on the condition that he shall keep up with the machine. Your Commission House is no longer a dainty establishment in which you pack nephews and young cousins from the country in convenient clerkships where they shall lounge away a few hours and draw a good salary. Your Commission House, like your hatter, has to run with the machine. You must have men who are fresh and well and alert, and they must do a good day's work or you do not want them at all.

This is a long preface. But it answers its purpose if it makes the reader reflect that there is now no place in our working order for old men—that is to say, for men who have passed what used to be called the “grand climacteric.” What happens now is that when the great firm of Spinner and Dresser dissolves, after a prosperous career for half a century in New York, when Mr. Spinner has died and left ten millions to his wife, and Mr. Dresser has gone up to the Second Cataract in his private yacht with his family, that nice Mr. Workman, who has been in the office as cashier so long, receives a handsome present of half a year's salary in advance. He has a silver pitcher given him by the firm, and when he is at sixty-five years of age, he finds that there is nothing for him to do. Nobody chooses to employ an old man of sixty-five.

Exactly the same thing happens to Tom Soley when, at sixty-five, he finds that he cannot go down to the shoe-shop before daylight, work there ten or eleven hours, according as he happens to live in Massachusetts or Rhode Island, and go back up the hill to his house. Nobody wants to employ him, and nobody will employ him,

unless he can keep up with the machine.

They caught hold of this truth in England before we did in America. The agitation for the pension of old men in England began with some papers by a Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, which were printed as early as 1892. The best thing that can be said of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is that he, who was brought up in a manufacturing town, caught hold early of the idea of old-age pensions, and that he has followed it up bravely in all chances and changes since. In England, when such a thing is proposed, they have the difficulty, which we do not have, of arranging between the submerged tenth and the bottom of the lower class, and the middle of the lower class, and the upper lower class. Then they have to consider the lower middle class which is

different from the middle lower class, and the middle middle class, and the upper middle class. And then they have to arrange for the lower upper class, and the middle upper class and the really upper class, and then for the uppermost class. Poor Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are still muddling around in the various complications which follow on such a system, if system it may be called. All the same, four times a year,

the magic words, Old-Age Pensions, get spoken in one or other report or review, and England goes forward, though not very rapidly.

Meanwhile, in New Zealand, they belled the cat, and are living under a statute which provides a stated pension for men and women over sixty-five years of age.

The adjustment of the old-age pensions would be much easier in the United States than it is in England, and whoever takes it up seriously here will find that it is received by our legislators with much more cordiality than it is received by the Parliament of Great Britain. In England, in their various trade organizations, they are not unused to plans for benefits to be received at certain fixed periods in the future. The admirable arrangement of benefit societies in this country have instructed our people in similar plans. And the occasional



failures of benefit societies here have, in a harder way, given instruction in the matter which is of value.

Stated very briefly, the difficulty in every benefit society is this: You make a thousand bright and successful young fellows agree to form a benefit society. If any one of the thousand dies, the other nine hundred and ninety-nine will subscribe each a dollar apiece for his widow. When a man falls off the top of a cupola and lies on the sidewalk seventy feet below, every one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine are glad that it was not he, and will pay up the dollar they have promised. While they are all comparatively young, each man pays up willingly enough. But it is when they begin to grow old, when one and another casualty follows on with that very determined law which has surrounded death since Horace's time, that it appears difficult to keep up the number of the society. Every device has to be considered to attempt to persuade people to join with as much alacrity where half the members are more than fifty. Some benefit societies are so craftily managed that this difficulty is met. Some of them are so badly managed that the whole thing goes into insolvency, and many a poor fellow who has paid his scot gallantly for ten years, finds he has earned nothing from it. Now, every one of these failures simply shows what happens to people who have been seduced by the devil.

The devil has offered to give them something for nothing, and this is an offer which he will not make good. The time comes when there is nothing in the treasury, because nothing has been put in to meet that particular exigency. In case of life-insurance on any of the selfish lines, this central truth of the universe asserts itself with painful significance. When the person who wishes to insure himself goes to the medical examiner, he finds that there are fourteen bacteria in him where there should be none, and the medical examiner declines to give him a policy. It is only his brother



or his cousin, who has no bacteria in that particular spot, who passes the examination. That is to say, according to the present theory, it is only the people who won't die who are insured against sickness or against disease. All the other applicants, from fair to middling and from middling to quarter middling, are cast out. The community at large does

not pay much attention to this. The workers who are the agents of the life-insurance companies do not bring it forward in their speculations; but it vitiates the whole business, and there is a certain sensitive feeling at the bottom of a well-regulated mind which gives warning that there is something in the business which does not quite bear investigation. The truth is, you are playing your cards in the hope that you shall deceive death, and the insurance people are acting as the croupier.

Any one who thinks on the matter, however, sees that if he would accept the universe, and make a fair calculation as to what are the chances for every person, man or woman, rich or poor, upper middle class or lower middle class, he would avoid these difficulties. We shall avoid them if, in our system of old-age pensions, we shall provide bravely for every person who has been born into the world and who has lived to a period where we find, on the whole, that a man can no longer run with the machine. Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Chamberlain and the rest who have written on the subject select different ages for this period. The law of those Australian colonies that have introduced general old-age insurance fixes the time at sixty-five. What the old writers called the grand climacteric was sixty-three years. A "climacteric," or step in the human ladder, was supposed to come in every seventh year. Thus, a man is of age at the end of his third climacteric; and the grand climacteric marks the end of the ninth. According to some of us, it is the prime of life.

Now, in America, we are used to equality. We cannot be drawing these delicate lines between the lower middle class and the upper middle class, which Mr. Chamberlain and the rest of the English writers delight in. To our simple political economy, all men are sons of God, and all women are daughters of God. They are all born in the same family, and the simplest way in which the family can arrange is to take care of all of them in the same method. So we give to all of them pure water, we give to all of them the right to walk on the street. We illumine the lighthouses for all of them. We keep the public schools for all of them. Before the law all of them are equal. We do not contradict this system of equality if we say that a man of sixty-nine years of age shall receive no pension, but a man of seventy shall. Our law cannot take care of trifles, and we must fix, on the whole, our average at the point which human experience has settled upon as an average. It would not then be difficult in America to provide a modest life-pension for every man and every woman who belongs in a given community, who is past the line, if you please, of seventy years, or sixty-eight, or sixty-five, or of seventy-five, as that community chooses to fix it. In practise, it will probably be better to fix the line quite high at the beginning, and let it come lower and lower, according as the public is trained to see how easy the working of the system is.

I am writing in Massachusetts, where the construction of a system of pensions is easier, because we maintain our old-fashioned system of poll-tax, without which, as it seems to me, the true manhood of the voter cannot be maintained in any community. We make every man who is more than eighteen years of age put two dollars a year into the treasury of the State. Thus, in the last year, 1902, every male citizen was made to pay this sum for the services of the town or of the State. This tax was apart from what he paid into the excise on his liquor and spirits, and on his share of the national tariff.

By a curious obliquity, the women begged off from the poll-tax which they formerly paid. This was their way of saying that they did not want to receive any benefits from the State. All the same, the old women would have stood a better chance of receiving life-pensions if they had paid two dollars apiece into the treasury since they were eighteen years old.

Under this healthy interpretation of "equality," the native male citizens of Massachusetts paid into her town treasuries, in 1902, more than two million dollars. If we divided that sum into pensions of a hundred dollars each, we should have two hundred thousand of such pensions. If we paid a hundred dollars to every citizen, man and woman over sixty-nine years of age, we should have to pay about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Each one of them would feel that he had been insuring himself in old age by his payments to the commonwealth. No one of them would feel that he was a beggar or a pauper. And so soon as we shall begin upon such an arrangement, so soon will tax-dodging on the part of poll-tax people come to an end. There is not a young man or an old man—a hobbledehoy or a hobbledehoy's father—who would not gladly pay his scot, year by year, when he saw the cheer and comfort which such a payment gives, perhaps to a father or mother, perhaps to a grandfather or grandmother. And I do not think even the fairer or weaker sex need decline the one hundred dollars which will be paid to each of them. As was intimated above, their case would be a little stronger in the forum of justice if they had paid any poll-tax.

As it is, the poll-tax fund paid by the man is sufficient for every payment, and we may well charge it to the same account to which we charge ostrich-feathers and pancake-hats, which we see daily in the street-cars, which we know were paid for by the willing work of husbands, or sons, or lovers.

Simply speaking, the payment of an old-age pension, say of a hundred dollars each to every citizen, male or



female, who has passed the age of seventy, does not involve a heavy burden to the State. For where the State has been collecting poll-taxes, it has received from such taxes far more than the pension proposed would require.

Let us now consider for a moment the advantages which the State, as an organization, would receive from such a system. As matters stand, the managers of asylums, whether for the poor, or perhaps for the blind, or the insane, or other invalids, are always at their wits' ends to know what they shall do with the aged people who are crowded upon them. The almshouses of towns and counties are filled in the same way.

Now, all these old people are better cared for in the homes of old neighbors, or old friends, very possibly of sons, or of daughters, who would receive them and take charge of them humanely if they could

receive a little ready money for the extra expense. As society organizes itself, a very little money goes a great way in the average household of an American. The moment that it appears that a grandfather or a grandmother has one hundred dollars a year to his good, that moment we shall find that the burden thrown upon the State and town in their asylums is reduced by a larger proportion than by the charge made by the pensions upon the treasury. Thus the pension system has the great advantage that it maintains life in homes, and that it abates the necessity for great institutions or asylums. With the somewhat stumbling precedent which is given in the management of the great benefit societies, it seems to me sure that the Australian system of State pensions will work its way into the more intelligent States first, and gradually into the States which do not affect civilization.

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## TO-DAY.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I LOVE this age of energy and force;  
 Expectantly I greet each pregnant hour,  
 Emerging from the All-Creative Source,  
 Supreme with promise, imminent with power.  
 The strident whistle and the clanging bell,  
 The noise of gongs, the rush of motored things  
 Are but the prophet voices which foretell  
 A time when Thought may use unfettered wings.

Too long the drudgery of earth has been  
 A barrier 'twixt man and his own mind.  
 Remove the stone, and, lo! the Christ within!  
 For He is there, and who so seeks shall find.  
 The great Inventor is the modern Priest;  
 He paves the pathway to a higher goal.  
 Once from the grind of endless toil released,  
 Man will explore the kingdom of his Soul.

And all the restless rush, this strain and strife,  
 This noise and glare is but the fanfar'ade  
 That ushers in the more majestic life,  
 When Faith shall walk with Science unafraid.  
 I feel the strong vibrations of the earth,  
 I sense the coming of an hour sublime,  
 And bless the star that watched above my birth  
 And let me live in this important time.



## BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.

A STORY OF NAPOLEON'S WARS AND THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

*"Some with lives that come to nothing, some with deeds as well undone."*

### XIX. (CONTINUED.)

"TO seek a brother," answered Barlasch, who, like many unprincipled persons, had soon found that a lie is much simpler than an explanation.

But the majority glanced at them stupidly without comment, or with only a shrug of their bowed shoulders. They were going the wrong way. They must be mad. Between Dantzic and Königsberg they had, indeed, found a few travelers going eastward—despatch-bearers, seeking Murat; spies, going northward to Tilsit and General Yorck, still in treaty with his own conscience; a prominent member of the Tugendbund, wondering, like many others, if there were any virtue left in the world. Others, again, told them that they were officers, ordered to take up some new command in the retreating army.

Beyond Königsberg, however, d'Arragon and Barlasch found themselves alone on their eastward route. Every man's face was set toward the west. This was not an army at all, but an endless procession of tramps. Without food or shelter, with no baggage but what they could carry on their backs, they journeyed—as each of us must journey out of this world into that which lies beyond—alone, with no comrade to help them over the rough places or lift them when they fell. For there was only one man of all this rabble who rose to the height of self-sacrifice and a persistent devotion to duty. And he was coming, last of all.

Many had started off in couples—with a faithful friend—only to quarrel at last. For it is a peculiarity of the French that they can only have one friend at a time. Long ago—back beyond the Niemen—all friendships had been dissolved, and discipline had vanished before that. For when Discipline and a Republic are wedded, we shall have the Millennium. Liberty, they cry: meaning, I may do as I like.

Equality: I am better than you. Fraternity: what is yours is mine if I want it.

So they quarreled over everything, and fought for a place round the fire that another had lighted. They burnt the houses in which they had passed a night, though they knew that thousands trudging behind them must die for lack of this poor shelter.

At the Beresina, they had fought on the bridge like wild animals, and those who had horses trod their comrades under foot or pushed them over the parapet. Twelve thousand perished on the banks or in the river, and sixteen thousand were left behind to the mercy of the Cossacks.

At Vilna, the people were terrified at the sight of this inhuman rabble which had commanded their admiration on the outward march. And the commander, with his staff, crept out of the city at night, abandoning sick, wounded and fighting men.

At Kovno, they crowded numbly across the bridge, fighting for precedence, when they might have walked at leisure across the ice. They were no longer men at all, but dumb and driven animals, who fell by the roadside and were stripped by their comrades before the warmth of life had left their limbs.

"Excuse me, comrade! I thought you were dead," said one, when a dying man remonstrated with him. And he went on his way reluctantly; for he knew that in a few minutes another would snatch the booty. But, for the most part, they were not so scrupulous.

At first, d'Arragon, to whom these horrors were new, attempted to help such as appealed to him, but Barlasch laughed at him.

"Yes," he said, "take the medallion and promise to send it to his mother. Holy heaven! They all have medallions, and they all have mothers. Every Frenchman remembers his mother—when it is too late. I will get a cart. By to-morrow we shall fill

it with keepsakes. And here is another. He is hungry. So am I, comrade. I come from Moscow. Bah!"

And so they fought their way through the stream. They could have journeyed by a quicker route—d'Arragon could have steered a course across the frozen plain as over a sea—but Charles must necessarily be in this stream. He might be by the wayside. Any one of these pitiable objects—half blind; frost-bitten; with one limb or another swinging uselessly like a snapped branch; wrapped to the eyes in filthy furs; inhuman; horrible—any one of these might be *Desirée's* husband.

They never missed a chance of hearing news. Barlasch interrupted the last message of a dying man to inquire whether he had ever heard of Prince Eugene. It was startling to learn how little they knew. The majority of them were quite ignorant of French, and had scarcely heard the name of the commander of their division. Many spoke in a language which even Barlasch could not identify.

"His talk is like a coffee-mill," he explained to d'Arragon, "and I do not know what regiment he belonged to. He asked me if I was Russki—I! Then he wanted to hold my hand. And he went to sleep. He will wake among the angels—that parashioner."

Not only had no one heard of Charles Darragon, but few knew the name of the commander to whose staff he had been attached in Moscow. There was nothing for it but to go on toward Kovno, where, it was understood, temporary headquarters had been established.

Rapp had told d'Arragon that officers had been despatched to Kovno to form a base—a sort of rock in the midst of a torrent to divert the currents. There had then been a talk of Tilsit, and of diverting the stream or part of it toward Macdonald in the north. But d'Arragon knew that Macdonald was likely to be in no better plight than Murat; for it was an open secret in Dantzic that Yorck, with four-fifths of Macdonald's army, was about to abandon him.

The road to Kovno was not to be mistaken. On either side of it, like fallen landmarks, the dead lay huddled on the snow. Sometimes d'Arragon and Barlasch

found the remains of a fire, where, amid the ashes, the chains and rings showed that a gun-carriage had been burnt. The trees were cut and scored, where, as a forlorn hope, some poor imbecile had stripped the bark, with the thought that it might burn. Nearly every fire had its grim guardian; for the wounds of the injured nearly always mortified when the flesh was melted by the warmth. Once or twice, with their ragged feet in the ashes, a whole company had never awakened from their sleep.

Barlasch pessimistically went the round of these bivouacs, but rarely found anything worth carrying away. If he recognized a veteran by the grizzled hair straggling out of the rags in which all faces were enveloped, or perceived some remnant of a Garde uniform, he searched more carefully.

"There may be salt," he said. And sometimes he found a little. They had been on foot since Gumbinnen, because no horse would be allowed to live a day by starving men. They lived from day to day on what they found, which was, at the best, frozen horse. But Barlasch ate singularly little.

"One thinks of one's digestion," he said, vaguely, and persuaded d'Arragon to eat his portion because it would be a sin to throw it away.

At length, d'Arragon, who was quick enough in understanding rough men, said: "No—I don't want any more. I will throw it away."

And an hour later, while pretending to be asleep, he saw Barlasch get up and crawl cautiously into the trees where the unsavory food had been thrown.

"Provided," muttered Barlasch one day, "that you keep your health. I am an old man—I could not do this alone."

Which was true, for d'Arragon was carrying all the baggage now.

"We must both keep our health," answered Louis. "I have eaten worse things than horse."

"I saw one yesterday," said Barlasch, with a gesture of disgust. "He had three stripes on his arm, too; he was crouching in a ditch, eating something much worse than horse, *mon capitaine*. Bah! It made me sick. For three sous, I would have put my heel on his face. And later on, at

the roadside, I saw where he or another had played the butcher. But you saw none of these things, *mon capitaine*."

"It was by that winding stream, where a farm had been burnt," said Louis.

Barlasch glanced at him sideways.

"If we should come to that—*mon capitaine*——"

"We won't."

They trudged on in silence for some time. They were off the road now, and d'Arragon was steering by dead reckoning. Even amid the pine-wood, which seemed interminable, they frequently found remains of an encampment. As often as not, they found the campers huddled over their last bivouac.

"But these," said Barlasch, pointing to what looked like a few bundles of old clothes—continuing the conversation where he had left it after a long silence, as men learn to do who are together day and night in some hard enterprise, "even these have a woman dinning the ears of the good God for them—same as we have."

For Barlasch's conception of a Deity could not get farther than the picture of a great commander who, in times of stress, had no leisure to see that non-commissioned officers did their best for the rank and file. Indeed, the poor in all lands rather naturally conclude that God will think of carriage-people first.

They came within sight of Kovno one evening, after a tiring day over snow that glittered under a cloudless sun. Barlasch sat down wearily against a pine-tree, when they first caught sight of a distant church-tower. The country is much broken up into little valleys here, through which streams find their way to the Niemen. Each river necessitated a rapid descent and an arduous climb over slippery snow.

"Voilà!" said Barlasch. "That is Kovno. I am done. Go on, *mon capitaine*. I will lie here, and, if I am not dead to-morrow morning, I will join you in the town."

Louis looked at him, with a slow smile.

"I am as tired as you," he said. "We will rest here until the moon rises."

Already the bare larches threw shadows three times their own length on the snow. Near at hand, it glittered like a carpet of diamonds; while the distance was of a pale

blue, merging to gray on the horizon. A far-off belt of pines, against a sky absolutely cloudless, suggested infinite space—immeasurable distance. Nothing was clearly outlined. Everything was hazy, silvery, as seen through a thin veil. The sea would seem to be our earthly picture of infinite space, but no sea speaks of distance so clearly as the plain of Lithuania—absolutely flat, quite lonely. The far-off belt of pines only leads the eye to a shadow beyond, which is another pine-wood; and the traveler, walking all day toward it, knows that when at length he gets there he will see just such another on the far horizon.

Louis sat down wearily beside Barlasch. As far as eye could see, they were alone in this grim, white world. They had nothing to say to each other. They sat and watched the sun go down, with drawn eyes and a queer stolidity which comes to men in great cold, as if their souls were numb.

As the sun sank, the shadows turned blue, and all the snow gleamed like a lake. The silver tints slowly turned to gold: the grays grew darker. The distant lines of pines were almost black now—a silhouette against the golden sky. Near at hand, the little inequalities in the snow loomed blue, like deeper pools in shallow water.

The sun sank very slowly, moving along the horizon almost parallel with it toward two bars of golden cloud awaiting it: the bars of the west forming a prison to this poor, pale captive of the snows. The stems of a few silver-birch near at hand were rosy now, and suddenly the snow took the same tint. At the same moment a wave of cold seemed to sweep across the world.

The sun went down at length, leaving a brownish-red sky. This, too, faded to gray in a few minutes, and a steely cold gripped the world as in a vise.

Louis d'Arragon made a sudden effort and rose to his feet, beneath which the snow squeaked.

"Come!" he said. "If we stay, we shall fall asleep, and then——"

Barlasch roused himself and looked sleepily at his companion.

He had a patch of blue on either cheek.

"Come!" shouted Louis, as if to a deaf man. "Let us go on to Kovno and find out whether he is alive or dead."

## XX.

## DÉSIRÉE'S CHOICE.

Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrown;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our  
own.

Rapp found himself in a stronghold which was strong in theory only. For the frozen river formed the easiest possible approach instead of an insuperable barrier to the enemy. He had an army which was a paper army only.

He had, according to official returns, thirty-five thousand men. In reality, a bare eight thousand could be collected to show a face to the enemy. The rest were sick and wounded. There was no national spirit among these men: they hardly had a language in common. For they were men from Africa and Italy; from France, Germany, Poland, Spain and Holland. The majority of them were recruits, raw and of poor physique. All were fugitives, flying before those dread Cossacks, whose "Hurrah!" "Hurrah!"—the Arabic "Kill!" "Kill!"—haunted their fitful sleep at night. They came to Dantzic, not to fight, but to lie down and rest. They were the last of the great army—the reinforcements dragged to the frontier which many of them had never crossed. For those who had been to Moscow were few and far between. The army of Moscow had perished at Malojarslavetz, at the Bersina, in Smolensk and Vilna.

These fugitives had fled to Dantzic for safety: and Rapp, in crossing the bridge, had made a grimace; for he saw that there was no safety here.

The fortifications had been merely sketched out. The ditches were full of snow. The rivers were frozen. All work was at a standstill. Dantzic lay at the mercy of the first comer.

In twenty-four hours, every available smith was at work, forging ice-axes and picks. Rapp was going to cut the frozen Vistula and set the river free. The Dantzigers laughed aloud.

"It will freeze again in a night," they said. And it did. So Rapp set the ice-cutters at work again next day. He kept boats moving day and night in the water, which ran sluggish and thick, like

porridge—heavy with the desire to freeze and be still.

He ordered the engineers to set to work on the abandoned fortifications. But the ground was hard like granite, and the picks sprang back in the workers' grip, jarring their bones and making not so much as a mark on the surface of the earth.

Again the Dantzigers laughed.

"It is frozen three feet down," they said.

The thermometer marked between twenty and thirty degrees of frost every night now. And it was only December—only the beginning of the winter. The Russians were at the Niemen; daily coming nearer. Dantzic was full of sick and wounded. The available troops were worn out, frost-bitten, desperate. There were only a few doctors, and there were no medical stores at all—no meat, no vegetables, no spirits, no forage. No wonder the Dantzigers laughed. Rapp, who had to rely on Southerners, Italians, Africans, a few Frenchmen—men little used to cold and the hardships of a northern winter—let them laugh. He was a medium-sized man, with a bullet-head and a round, chubby face, a small nose, round eyes, and—if you please—side-whiskers.

Never for a moment did he admit that things looked black. He lit enormous bonfires, melted the frozen earth and built the fortifications that had been planned.

"I took counsel," he said, long afterward, "with two engineer officers whose devotion equaled their brilliancy: Colonel Richemont and General Campredon."

And the educated English gentleman of to-day will tell you, quite gravely, that there are no soldiers in the world like English soldiers, and no general in the world like the latest pet general of English journalism.

The days were very short now, and it was dark when the sappers, whose business it was to keep the ice moving in the river at that spot where the government building-yard abuts the river-front to-day, were roused from their meditations by a shout on the farther bank.

They pushed their clumsy boat through the ice and soon perceived, against the snowy distance, the outline of a man, wrapped, swaddled, disguised in the heaped-up clothing so familiar to Eastern Europe at that time. The joke of seeing

a grave artilleryman clad in a lady's ermine cloak had long since lost its savor for those who dwelt near the Moscow road.

"Ah! comrade," said one of the boatmen, an Italian who spoke French and had learnt his seamanship on the Mediterranean Sea, by whose waters he would never idle again. "Ah! You are from Moscow?"

"And you—countryman?" replied the newcomer, with a non-committing readiness as he stumbled over the gunwale.

"And you—an old man," remarked the Italian, with the easy frankness of Piedmont.

By way of reply, the newcomer held out one hand, roughly swathed in cloth, and shook it from side to side slowly, taking exception to such personal matters on a short acquaintance.

"A week ago—when I quitted Dantzig on a mission to Kovno," he said, with a careless air, "one could cross the Vistula anywhere. I have been walking on the bank for half a league, looking for a way across. One would think there is a general in Dantzig now."

"There is Rapp," replied the Italian, poling his boat through the floating ice.

"He will be glad to see me."

The Italian turned and looked over his shoulder. Then he gave a curt, derisive laugh.

"Barlasch, . . . of the Old Guard," explained the newcomer, with a careless air.

"Never heard of him."

Barlasch pushed up the bandage, which he still wore over his left eye, in order to get a better sight of this phenomenal ignoramus, but he made no comment.

On landing, he nodded curtly, at which the boatman made a quick gesture and spat.

"You have not the price of a glass in your purse—perhaps," he suggested.

Barlasch disappeared in the darkness without deigning a reply. Half an hour later, he was on the steps of Sebastian's house in the Frauengasse. On his way through the streets, a hundred evidences of energy had caught his attention; for many of the houses were barricaded, and palisades were built at the end of the streets running down toward the river. The town was busy, and everywhere soldiers passed to and fro. Like Samuel, Barlasch heard the

bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen in his ears.

The houses in the Frauengasse were barricaded like the others—many of the lower windows were built up. The door of Number Thirty-six was bolted, and, through the shutters of the upper windows, no glimmer of light penetrated to the outer darkness of the street. Barlasch knocked and waited. He thought he could hear surreptitious movements within the house. Again he knocked.

"Who is that?" asked Lisa just within, on the mat. She must have been there all the time.

"Barlasch," he replied. And the bolts which he, in his knowledge of such matters, had oiled, were quickly drawn.

Inside, he found Lisa, and behind her, Mathilde and Désirée.

"Where is the patron?" he asked, turning to bolt the door again.

"He is out, in the town," answered Désirée, in a strained voice. "Where are you from?"

"From Kovno."

Barlasch looked from one face to the other. His own was burnt red, and the light of the lamp hanging over his head gleamed on the icicles that clung to his eyebrows and ragged whiskers. In the warmth of the house his frozen garments began to melt, and from his limbs the water dripped to the floor with a sound like rain. Then he caught sight of Désirée's face.

"He is alive, I tell you that," he said, abruptly. "And well, so far as we know. It was at Kovno that we got news of him. I have a letter."

He opened his cloak, which was stiff like cardboard, and which creaked when he bent the rough cloth. Under his cloak he wore a Russian peasant's sheepskin coat, and beneath that the remains of his uniform.

"A dog's country," he muttered, as he breathed on his fingers.

At last he found the letter and gave it to Désirée.

"You will have to make your choice," he commented, with a grimace indicative of a serious situation. "Like any other woman. No doubt, you will choose wrong."

Désirée went up two steps in order to be nearer the lamp, and they all watched her as she opened the letter.



"Is it from Charles?" asked Mathilde, speaking for the first time.

"No," answered Désirée, breathlessly.

Barlasch nudged Lisa, indicated his own mouth, and pushed her toward the kitchen. He nodded cunningly to Mathilde, as if to say that they were now free to discuss family affairs, and added, with a gesture toward his inner man: "Since last night . . . nothing."

In a few minutes, Désirée, having read the letter twice, handed it to her sister. It was characteristically short.

"We have found a man here," wrote Louis d'Arragon, "who traveled as far as Vilna with Charles. There they parted. Charles, who was ordered to Warsaw on staff-work, told his friend that you were in Dantzig, and that, foreseeing a siege of the city, he had written to you to join him at Warsaw. This letter has doubtless been lost. I am following Charles to Warsaw, tracing him step by step, and if he has fallen ill by the way, as so many have done, I shall certainly find him. Barlasch returns to bring you to Thorn, if you elect to join Charles. I will await you at Thorn, and, if Charles has proceeded, we will follow him to Warsaw."

Barlasch, who had watched Désirée, now followed Mathilde's eyes as they passed to and fro over the closely written lines. As she neared the end, and her face, upon which deep shadows had been graven by sorrow and suspense, grew drawn and hopeless, he gave a curt laugh.

"There were two," he said, "traveling together—the Colonel de Casimir and the husband of—of la petite. They had facilities—name of God!—two carriages and an escort. In the carriages they had some of the Emperor's playthings—holy pictures, the Imperial loot—I know not what. Besides that, they had some of their own, not furs and candlesticks, such as we others carried on our backs, but gold and jewelry enough to make a man rich all his life."

"How do you know that?" asked Mathilde. A dull light shone in her eyes.

"I—I know where it came from," replied Barlasch, with an odd smile. "Allez! you may take it from me." And he muttered to himself in the patois of the Côtes-du-Nord.

"And they were safe and well at Vilna?" asked Mathilde.

"Yes, and they had their treasure. They had good fortune, or else they were more clever than other men; for they had the Imperial treasure to escort, and could take any man's horse for the carriages, in which also they had placed their own treasure. It was Captain Darragon who held the appointment, and the other—the Colonel—had attached himself to him as volunteer. For it was at Vilna that the last thread of discipline was broken and every man did as he wished."

"They did not come to Kovno?" asked Mathilde, who had a clear mind and that grasp of a situation which more often falls to the lot of the duller sex.

"They did not come to Kovno. They would turn south at Vilna. It was as well. At Kovno the soldiers had broken into the magazines—the brandy was poured out in the streets. The men were lying there, the drunken and the dead all confused together on the snow. But there would be no confusion the next morning; for all would be dead."

"Was it at Kovno that you left Monsieur d'Arragon?" asked Désirée, in a sharp voice.

"No—no. We quitted Kovno together, and parted on the heights above the town. He would not trust me—Monsieur le Marquis—he was afraid that I should get at the brandy. And he was right. I only wanted the opportunity. He is a strong one—that!" And Barlasch held up a warning hand, as if to make known to all and sundry that it would be inadvisable to trifle with Louis d'Arragon.

He drew the icicles one by one from his whiskers, with a wry face indicative of great agony, and threw them down on the mat.

"Well," he said, after a pause, to Désirée, "have you made your choice?"

Désirée was reading the letter again, and before she could answer, a quick knock at the front door startled them all. Barlasch's face broke into that broad smile which was only called forth by the presence of danger.

"Is it the patron?" he asked, in a whisper, with his hand on the heavy bolts affixed by that pious Hanseatic merchant, who held

that if God is in the house there is no need of watchmen.

"Yes," answered Mathilde. "Open quickly."

Sebastian came in with a light step. He was like a man long saddled with a burden of which he had at length been relieved.

"Ah! What news?" he asked, when he recognized Barlasch.

"Nothing that you do not know already, monsieur," replied Barlasch, "except that the husband of Mademoiselle is well and on the road to Warsaw. Here—read that."

And he took the letter from Désirée's hand.

"I knew he would come back safely," said Désirée, and that was all.

Sebastian read the letter in one quick glance—and then fell to thinking.

"It is time to quit Dantzic," said Barlasch, quietly, as if he had divined the old man's thoughts. "I know Rapp. There will be trouble—here on the Vistula."

But Sebastian dismissed the suggestion with a curt shake of the head.

Barlasch's attention had been somewhat withdrawn by a smell of cooking meat, to which he opened his nostrils frankly and noisily, after the manner of a dog.

"Then it remains," he said, looking toward the kitchen, "for Mademoiselle to make her choice."

"There is no choice," replied Désirée. "I shall be ready to go with you—when you have eaten."

"Good!" said Barlasch; and the word applied as well to Lisa, who was beckoning to him.

## XXI.

### ON THE WARSAW ROAD.

"Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where it most promises; and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits."

Love, it is said, is blind. But Hatred is as bad. In Antoine Sebastian, hatred of Napoleon had not only blinded eyes far-seeing enough in earlier days, but it had killed many natural affections. Love, too, may easily die, from a surfeit or a famine. Hatred never dies: it only sleeps.

Sebastian's hatred was all awake now. It was aroused by the disasters that had befallen Napoleon: of which disasters the Russian campaign was only one small part.

For he who stands above all his compeers must expect them to fall upon him should he stumble. Napoleon had fallen, and a hundred foes, who had hitherto nursed their hatred in a hopeless silence, were alert to strike a blow should he descend within their reach.

When whole empires had striven in vain to strike, how could a mere association of obscure men hope to record its blow? The Tugendbund had begun as nothing else, and Napoleon, with that unerring foresight which raised him above all other men, had struck at its base. For an association in which kings and cobblers stand side by side on an equal footing must necessarily be dangerous to its foes.

Sebastian was not carried off his feet by the great events of the last six months. They only rendered him steadier; for he had waited a lifetime. It is only a sudden success that dazzles. Long waiting nearly always insures a wise possession. Sebastian, like all men absorbed in a great thought, was neglectful of his social and domestic obligations. Has it not been shown that he allowed Mathilde and Désirée to support him by giving dancing-lessons? But he was not the ordinary domestic tyrant, familiar to us all: the dignified father of a family who must have the best of everything; whose teaching to his offspring takes the form of an unconscious and solemn warning. He did not ask the best. He hardly noticed what was offered to him; and it was not owing to his demand, but to that feminine spirit of self-sacrifice which has ruined so many men, that he fared better than his daughters.

If he thought about it at all, he probably concluded that Mathilde and Désirée were quite content to give their time and thought to the support of himself, not as their father, but as the motive power of the Tugendbund in Prussia. Many greater men have made the same mistake, and quite small men with a great name make it every day—thinking, complacently, that it is a privilege to some woman to minister to their wants while they produce their immortal pictures or deathless books. Whereas, the woman would tend him as carefully were he a crossing-sweeper, and is only following the dictates of an instinct which is loftier than his highest thought and more

admirable than his most astounding work of art.

Barlasch had not lived so long in the Frauengasse without learning the domestic economy of Sebastian's household. He knew that Désirée, like many persons with kind blue eyes, shaped her own course through life and abided by the result with a steadfastness not usually attributed to the light-hearted. He concluded that he must make ready to take the road again before midnight. He therefore gave a careful and businesslike attention to the simple meal set before him by Lisa. And looking up over his plate, he saw, for the second time in his life, Sebastian hurrying into his own kitchen.

Barlasch half rose and then, in obedience to a gesture from Sebastian, or remembering, perhaps, the sturdy republicanism which he had not learnt until middle-age, he sat down again, fork in hand.

"You are prepared to accompany Madame Darragon to Thorn?" inquired Sebastian, inviting his guest, by a gesture, to make himself at home—scarcely a necessary thought in the present instance.

"Yes."

"And how do you propose to make the journey?"

This was so unlike Sebastian's usual method—so far from his lax comprehension of a father's duty—that Barlasch paused and looked at him with suspicion. With the back of his hand he pushed up the bandage and the unkempt hair which obscured one of his eyes. This unusual display of parental anxiety required looking into with both eyes.

"From what I could see in the streets," he answered, "the General will not stand in the way of useless mouths and women who wish to quit Dantzic."

"That is possible, but he will not go so far as to provide horses."

Barlasch gave his companion a quick glance and returned to his supper, eating with an exaggerated nonchalance.

"Will you provide them?" he asked, abruptly, at length, without looking up.

"I can get them for you, and I can insure you relays by the way."

Barlasch cut a piece of meat very carefully and, opening his mouth wide, looked at Sebastian over the orifice.

"On one condition," pursued Sebastian, quietly; "that you deliver a letter for me in Thorn. I make no pretense. If it is found on you, you will be shot."

Barlasch smiled pleasantly.

"The risks are very great," said Sebastian, tapping his snuff-box, reflectively.

"I am not an officer to talk of my honor," answered Barlasch, with a laugh. "And as for risk——" —he paused and put half a potato into his mouth—"it is Mademoiselle I serve," concluded this uncouth knight, with a curt simplicity.

So they set out, at ten o'clock that night, in a light sleigh on high runners, such as may be seen on any winter day in Poland down to this time. The horses were as good as any in Dantzic at a date when a horse was more costly than his master. The moon, sailing high overhead through fleecy clouds, found it no hard task to light a world all snow and ice. The streets of Dantzic were astir with life and the rumble of wagons. At first there were difficulties, and Barlasch explained airily that he was not so accomplished a whip in the streets as in the open country.

"But never fear," he added. "We shall get there—soon enough."

At the city gates there was, as Barlasch had predicted, no objection made to the departure of a young girl and an old man. Others were quitting Dantzic by the same gate, on foot, in sleighs and carts, but all turned westward at the cross-roads and joined the stream of refugees, hurrying forward to Germany. Barlasch and Désirée were alone on the wide road that runs southward across the plain toward Dirschau. The air was very cold and still. On the snow, hard and dry like white dust, the runners of the sleigh sang a song on one note—only varied from time to time by a drop of several octaves as they passed over a culvert or some hollow in the road, after which the high note, like the sound of escaping steam, again held sway. The horses fell into a long, steady trot, their feet beating the ground with a regular, sleep-inducing thud. They were harnessed well forward to a very long pole, and covered the ground with long, free strides. The snow pattered against the cloth, stretched like a wind-sail, from their flanks to the rising front of the sleigh.

(To be continued.)



A FIELD OF SUGAR-BEETS.

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON AND CHARLES E. DUFFIE.

THE world's sugar-crop for the manufacturing-year 1901-2 was in excess of ten and three-quarter millions of long tons; or, in round numbers, twenty-four billion pounds. If this were loaded upon wagons, two tons to each, and the wagons set in close order, the train would encircle the earth. Of this great quantity more than two-thirds was made from sugar-beets.

The United States cuts a very poor figure in the sugar-industry. Our annual consumption is sixty-eight pounds per capita, a total of two and a half millions of tons—or, approximately, one-fourth of the world's supply—but, if we exclude our island possessions from the reckoning, our domestic production is considerably less than one-twentieth of the world-crop, and less than one-fifth of what we consume. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, we imported more than two million one hundred thousand tons, of the value of one hundred and twenty-two million five hundred thousand dollars. Of this quantity, Cuba furnished twenty-seven per cent; the

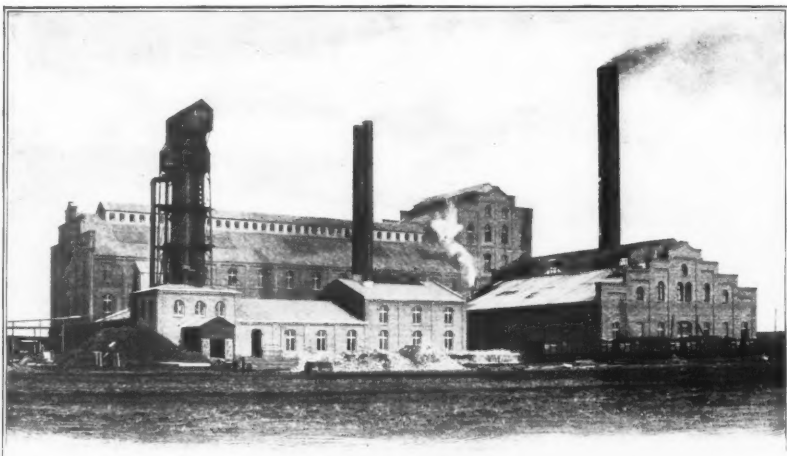
Dutch East Indies, nineteen per cent; Germany, eighteen per cent; and the rest of the world, the remainder, in small and scattered portions. Including as "domestic" the output of Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines (which exceeds that of the United States proper), we must still import annually upward of ninety million dollars' worth of sugar to supply the home demand; and the demand is increasing at the rate of nearly five per cent a year. This is a condition out of keeping with our achievements in other industrial fields; it means that we have not lived up to our opportunities.

Within very recent years, however, a change has set in, which will put us in a better position. The sugar-beet is to redeem us from this unseemly dependence; and there is small doubt that, in the course of time, it will give us dominance in the world-market. For the manufacturing-year 1901-2, our factories produced about one hundred and eight-six thousand tons of beet-sugar. As compared with the volume

of product of several European countries (Germany, one million eight hundred thousand tons; Austria and France, one million tons each), this showing is insignificant; yet it was an increase of one hundred and forty per cent over the preceding year, and was equal to about sixty per cent of our cane-sugar. So recently as 1888 the year's manufacture was less than one thousand tons. Against this two-hundredfold increase in fourteen years, it is well to note that in the last twenty-one years our manufacture of cane-sugar has increased but one hundred and fifty-five per cent.

The genesis of the beet-sugar idea was,

Although the successful manufacture of beet-sugar in the United States has developed within the last fourteen years, experiments were begun as early as 1830, when a Philadelphia company made the initial trial, but failed of results. In 1838, at Northampton, Massachusetts, a second attempt was made, and about one thousand pounds of sugar of good quality was produced; but from a practical point of view this experiment, also, was a failure. Indeed, there was nothing but a long series of failures, until at last a factory was built at Alvarado, California, on a scale sufficiently large to render production profitable. Once success was attained there, the in-



A NEBRASKA BEET-SUGAR FACTORY.

in a sense, fortuitous. The Napoleonic wars cut France off from her normal supply of cane-sugar and made it necessary to discover a substitute. This was found in the beet-root, which until that time had no recognized value. This is but another link in the endless chain of apparent deprivations and hardships which has lifted the human race to its present industrial place and power. From crude beginnings a century ago, the extraction of sugar from the beet has become one of the staple industries of France; the Germans have borrowed the idea and applied it with even greater success; and it will soon be one of the mainstays of both agriculture and manufacture throughout the civilized world.

dustry worked its way gradually eastward from the Pacific Coast to the Hudson Valley. Data for the Tenth Census, gathered in 1879, showed four factories then in operation, with a combined capital of only three hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars. Ten years later there were but two. To-day there are upward of forty, employing an aggregate capital of about thirty million dollars; and many others are in course of construction. The great stimulus came only about five years ago, when success was so fully assured that money could be secured for building the large plants necessary. Michigan affords a striking example of this progress. Prior to 1898 that State made not a pound of her sugar,





CONVERTING BY-PRODUCTS INTO CATTLE.

while now she has nearly a score of factories in active operation, and supplies practically all the sugar consumed by her people. Prophecy is an uncertain business; but it seems probable that the next five years will witness an even greater development.

The apparent tardiness of the United States in effecting substantial results must not be charged wholly to the reluctance of capital. There was much to learn, and many obstacles were to be overcome, even after factories were built, before the industry could be said to be established. The pioneers paid very dearly for the experience from which the future is to profit. It was easy enough to import the theory of manufacture from abroad, where success had been attained; but the practise had to be worked out slowly on our own ground and at our own cost. In a broad sense it may be said that the industry is still in an experimental stage in the United States.

The primary problem is purely agricul-

tural. Given a factory ideally situated, it must fail unless the farmers of the immediate neighborhood can be induced to devote their land and time to the growth of beets. But the old-fashioned American farmer is proverbially a conservative fellow, clinging tenaciously to time-honored traditions and methods, openly scoffing at a new field-product or a novel idea. He knows a few simple rules for working the soil, which are supposed to fit all crops, all places and all conditions. Perhaps Nature has been too kind to him, in giving him abundant harvests of his few staples, while largely relieving him of the necessity for enriching his fields with that best of all fertilizers—brains. He has wasted more opportunities than he has used. In this his lot is markedly different from that of his European brethren, whom necessity compels to husband their resources to the uttermost and to turn them to fullest account. They are not favorites of a happy fortune, but men trained by tradition and experience to the



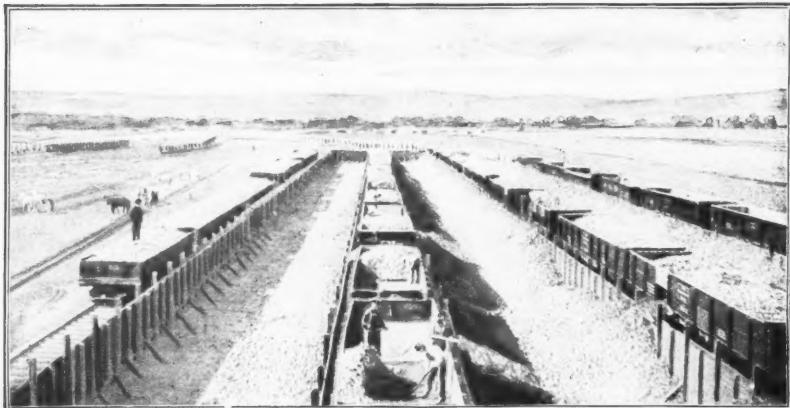
MACHINE CULTIVATORS IN BEET-FIELD.

hard work of farming under adverse conditions. Until very recent years, when the ranks of the American farmers were recruited from the trained men of the agricultural college class-rooms, but a very small fraction of the experimental work with sugar-beets was done by our "practical" farmers; it was carried on in part by the projectors of factories, in part by State experiment stations, and in large part by the Federal Department of Agriculture.

The experience of European growers is only partially serviceable here. The breadth of our continent affords an almost infinite variety of soils and climatic conditions, many of them widely different from those of the Old World. As an instance: It remained for our people to initiate

sand acres planted to this crop in the entire country; in 1902 the supply of beets was equal to only about two-thirds of the nominal capacity of the factories in operation; few or none of the factories were fully supplied.

This is a special crop, and it requires special treatment at every stage of culture, from plowing to harvesting. Almost every day of the growing-season is a crisis, which can be met only by unremitting attention. The ground must be thoroughly and deeply prepared; seeding must be done with exact care; and the appearance of the young plants is to be followed by laborious "bunching," thinning, cultivating, hoeing and weeding—there is no day of leisure until the crop is gathered and marketed.



STORING BEETS.

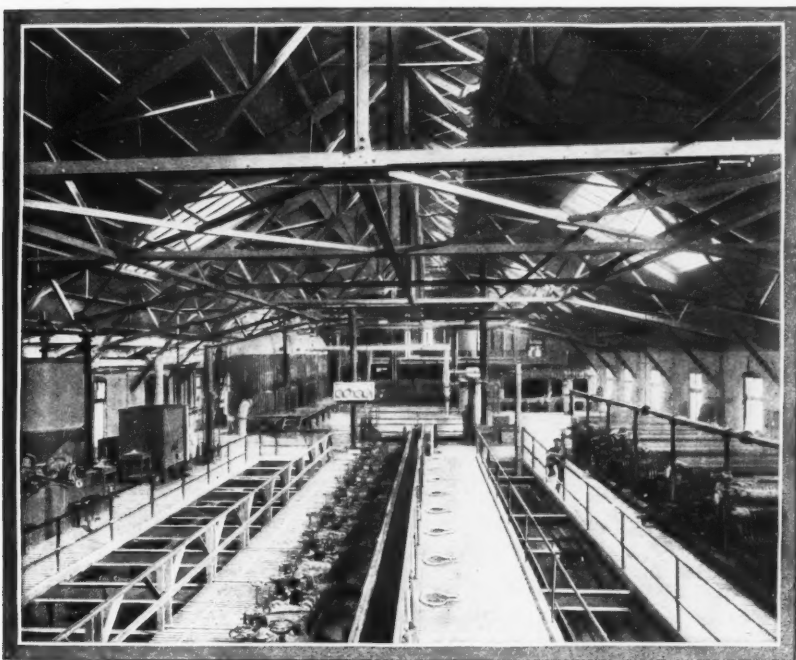
the growing of beets on arid lands with the aid of irrigation; and, in this field, results have been attained surpassing anything in the past. Whether the crop can be grown to advantage in any given locality must be determined by actual trial. These trials have been so far prosecuted that the "sugar-beet belt" is now quite clearly marked out, extending from the Hudson Valley westward through southern Michigan, northern Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado and Utah, on to the Pacific Slope of California, and including many scattered parts of the so-called "desert regions." Yet, notwithstanding this advance in knowledge, the farmers are slow to be convinced. In the year 1899 there were but one hundred and ten thou-

Most of this field-labor must be performed by hand, while the laborers go along the rows on "all fours." It is severe, of course, and not at all like standing by and watching a field of wheat come to maturity; and this severity makes it difficult to secure field-hands, as well as causing the land-owner himself to regard the crop with some aversion. But results are eloquent, and will, in time, overcome all such opposition.

The average cost of growing and marketing sugar-beets, under normal conditions, is approximately thirty dollars per acre. The average yield throughout the country in 1901 was nine and six tenths tons per acre. This average, however, is much below the results secured by the more

intelligent growers; and the successful farmer is always he who will not be satisfied with general averages—he wants to excel, and the desire is father to accomplishment. The average of those fields which receive proper care shows a yield of twelve tons per acre. The price paid at the factories was from four dollars to four dollars and fifty cents per ton, giving a gross return of from forty-eight dollars to fifty-four dollars per acre, and a net profit of eighteen dollars to twenty-four dollars. As against

and the price to be paid for the crop, this price usually varying according to sugar content and purity. Quality is the first requisite, the mere size of the beets, by which the beginner may be lured, is wholly secondary. Because of this and other liabilities to error, it is also the custom of the factories to employ field-superintendents—experienced men who, according to the terms of agreements with farmers, have general direction of the field-work, giving needed instruction concerning the successive



INTERIOR OF A BEET-SUGAR MILL.

these figures, it is notable that the average gross returns from all cultivated lands in the country was less than ten dollars and fifty cents per acre, and of all lands devoted to cereal-crops but eight dollars and two cents per acre. In some cases the gross value of beet-crops ran as high as seventy-five dollars to one hundred dollars per acre, the difference being a premium on brains.

The prevailing practise of the factories is to make contracts with growers at the beginning of the season, the contracts stipulating the number of acres to be planted

steps in culture and prescribing the time and manner of harvesting. The service which these superintendents render costs the farmers nothing, while it is invaluable in educating them to proper methods. Thus, gradually, the unreasoning prejudices of cultivators are being removed.

As already indicated, it is in the irrigated arid regions that sugar-beet culture has been attended with the most satisfactory results. There the conditions of growth and maturity are more subject to control. Once the beets have ripened and



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF A TYPICAL NEBRASKA BEET-COUNTRY.

stored their sugar (a process which demands abundant sunlight and little rainfall), it is of the utmost importance that they be harvested before an untimely rain starts them to new growth, which will often totally destroy their sugar and render them valueless. In the non-irrigated, humid regions these rains cannot be guarded against; but where irrigation is practised, the water is distributed just when and where it is needed, giving the grower mastery of the situation. The average sugar content of beets grown in the humid districts does not exceed fourteen per cent; while, in the intermountain valleys of Colorado, crops have been grown, under ditch, containing twenty-seven per cent of sugar of a high degree of purity. This improvement in quality increases the profits of the grower and greatly decreases the cost of extracting the sugar at the factory.

Within twenty years the cost of growing sugar-beets in Germany has been decreased fifty per cent through various improvements in stock and methods; and American ingenuity will doubtless effect further substantial reductions. Here, as nowhere else, machinery is superseding hand-labor in the care of all important crops; and this will occur in beet-culture. Already a notable beginning has been made.

Although this is unquestionably one of the most profitable of field-crops, the advantages of its culture are not to be measured wholly by the immediate returns in dollars and cents. Thorough, intensive cultivation of the soil is an art of which the American husbandman knows far too little, and beet-growing is admirably cal-

culated to convince him of its utility. Deep plowing, frequent hoeing and careful weeding not only insure the beet-crop, but also vastly increase the productive power of the land in after years. Where crops are properly rotated, gradually the entire farm is brought to a high state of perfection. A few successful years of beet-growing, with the realization of excellent profits, arouses the farmer to an appreciation of the benefits of special education for his work with other crops.

Sugar-beets cannot be profitably shipped over any considerable distance; so the factories must be built in the centers of the beet-growing districts. Here and there in the Western States these huge establishments may be seen standing on the open prairie, surrounded by the cottage homes of the workmen. This necessitates the transportation of machinery, and sometimes of building-materials, for many hundreds of miles, adding greatly to the first cost of construction. Under the best of conditions a large capital must be invested, the special machinery being the largest item of cost. In 1900 the average of all factories showed an investment of one thousand and ninety-seven dollars for each ton of daily capacity in beets; the average daily capacity was six hundred and sixteen tons, so that the average plant represents an investment of more than six hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, of which four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars was for machinery. A few years ago this large equipment was bought in Europe; now it is made at home.

The first question which determines the

location of a factory is, of course, the adaptability of the surrounding soil to beet-growing. There must also be an abundant supply of pure water; limestone must be near at hand; fuel must be available, and transportation facilities must be adequate. When the factory is completed, there is the further problem of labor. About two hundred men are employed in the average establishment. As a matter of course, the great majority of these are at first wholly unskilled in their work, and profitable operation is hardly possible until they have gained some practical experience. There are many other inevitable delays, all entailing expense. The sugar-making season

a total of one million five hundred and forty-five thousand days' labor expended upon the crop in the fields, the pay-roll for this labor aggregating two million two hundred thousand dollars. Employment was given to thirty-four thousand men and six thousand horses.

The cost of beet-sugar production varies considerably in different parts of the United States, as labor conditions, cost of materials and quality of beets cannot be uniform; and the size of the factory has an important effect. An average of results in the Michigan factories for 1900 shows that a ton of beets yielded two hundred and ten pounds of refined sugar; and all



CONVERTING BY-PRODUCTS INTO SHEEP.

follows the beet-harvest, and lasts for but a little over three months. For the remainder of the year the plant is idle, save for such work as is required in making repairs and experiments and evolving improvements in methods, suggested by the experience of the campaign just closed. Most of the workmen are released at the end of the manufacturing-campaign; but, in the interval between that and the next, they can always find profitable employment in the beet-fields. There is never a dearth of work in the neighborhood of a sugar-factory. In 1900, when Michigan had thirteen factories in operation and sixty-six thousand acres planted to beets, there was

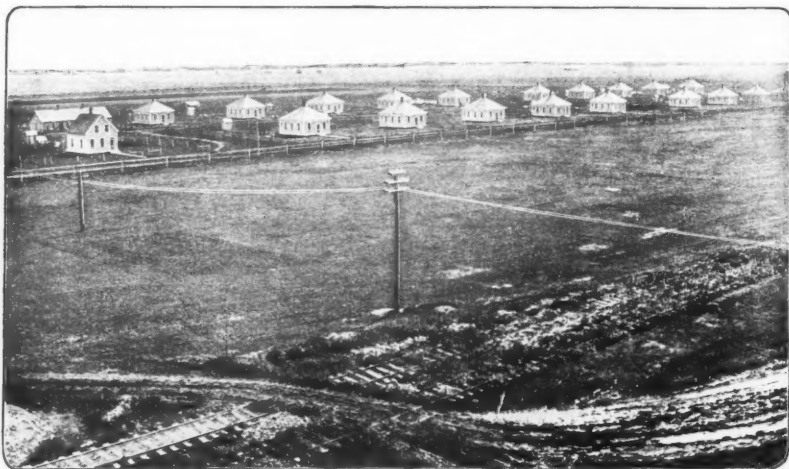
operating-expenses, including interest on investment and depreciation in value of plant, were nine dollars and eighty three cents per ton of capacity in beets, giving four dollars and sixty-eight cents as the cost of producing one hundred pounds of sugar. That was, perhaps, a fair average for the country at large for that year. The cost of operation is being decreased from year to year; eventually, it will be reduced one-half.

The waste of by-products is one of the greatest present concerns of the manufacturer. From one-fourth to one-third of the sugar content of the beets cannot be recovered by the processes now in use, but



remains in the form of an acrid molasses, for which no particular commercial place has yet been found. Slight use is made of it in the manufacture of alcohol, vinegar, shoe-blackening, and other minor products; some is restored to the land as fertilizer; but far the greater part remains unused, a large loss and a serious inconvenience in handling. Further discovery will doubtless lead to the saving of a larger proportion of the sugar, and also give value to the crude molasses; but to-day it is only an incubus. The same is true concerning the beet-pulp, from which the juice has been expressed. This pulp has a distinct value as a food for sheep and dairy- or

The multiplication of sugar-manufactories has social effects that are far-reaching. Lying in rural neighborhoods, they afford a powerful stimulus to the ambition and thrift of the people, furnishing an ever-present market for an important crop, and making a strong bond between the manufacturing and agricultural interests of the nation. Local railroading, banking and merchandizing are greatly strengthened; the first steps in scientific agriculture are taken; local political affairs gain much in stability from the new industrial poise; the character of the farms is vastly improved; other dependent industries grow up in the immediate neighborhood, such



NEBRASKA SUGAR-MAKERS' HOUSES.

beef-cattle; experiments have proven its value for this purpose to be about one dollar and fifteen cents per ton; yet stockmen are slow to adopt it. As it represents fifty per cent of the weight of the beets, its accumulation at the factories is often a serious annoyance. Most of the establishments find it necessary to pay for having it hauled away. At Leavitt, Nebraska, is a five-hundred-ton factory, built by the stockholders of a large cattle-company, whose feeding-barns are near by; and here the entire product of pulp is consumed by four thousand cattle and thirty-five thousand sheep. This saving constitutes a very important item in the economical administration of the plant.

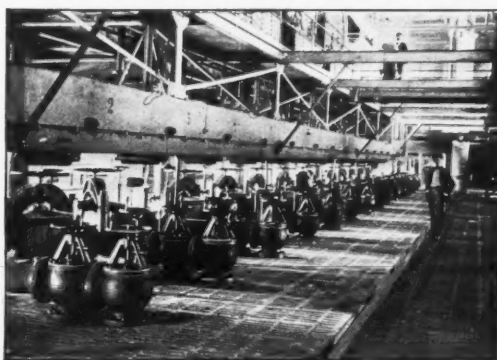
as those for curing, canning and preserving fruits, strengthening the markets for other farm-products—in short, the sugar-factory is invariably the center and heart of a prosperous and self-contained community. This must always be true in any society, large or small, where skill is at a premium, where brains have a firm place in the popular life.

Conservatives have voiced the fear that beet-sugar-making may be overdone. It seems a groundless fear. To supply our own present demand for domestic consumption would necessitate the building of five hundred factories, each with a daily capacity of five hundred tons of beets. We shall come to this in due time; but it will not

be an overdoing. An expenditure of two hundred and fifty million dollars will be required to build and equip these factories; their operation will entail the annual cultivation of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand

acres of beets, for which the growers will receive eighty-five million dollars; the outlay for operating-expenses of the mills during each three or four months' campaign will be about one hundred and thirty-five million dollars, of which twenty million dollars will be paid for factory labor. Better still, we shall be independent of the outer world for our supply of one of the prime necessities of life; and, best of all, there will be five hundred sturdy, self-sustaining and well-to-do American communities scattered abroad between the two oceans. Few of what may be called our future industries promise such wide-spread and substantial results.

Beet-sugar has had to make its way in our home markets against great odds of popular prejudice. It would be hard to say why, but our people early conceived the notion that beet-sugar was inferior to cane; they have long insisted upon having



BEET-SUGAR FACTORY'S DIFFUSION BATTERY.

less per hundredweight than the price paid to foreign makers. As a matter of fact, chemistry can distinguish no difference between beet- and cane-sugars. In time this curious conceit will wear away.

Whatever the solution of the Cuban problem, it will mean neither life nor death to beet-sugar manufacturing in America; it is but a vexatious incident. The industry will fight its way to a great ultimate success. That is written on the wall. It is too strong to die a-borning, even though cradled in adversity. What better solution of the Cuban question, and of every other like it, than to cut off the cause of contention? We shall make our own sugar in our own factories on our own soil. In the last analysis, the future of the industry is safe, now that our own capital and our own energy are indissolubly identified with it. The outcome is in our own hands.

"imported" sugar, ignorant of the fact that, in getting what they demanded, they were often buying German or French beet-sugar. To offset this folly, American manufacturers are to-day compelled to sell their product at ten cents



GROUP OF HAND-CULTIVATORS.

## AN ENGLISH GARDEN CITY.

BY ANNIE L. DIGGS.

IN the heart of old England, where bits of fine old forest linger here and there on gentle slopes of undulating ground, where a clear stream winds unafraid, and widens where it wills into broad pools, all fringed with clustering shrubs and drapery of vines which hold their glossy greenness the whole year through—here, in the midst of all this quiet inland beauty, there has grown, within a few years, a little city whose picturesque houses, set in bright, flowering gardens, seem not to intrude, but to supplement the natural beauty which was there before them.

The plain-prose story of this English

ited but a moderate fortune partly vested in the manufacture of cocoa. Many years of severe business struggle and absorbing personal effort preceded the splendid business which now employs thirty-five hundred people. The cocoa-works were at the first located in Birmingham, a city which unto this day houses hosts of working people in slime and gloom. In the blessed Year of Our Lord 1900 the report of Birmingham's health-board tells the barbarous story of two hundred thousand persons housed in airless courts with little light, no ventilation, and sanitation of unspeakable shame; forty thousand back-to-back houses, where

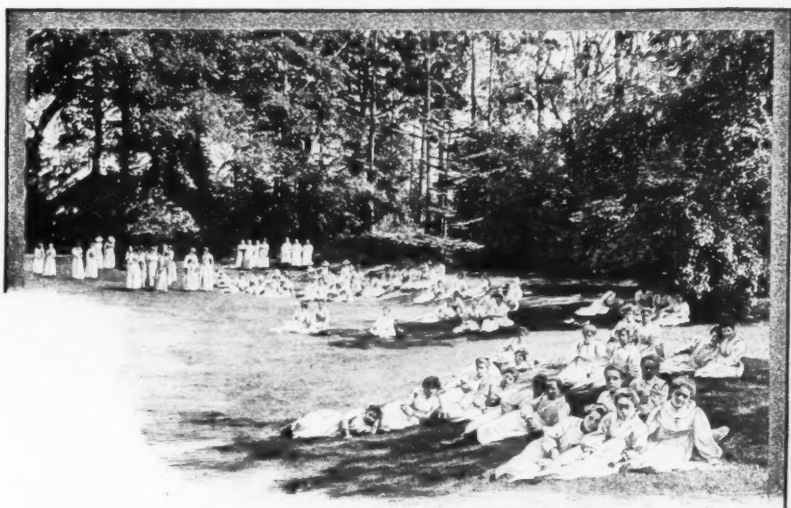


THE TRIANGLE.

“garden city” is convincing. Add but the illumination of its warm atmosphere of human kinship, and you have a story like the tale of a good dream come true. When you know that these houses of artistic design and of modern equipment, having all the conveniences which should furnish homes of comfort and refinement, are the houses of men and women of the toiling class who elsewhere drudge away their days and drag through existence in squalid, country hovels or loathsome city slums, then you know that something unusual has gone into the making of this village of Bourneville.

The founder of Bourneville is Mr. George Cadbury, an English Quaker, who inher-

God's sunlight never shines, and a death-rate in one shameful area of forty to the thousand. Thus is summed up the obligation which private capital discharges toward its tenantry. To get his workmen away from such conditions grew to be the passion of Mr. Cadbury's life. He moved his factory five miles out from Birmingham, and began building, under the direction of first-class architects, commodious and artistic cottages which, at the outset, he sold to his workmen at cost, on long-time payments. But soon the inevitable occurred: As the buildings multiplied, their valuation rose; the increased price tempted the workmen; the cottages were resold; the landlord, from whom Mr. Cadbury



THE RECREATION-GROUND OF THE FACTORY GIRLS.

wished his employees to escape, invaded the place; and the future threatened to thwart his purpose to secure permanent homes for the families of his working men.

Mr. Cadbury believes that the worst of human ills follow the unwholesomeness of city life. Back to Mother Nature lies the road to healthy souls and bodies. Therefore, in order to safeguard these new homes against eventual overcrowding, to preserve the airiness of garden space, and to save the natural beauty-spots, it soon became apparent that private ownership of land must be held in check. Mr. Cadbury relinquished his ownership of the entire village estate. A deed of trust was executed, making over to successive boards of trustees the control in perpetuity of the property for the original purposes. The value of the gift is nine hundred thousand dollars. It consists of four hundred and eighty acres of land, together with cottages, the annual

rental of which is twenty-five thousand dollars. None of the revenue returns to the donor. The entire income must be expended for the up-keep of the buildings, for public welfare and improvements, and for building more houses. The rents of the cottages range from sixty-five dollars to one hundred and seventeen dollars per year. The lowest priced of these affords, not only comfort and convenience, but attractive interior features, alluring



GIRLS' HOME.

gardens and environment soul-satisfying to refined tastes—and all this at less cost than one clammy, blackened room in a fever-haunted city court where human creatures herd from birth to death.

The tenure of individual occupancy is secured in perpetuity to the cottagers precisely as if there were individual ownership; that is, by complying with conditions. In this case, the rental goes to the "Public Trust" which discharges the obligations of taxes, insurance and maintenance; in other cases, the condition imposed by the State upon the individual occupant takes the name of taxes instead of rent. In each case, occupancy is conditioned.

The creed of the Bourneville "Public Trust" declares that man may not live by bread alone; his birthright includes the right to play as well as work. And so there's an enchanting playground for the children, and, however wide the town may grow in future years, provision is made for romping-grounds not farther than five minutes' walk for little feet. For the larger girls there is a great recreation-ground, partly of charming woodland haunts and partly equipped for outdoor games; there is, also, a fine pavilion for entertainments. The men have cricket-fields, foot-ball grounds, fishing-pools and swimming-places. Two professional instructors in athletic sports are employed by the Company. The men in the cocoa-factory

work eight hours a day, with a half-holiday on Saturday. Their out-of-work hours are devoted to recreation, such as field-sports, gardening and indoor games. In the reading-rooms they have the best of books and the latest periodicals. There are literary societies, debating-clubs and institutions for serious study. Two professionals are employed to instruct the girls in their gymnasium. Each girl who works in the factory is required to exercise in

gymnastics fifteen minutes every day, her time being given her out of the Company's hours.

There are twenty-four hundred young women employed in the airy, light and pleasant factory-rooms. They wear white uniforms during work-hours, their cheeks are rosy with health, and they look fresh and dainty enough to grace any home or gladden any mother's heart. I stood beside the pretty lodge-gate leading out



PATH IN GIRLS' RECREATION-GROUND.

from the factory one Saturday noon as this cheery, bright procession of working girls came from their week's work. I contrasted their springing gait and erect figures with the listless, shuffling, sullen—and, alas! sometimes brazen, leering—throngs I had seen emerging from other factory doors. And, following this last sorry multitude of poor, defrauded ones to the habitations 'twere cruel irony to call homes, you find their route perilously close to all that makes for human wreck and outlawry.



For Bourneville girls who have no parents or who must be at work away from them, the old manor-house of the original estate has been made into a Home. Its spacious drawing-room, its bright dining-room and all its atmosphere bespeak refinement—fit environment for bright, merry English girls. From childhood to old age there is no season or condition unprovided for at Bourneville. There are trained nurses, a skilled physician, hospitals for old and young—all at the Company's expense. For the aged there are cozy cottages, specially designed for the comfort of decrepitude and declining years. The old

this enterprise to be classified as philanthropic, rather he wishes it to be known that the strictest business principles are observed, and the utmost care taken, that the sound financial basis shall be preserved. Residence at Bourneville is not restricted to the factory-workers. Many persons who are employed at Birmingham rent the cottages and go back and forth on bicycles or tram-cars. The demand for cottages is constantly in excess of the supply. The employees at the works are given first chance as new houses are finished. Only the best and most enduring material and construction go into the buildings. The



THE FACTORY ORCHESTRA.

people pay for their food, it being no part of the Bourneville plan to pauperize the residents.

The fond hopes of the founder of this human "experiment station" are more than realized year by year. And steadily their great purpose expands. Their first concern was to furnish wholesome and uplifting environment to the workers; the vision has enlarged, and now outlines a plan which invites reduplication throughout all England. And, the writer of this article asks, why not throughout the United States as well?

Mr. Cadbury does not desire his work in

architect is instructed to furnish different designs for each cottage. The abomination of rows of all-alike houses is prohibited. The monotony of capitalistic housing is barred at Bourneville. The mighty effort is to get away from the dead level of human existence, which private commercialism produces, both in outer expression and inner character. The very streets of Bourneville laugh in the face of crude conventionalism; the life of a tree is sacred here, and it must not be sacrificed to clear a site for never so fine a structure of brick and stone. In curves and angles the clean, tree-guarded walks and drives follow the

natural undulation of the ground that is held in all its native beauty, by the "Public Trust," to grow homes for happy working men and women and their rosy, healthy little ones. And all this is but five miles distant from a pestilential city area, where forty miserables out of each wretched thousand die every year. Transferred to Bourneville, the death-rate among the same class of working people falls to four per thousand—which tells the story of a difference in many things.

Bourneville has answered many social questions of late years: Will factory-people wisely use the leisure given them by a short work-day? Will men and women unconstrained make use of opportunity for mental culture? Will families reared in close city quarters adapt themselves to tidy and artistic housing? Will the men appreciate the getting "back to Mother Nature," and will they steadily work their gardens? The answer is a clear "Yes."

The Bourneville technical and manual-labor schools show fine results. The debating-clubs enlist keen interest. The young lads who work in the factory, and those employed in a clerical way, commingle in social life and grow away from consciousness of that pernicious caste which yet lags in good, old England. And as for gardening, why, it is the very joy of life among the villagers! The men, not being overworked in the factory, go straight to their gardens with keen delight. The Bourneville man with the hoe makes a cheerier epic than the dumb, unrequited drudge, whose awful story is told in his slanted brow and dehumanized visage. I have never seen rosier or more gloriously happy youngsters than the little people skipping after their fathers, who go with

spade and barrow to work their "allotments" after factory-hours. These garden allotments are on the vacant lots which await future building, and, although every cottage in the village has its vegetable- and flower-garden, the yield of which runs to more than a half-dollar a week—a practical lessening of the rent—the men eagerly ask for more ground to work. Two professional gardeners, constantly employed by the Company, give instruction and advice. A boys' and girls' class in gardening receives scientific instruction and does practical work. The village gardening-association holds annual festivals. Prizes are given for fruits, flowers and vegetables. Last year the quantity of these entries for prizes numbered over one thousand.

The many picturesque features at Bourneville, the woodland walks, the embowered nooks and charming pleasure-grounds afford delight, not only to the residents, but, during the summer, many visitors and pleas-



COTTAGES.

ure-parties come from Birmingham, from London and from various cities of Great Britain. There is nothing of village dulness about Bourneville. There are no dark lurking-places for idleness or crime. The people are alert, at work or recreating; there is no loafing or shirking.

England is sore pressed by her housing-problem. "No room to live" is the complaint of even her well-paid-and-employed classes; hence, this demonstration of industrial home-making is being closely watched by sociologists and by practical business men.

Mr. Cadbury, whose long business career gives him rank with the most highly successful, urges a like program for other firms employing large numbers of work-people. "Move your factories into the



LABURNAM ROAD.

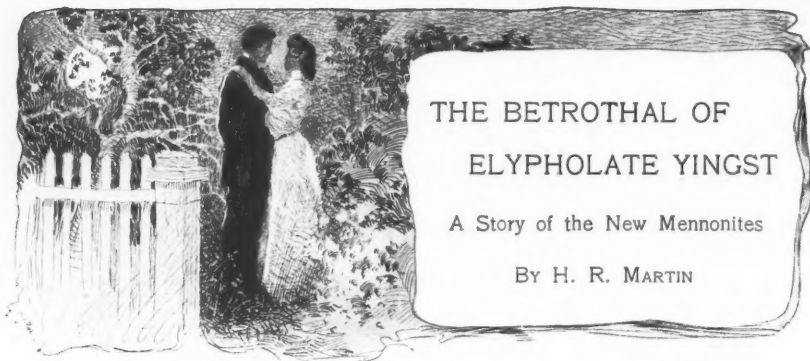
country, house your helpers humanly," says Mr. Cadbury, "for, even though mere commercial business, unwarmed by one spark of human sympathy, blend with the incentive—it will pay."

Not one of the least of the novel sensations I experienced at Bourneville was when Mr. Cadbury, with calm matter-of-factness, spoke of plans carrying into the next one hundred and fifty years. "There will be," said he, "by that time, at the present ratio of increasing income, a fund of one million pounds annually at the disposal of the Bourneville Public Trust. This

will be used to extend garden-city building all over England. We must," said Mr. Cadbury, "destroy the slums of England, or England will be destroyed by the slums. We must give English children a chance to grow. We must not house our workers in vile environment and expect their lives to be clean and blameless. We must do justice in the land." Mr. Cadbury disclaims perfection, either of theory or practise, at Bourneville. They are simply making the best possible attempt at improvement under existing commercial conditions.



PAVILION AND CRICKET-TEAM—MEN'S RECREATION-GROUND.



## THE BETROTHAL OF ELYPHOLATE YINGST

A Story of the New Mennonites

BY H. R. MARTIN

### I.

LIKE Napoleon Bonaparte, Elypholate Yingst, also, had doubted in his ambitious youth whether it was possible for one with such a name ever to rise to eminence. "Yingst" was sufficiently difficult and unmusical, but "Elypholate" was manifestly impossible.

Yet, although he always signed himself "E. Yingst," he never, when directly questioned, concealed the fact. "Not to deceive you, it's Elypholate," he would stoically reply. It was the extraordinary conscience inherited from a race of Mennonite ancestors who had suffered persecution and exile for their faith that made it out of the question for him to deviate from the path of strict truthfulness even to so small a degree as to change the name imposed upon him by his parents.

It was this same extreme conscientiousness which led him, when at the height of his professional success in the City of New York, to ask the radiant woman whom he loved and who loved him, to defer her consent to marry him until she had visited his parents on their ancestral farm in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and had seen the home of his childhood, the manner of his rearing—and all the rest. She must not give herself to him until she should know all that it is possible for any woman to know of any man before her marriage with him.

It was with truly Spartan courage that he made arrangements for her visit to "the farm." He was far from sanguine as to the outcome of it. He knew her pride of

family, her almost superstitious belief in blood, her ignorance of other conditions of life than those privileged ones in which she had been reared. Would she prove large enough to recognize, beneath the crude conditions which would necessarily seem to her uncouth and repulsive, the real excellence of his inheritance?

He would never forget her naive astonishment upon hearing from his lips that his parents were plain, uneducated New Mennonites, of Lancaster County. She had met it without flinching, but he was sensitively suspicious that the knowledge had been a stab to her pride and all her inherited prejudices.

And when she should discover how entirely acquired were all his social graces and manners, how (according to her standards) vulgar was the background of his life in its boyhood's impressions, would it not repel her from any thought of marriage with him? And could he blame her if it were so—he who knew so well the atmosphere of refinement in which she had been always shielded?

Well, the die was cast now, and he could only wait for the outcome. This afternoon she would arrive at New Canaan and be introduced into his mother's household.

The incongruity of her in such surroundings smote him. Again he questioned his wisdom in having planned to subject her love to this test.

"But no. Better discover it now than later, if she is going to despise my origin," was his final conclusion.

He had left New York City a day ahead

of the date fixed for her departure for New Canaan. There was an important matter which he must discuss with his mother before Laura came to them. All minor details as to the appointments of the household, and so forth, he would leave untouched; for Laura must see things at his parents' home as they always were—there must be no unaccustomed frills. There was only that one matter that he must emphatically settle with his mother before he introduced her to the girl whom he hoped to marry.

It was early on the afternoon of her expected arrival when Doctor Yingst sought his mother to "have it out" with her.

He found her in the kitchen, rolling out pastry.

Mrs. Yingst was a well-preserved woman of about sixty years of age. The countenance looking out from her Mennonite white cap was mild and placid. The nervous force manifested in the keen, fine face of the eminent New York physician was evidently not inherited from his New Mennonite mother.

It was early spring, and the door and windows of the large, clean kitchen were open wide. It was not, however, the sweet country odors of the spring-time that were wafted indoors to mingle with those of the stewing fruit on the stove, but it was the nearness of the stables that was (most unpleasantly) manifest.

"I've been to the village, Mother," the doctor began, seating himself opposite to where she stood working at the table.

"Are you home long a'ready?"

"I just came in."

"What for did you go, seein' you're got to go in again this after, to fetch out *her*?"

"I went on business."

"What for business was that?"

The mother of such a son might well have looked on him with pride, but Mrs. Yingst's religion forbade such human weakness, and the monotonous placidity of her countenance was quite unmoved as her eyes were from time to time lifted from her paste to the handsome face of her only child.

"Mother," he earnestly but gently spoke in answer to her inquiry, "you must make up your mind to give up taking your vegetables to the Lancaster city market. I have urged you so often. Now, I must

insist upon your stopping it. You are too old to stand for hours twice a week behind those market-stalls. Father is as much opposed to it as I am. If there were the least necessity for it—but you know there isn't. Why do you persist in it, Mother?"

Doctor Yingst was convinced that his mother's selling vegetables behind a market-stall, in the City of Lancaster, would be to Laura the final, intolerable straw.

"I couldn't leave the vegetables go to waste," Mrs. Yingst replied, as she deftly lifted a circular layer of paste on her palms and laid it on a tin pie-pan. "We raise more'n what we use still."

"Give away what you don't need. No," he added, seeing, from the slight change in her quiet face, how he had shocked her frugal soul, "I know that isn't practical advice in this neighborhood, where there are no starving poor. Let Father sell to the hucksters what you don't use."

"This long time a'ready, he wants to do that. But the vegetables fetches more on market still."

"But, Mother," he expostulated, leaning forward across the table and, in his eagerness, not minding the sprinkling of flour he was receiving, "can't you realize that when you have a son who earns an income of not less than twenty thousand a year it is a reflection on his filial care for you when you try to earn this poor little pittance twice a week at the market? It is a disgrace to me, Mother. I beg you to give it up. Won't you do this for me? You know there is nothing on earth I would not do for *you*."

"The hucksters would give Pop only twelve cents a dozen fur eggs, and I can make 'em fetch twenty-five or thirty on market, 'Lypholate."

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her, despairingly.

"I wish I could make you feel, Mother, how much depends on this for me. The best happiness of my life!"

Mrs. Yingst's rolling-pin paused for an instant as she looked at him, evidently with an unexpected flash of insight.

"Do you mean mebbly she," with an indicative twirl of her thumb, "is proud with herself that way, and wouldn't like it so well havin' her man's mom sellin' on market? I heerd of such a'ready."



"She would not be able to understand my permitting you to expose yourself like that, when I am able to give you every comfort and luxury."

"Is she so wonderful tony, 'Lypholate? To be sure, I knowed you'd want to marry a way-up young lady. You're so educated and so fash'nable. But, 'Lypholate," she cautioned him, "if she's so proud with herself that way, mebbly she won't make you a good housekeeper. Jake Gutfleisch, he married that Herr girl that lived up the road a piece from New Canaan—she'd been to Millersville Normal, and it got her that proud—and Jake's mom, she wants to say Jake didn't do just do so well—the Herr girl's such a dopple [awkward person.] She won't bake fur him. She gives him baker's bread and canned meat and even canned soups, yet! Now, think! I hope you took notice a'ready, 'Lypholate, when you was keepin' comp'ny, if you're girl's handy or not, before you ast her. Did you ast her yet?"

"We are not definitely engaged, Mother."

"But you're in with her wonderful thick, ain't you are?"

"Mother, I want to marry Miss Coxé more than I ever wanted anything in this world. Will you or won't you help me to get what I so much want? Won't you stop going to market with your vegetables?"

"If that would stop her sayin' yes, 'Lypholate, she wouldn't be the woman fur you, my son," his mother said, with unwonted emphasis.

The young man felt the force of this. Nevertheless, he persisted.

"Is my happiness less to you than the few dollars you make every week at market—money that you can't spend, but just lay away in a bag?"

"It wouldn't be right to waste them vegetables we can't use ourselves," Mrs. Yingst quietly repeated.

"Well, then, Mother," her son suddenly announced, again leaning forward on the table, "you can't go to market to-morrow morning or ever again, for *I've sold your market-wagon!* I took it in to New Canaan after dinner and sold it for ten dollars to Abram Zech. Here's four times the money," he added, laying two twenty-dollar bills on the table before her. "And

I'll pay you every week five times the sum you would make at market."

It was by such high-handed measures as this that Doctor Yingst had, all through his boyhood and young manhood, gained his own way in opposition to his mother. Every dollar that had been spent upon his education had been wrung from her by almost brute force. He had always, in his determined struggles for an education, been aided and abetted by his father, but his road had not been smooth. Perhaps, however, he was none the worse for that. His mother had never resented his rebellion against her rigid economy. Had he been content to stay at home and help on the farm, he would have been a son more after her own heart; but, deep down in her simple soul, she *was* proud of her marvelous though incomprehensible boy.

A dumb look of bewilderment was her reception of the amazing, the revolutionary, news that the market-wagon had been sold. She slowly turned her back upon him and carried her pies to the oven. He waited uneasily for her return to the table.

She came back, after a moment, and stood with her fat palms spread out on the dough-board. "If the market-wagon's sold, I'll have to take the buggy, then. It ain't so handy to get the things in as what the market-wagon was still. But I guess I can make it suit."

He stared at her for an instant; a flash came into his eyes; his lips twitched, and, suddenly, he bent back his head and roared with laughter.

"What d'you see so funny yet?" his mother wonderingly asked, beginning to gather up the dishes, spoons and knives she had used in the baking.

"If I sell your buggy, too, Mother, how will you manage?"

"Then I'd have to walk them four miles and carry a big basket. Or borry the loan of a wagon off of Jake Gutfleisch's. And how would I get to meetin' still without no buggy?"

"There," he reassured her, "I won't sell the buggy. I see," he said, with a sigh of resignation, "that you must do as you please—and live your own life in your own way, Mother."

He drew a long breath as he rose from the table. Taking out his watch, he



*Drawn by  
C. M. Relyea.*

"SHE WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO UNDERSTAND MY PER-  
MITTING YOU TO EXPOSE YOURSELF LIKE THAT,  
WHEN I AM ABLE TO GIVE YOU EVERY  
COMFORT AND LUXURY."

compared it with the clock on the mantel over the stove. "Two hours before I must start for the train," he restlessly said.

He shook the flour from his sleeves and picked up his hat from a chair.

"I guess I'll go out to the field and visit with Father until train-time."

## II.

By an unexpected chance, Miss Laura Coxe was able, on her way from New York City to Lancaster, to make such close connections at Philadelphia that she reached the village of New Canaan two hours earlier than Doctor Yingst expected her, and, consequently, she was obliged to find her own way from the little station to the Yingst farm, a mile distant.

Eager as the young girl was to see her lover, she, nevertheless, looked upon this contingency as a rather diverting adventure, and, as it was a clear, beautiful spring day, she started out on her walk with keenest pleasure.

The ticket-agent at the little station had told her in which direction to go. But

when she had walked the half-mile from the village, on the country highroad, she found herself obliged, at the joining of three roads, to inquire again the way to the Yingst farm.

The farmhouse at which she stopped to ask for information was a respectable red-brick edifice, built with strict avoidance of any hint of grace or art. It was set back a few yards from the road, and had it not been for the neat, weedless flower-beds in front of it, Miss Coxe would have supposed it to be unoccupied; for every shutter was tightly closed, and there was not a sign of life about the place.

Her knock upon one of the two front doors (a great many Lancaster County farmhouses are built with two identically similar front doors, side by side) brought a big dog, bounding and barking, to the porch where she waited. She felt rather alarmed at the vehemence of this canine greeting, but relief quickly appeared in the form of a stout, middle-aged woman and a small boy, coming quickly from around the side of the house, the latter calling the dog from

the stranger, and the former scolding the child for having "tied the dog loose." (Untied the dog.)

"Your pop tole you you're not to tie her loose these dog-days!" the boy was admonished. "Now, you'll see what you'll mebby get oncet when Pop comes in then! Take her around back now and make her tight!"

She turned to the young lady on the porch as she wiped her wet, soapy hands on her gingham apron.

A wide-eyed curiosity looked out from the woman's quaint, white Mennonite cap, as her gaze rested upon the unaccustomed vision on her door-step of the fair-haired, blue-eyed girl in her white-lined raglan and pretty spring hat of dark-blue straw.

"Good morning," Miss Coxé bowed. "Will you please tell me how to get to Mr. Yingst's farm?"

"Yingst's farm?" the woman repeated. "Which fur Yingst is it you're after? New Canaan's got so many Yingsts. It's a name where's familiar here. Do you mean mebby Hiram? Or is it Ephraim's? Or Ezra's?"

"Mr. Hiram Yingst."

"Oh, him. Well, his place is up this here road a piece; about a half a mile yet."

"Straight up this road? I make no turns?"

"No. You go up this way, and if you see a red barn, there's Yingst's. Are you goin' to Yingst's?"

"Yes. I thank you very much."

"Ach, that's all right! So you're goin' to Yingst's?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to hire, or what?"

"Hire?"

"Yes. Hire. Because if you do, I could easy get you a good place."

"No," said Miss Coxé, her smile illumining her bright face, "I am going visiting."

"Oh, wisitin'. Are you from town, or wherever?" the woman curiously inquired.

"Yes—from New York."

"Oh, from there," she nodded. "That's a long ways to come, ain't?"

"It's several hours' ride."

"Hiram Yingst's son, he lives in New York this long time a'ready. Mebby you know him?"

"Yes."

"I took notice he's home these last couple days. Is it to see him you're wisitin' down here?"

"Oh, no," smiled Miss Coxé, stepping off the porch, and recovering from her interest in what seemed to her the phenomenal frankness of the woman's investigation of her.

"It's some dusty walkin', ain't?"

"A little, yes; but I am enjoying the walk."

"I think we'll mebby have fallin' weather—it feels so fur rain, fur all it's clear yet."

"Yes? I thank you very much. Good-by."

"That's all right. Good-by."

As Miss Coxé walked buoyantly on down the pike, she laughed gleefully to herself as she thought how she should enjoy telling her sweetheart of her amusing talk with the odd, fat little woman.

"That she should offer to get me 'a good place!' How he will laugh! How interested he would be—if he ever happened to meet her—in her queer language! I wonder if he ever ran across her on his trips down here. Her dialect is not like any I have ever heard. 'Yingst's son, he a'ready lives yet in New York, ain't?'—something like that! Oh, he will be so entertained!"

### III.

"Is Mrs. Yingst at home?"

"Yes, I'm her."

The two women looked into each other's eyes as they clasped hands.

"You're 'Lypholate's girl, I guess, ain't? We wasn't lookin' fur you till five o'clock."

"I am Miss Coxé."

"I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. Just walk in oncet."

With a bewildered look in her pretty eyes, Miss Coxé stepped into the close, stuffy, darkened front room of the plain, brick farmhouse. When Mrs. Yingst closed the front door upon the sunlight, they were left in almost total blackness.

"I'll make the shutters open a little," the hostess hospitably said, and Miss Coxé, afraid to move in the midday midnight, stood in the middle of the floor and waited

for a ray of light. The odor of the close, unused room was sickening.

She was struck with the fact that this woman who had answered her knock at the door was dressed exactly like the one at whose home she had asked to be directed to Mr. Yingst's farm. She wore the same sort of white cap, plain black gown and three-cornered cape. It must be the garb of the puritanic faith to which "the doctor" had told her his mother was such a faithful adherent.

"We keep this room shut still, except only when we're getting strangers," remarked Mrs. Yingst, as she admitted an economical bit of light through the shutters.

She came from the window to the girl's side and pushed forward a large, painted, wooden rocking-chair.

"Set down and rest yourself," she said, in her quiet, monotonous voice. "It'll spite 'Lypholate that you had to walk out. He was goin' to fetch you till five o'clock. Did you get here sooner than you thought fur, or what?"

"Yes, I made closer connections at Philadelphia than the doctor or I had supposed could be made."

"'Lypholate's out in the field with his pop."

"His——what?" tentatively asked Miss Coxé, sinking into the rocking-chair as Mrs. Yingst sat down in another chair just like it.

"His pop. He'll come in then till he thinks it's time to go fur the train——and he will now be that surprised to see you settin' here. It won't go long any more till he's home. Just spare your coat and hat."

Miss Coxé slipped out of her raglan and laid her hat on the marble-topped table, her quick eye noting, meanwhile, the neatness, the stiff order, the primitive furnishings of the room. There were no pictures on the white-washed walls, and no ornaments of any description in the room——just the plain articles of furniture absolutely essential for use.

"'Lypholate tole me how you're so tony," Mrs. Yingst said, gently rocking back and forth as she gazed with her unvarying placidity of countenance upon the girl before her. "So, I guess we'll seem some plain to you. But us Mennonites

don't hold to fash'nable things. We live very plain that way. I tole 'Lypholate, 'We can't accommodate her to satisfaction,' I says when he said now he's fetchin' you to see us once. 'Not to satisfaction,' I says. You know, it goes like this: us, we don't care fur style, only cleanness."

"Yes?"

"Did it mebbly make you some warm walkin'? I'll leave you use my fan."

She took from the table-drawer a roll of white tissue-paper in which, it presently appeared, a black paper fan was carefully preserved.

"Here, one day last summer, I nearly lost my fan——now think!" Mrs. Yingst's even tones related as she spread open the treasure and handed it to her guest. "I got it fur such a prize with a box of soap. I had it now it will be this five years back a'ready till next summer. I was always careful with it. Yes, one day last summer, I nearly lost it yet!"

Miss Coxé examined the fan curiously. She could discover nothing about it which explained its being so carefully guarded and treasured. It appeared to be worth about ten cents. Having come with a box of soap, the possibility was precluded of there being any sentiment associated with it. She was mystified. Her long walk had made her warm and tired, and she began to wonder whether she were really awake or whether she was dreaming all these weird, strange impressions of things that seemed to be passing before her.

"I say!" Mrs. Yingst abruptly remarked, in a deep voice that had in it a touch of the tragic. "There's the fly!"

Her eyes were fixed, with a stony stare, upon the high back of Miss Coxé's rocking-chair. "Set still till I see once if I can ketch it!"

She rose cautiously, but a look of profound disappointment came into her face, and she sighed, as she sat down again.

"Me and Pop's tried now fur a week back to ketch the fly. It must have been the day I cleaned up fur 'Lypholate's comin' home that it somehow got in. We ain't never been able yet to ketch it. Such things spites a body, aint?"

"But are you sure it's th same fly?" Miss Coxé wonderingly asked.

"It couldn't be no other, fur only one got in."

"If you don't use this room," Miss Coxé reasoned with her, "why do you care?"

"I can't sleep good still when I know there's a fly in the house," Mrs. Yingst sighed, as she resignedly sank back again in her chair. She rocked slowly as she amiably regarded her guest.

"'Lypholate ain't spoke just so much to me about you except he said you was so tony. What does your pop follow?"

"Follow?" Miss Coxé asked, a puzzled distress in her childish eyes. "What is his business, do you mean?"

"Yes. I mean what does he carry on."

"He is a retired physician."

"Now think! Like 'Lypholate, ain't?"

"Yes—only, he is retired now. He is an old man. I am the youngest of nine children."

"You mean he don't carry on nothin' now?"

"Yes. He is too old to work."

"I take notice you don't speak your words like what we speak our'n. You speak so funny that way! Like what 'Lypholate learned hisself to speak till he'd been away to school a couple years. 'Lypholate don't talk like his tongue grew to talk."

A fat lazy cat had wandered into the room and was rubbing its arched back against the folds of the girl's skirts. Miss Coxé suddenly bent low and stroked the animal's thick fur. Mrs. Yingst noticed that her face grew crimson as she stooped.

"That's not for us to do—like what you're doin'—to make a fuss with the cat still."

Miss Coxé sat up again and laughed a little, helpless laugh that somehow struck Mrs. Yingst with a vague sense of pathos.

"Are you mebbly hungry fur a piece?"

"A piece of what?"

"Oh, well, just a piece. Mebbly some butter-bread? We've havin' supper till five o'clock."

"I'll have a drink of water if you please."

"I'll go get it."

She left the room, and, after a moment, came back with a thick glass goblet.

"You must excuse me if I call you Laura. Ain't you will?" she asked. "It ain't

for us New Mennonites to pay compliments and call folks Miss, or Missus, or whatever. We don't favor titles. You know we read: 'Call no man Master;' and we try to obey to the Scripture. Are you Bible-read?"

The question was disconcerting.

"Well," smiled the girl, "I'm not ready to take a chair of Biblical exegesis in a theological seminary!"

Mrs. Yingst stared uncomprehendingly. "Them big words comes easy to you, ain't it? With 'Lypholate, too," she nodded. "Would you like to look at 'Lypholate's pictures?"

She took a photograph album from the table and, drawing her chair to Miss Coxé's side, she spread it open on her own ample lap. With a quiet complacency, but with no apparent pride, she turned the pages to display the succession of photographs of her son, taken from boyhood up to manhood. The girl studied them with fascinated interest.

"Here's one he had took with his pop," the mother said, showing the portrait of a stiffly posed farmer of middle age, with his arm bent at the elbow to a sharp right angle and his hands spread heavily on a small boy's shoulder, as though in the act of arresting him for a misdemeanor against the law. "Pop was always so much for havin' 'Lypholate's picture took."

"The doctor looks like his father, doesn't he?" Miss Coxé said, as she bent over the photograph.

"Yes. Him and 'Lypholate favors each other somethin' surprisin'. He always took after his pop more'n after me."

"Didn't *you* ever have your picture taken with 'Lyph—the doctor?"

"Oh, no, I give myself up to the Lord, and turned plain, before 'Lypholate was born a'ready; and us New Mennonites don't have our pictures took, because you can read in the Word: 'Make no graven images.' That's why 'Lypholate's pop, he wouldn't give himself up—he liked so well to fetch 'Lypholate to town to have his photograph took. Pop was always so much fur his boy that way. I used to think 'Lypholate wouldn't never be no account, his pop made so much fuss with him."

"But he *has* been of some account, hasn't he? You must be very proud of him,"



the girl suggested, looking up into the mother's mild eyes with fire in her own.

"Pride ain't fur us. We're loosed of all earthly ties, and joined to Christ. But," she added, "'Lypholate's a good son, fur all he b'longs to the World. He was always so much fur his books," she began, reminiscently, leaning back in her chair,

with her hands folded over the open album in her lap. "When he come sixteen years, he wouldn't have it no other way but he must go to Millersville Normal. 'Lypholate, it ain't worth while,' I tole him. 'You kin read good enough a'-ready. You don't need no more education.' But his pop, he upheld to what 'Lypholate wanted, so he went and gradyated at Millersville Normal. Well, I thought certainly that was enough! No, 'Lypholate,

then, he wanted to go to college! And then he gradyated at college yet! Now, think! Indeed, I never thought he'd go so fur's that. It's too much," She shook her head. "It ain't healthy fur any one to have too much education. It goes to their heads. It showed on 'Lypho-

late when he was only a little feller yet. He was always so much fur settin' by himself and thinkin'. And he was now such a boy fur lookin' at the clouds, 'specially when they was red in the evenin'. I used to try, still, to get him away from such ways, thinkin' it was the pride of the eye. Oh, to be sure," she granted, "sometimes a body kin see somepin' funny in the sky that's pretty, but I think them things is a temptation of the enemy of our souls to lead us away from Christ."

Upon this novel view of the beauties

of nature, Miss Cox had no comment to make. Instead, she drew the mother back to her son. "You say the doctor was always a good son to you?"

"Yes, 'ceptin' that he was always in fur havin' his own way; and he'd get it, somehow or nother. But he's a good son. Oh, yes. Well, to be sure, sometimes he bothers me some. He wants to spend his money on me



Drawn by  
C. M. Relyea.

"'YOU'RE 'LYPHOLATE'S GIRL, I GUESS.'"

and Pop; and us, we won't leave him. He'd buy us anything he conceived we wanted, and if it cost a hundred dollars yet! Now, think! Oh, 'Lypholate ain't near that way with his money! He was always fond of his mom and pop. He'd pay fur hired help fur me if I'd leave

him. But I like to do my own servin'."

"I was sure he must be a good son," Miss Coxe softly said, her eyes downcast. "With all his power, he is so tender!"

"You think a wonderful sight of him, ain't'?" said Elypholate's mother.

"Ye—— I think very highly of him," Miss Coxe replied, with propriety.

At this instant, the sound of steps in a room beyond arrested them.

"That's 'Lypholate and Pop," said Mrs. Yingst, rising. "I'll go tell 'em you're here. They kin set with you till I make supper."

Replacing her rocking-chair in the corner from which she had taken it, she went to the door, but turned, with her hand on the latch. "I'm makin' fried paunhaus fur supper. It won't take long till its cooked a'ready," she reassuringly said.

She opened and closed the door cautiously, to exclude the admission of a possible fly.

It vaguely crossed Miss Coxe's dizzy brain as, palpitating, she awaited the doctor's coming, that it was well she had taken a luncheon in the dining-car on her way from Philadelphia, as, having thus staved off starvation, she would not be driven to tempt Providence by tampering with such an unknown form of diet as "fried paunhaus."

#### IV.

The doctor had scarcely time to make an extremely hasty toilet, greet Miss Coxe in the parlor, and present his white-haired father, when Mrs. Yingst appeared to announce that supper was "made."

The table, laid in the spotlessly clean kitchen, was crowded with many and various little dishes, most of which were, to Miss Coxe's inexperience, dark mysteries. Mrs. Yingst was hospitably honoring the occasion by using her best plated silver and her finest ten-cent store-glass and china; and at Laura's and the doctor's plates were napkins.

The doctor's venerable father wore no coat, and Mrs. Yingst, before taking her place at the table, did not deem it essential to put down her rolled-up sleeves.

"I conceived I'd better mebbe give you a napkin—— 'Lypholate's often tole me city people's used to havin' 'em every day,"

Mrs. Yingst remarked, after the long, silent "grace." " 'Lypholate, when he's home, he now won't eat, yet, till I get him a napkin!"

In Laura's soul there was an agony of embarrassment. Nothing which her fastidious lover had told her of his home had prepared her for just such unique conditions as these. Yet it was characteristic of her that her outward composure should be in exact proportion to her inward agitation. She would not have taken the trouble to conceal a merely slight confusion, but such internal chaos as at present possessed her called for self-control and tact, and, summoning to her aid as much of these as she could command, she managed to assume a manner of matter-of-fact acceptance of everything about her, except where the betrayal of surprise could not possibly offend.

The doctor's manner helped her. Apparently, he was composedly indifferent to his parents' idiosyncrasies, and his attitude toward herself was unwontedly grave and reserved. Had he manifested nervousness or embarrassment, the ordeal would have been too painful to her.

"I like a napkin, myself, when we're got gravy," old Mr. Yingst remarked, as he helped himself to a large piece of the black paunhaus and then pushed the platter along to Laura.

The doctor at her side helped her to a small slice of it. "You've never tasted it, and you probably won't like it. It's pork. But," he added, putting a generous slice on his mother's plate, and another on his own, "you've no idea how fraught with sentiment and poetry all these Lancaster County Dutch dishes are to me! Now, here's scalded cheese," he said, indicating what looked like a large, flat cake of yellow putty. "And 'smear-case'," indicating a glass dish, filled with what appeared to be slaked lime. "As for these 'snits'," he said, proceeding to put into a sauce-dish a spoonful of stewed dried apples, "my feelings at sight of them, after a long absence, almost renders me lacrimose."

"Mebby you favor apple butter?" Mrs. Yingst suggested, pushing forward another glass dish, which contained a dark-colored concoction that resembled black apple-

sauce; "or, would you mebbly like currant jelly fur your spreadin's?"

"I'm going to taste the 'apple butter'!" Laura gaily declared. "The Unknown has ever a morbid charm for me! And the name 'apple butter' is alluring. Now, Doctor Yingst, how much of this does one take? And how is it eaten? With a spoon?"

"It's spreadin's!" in astonishment explained Mrs. Yingst. "To spread on your butter-bread. Now, you don't want to say you never *eat* it yet?" she incredulously asked.

"I never saw or heard of it before," Laura laughed, "and I am delighted to make its acquaintance."

"We're great friends to apple butter," said the old man, speaking with his mouth full of hot paunhaus. "Our apples, we pick 'em hard so's they don't rot on us. It seems queer to think you ain't never tasted apple butter! But I know they got awful funny ways in New York. Well," he added, watching her as she tasted the apple butter, "how does it go?"

"I never tasted anything more delicious," she enthusiastically answered.

When supper was over, Laura, seeing that there was no servant in the house, insisted, in spite of the doctor's protest, upon helping her hostess to clear off the table and wipe the dishes—work to which she lent such an unaccustomed and unskilful hand that Mrs. Yingst privately warned the doctor next day: "You'd better look furdur, 'Lypholate; she'd never make you a good housekeeper. Oh, in some ways, she's as nice a young lady as she otherwise could be, but you could do a sight better, 'Lypholate—she's so wonderful doplig! To be sure, fur a city-raised girl, she's that nice and common I wouldn't have believed it. It don't show at her that she's so tony, she makes herself so common with me and Pop. But I think, fur all, you'd better tell her you'll look a little bit around first before you make up your mind. She's too dumb [stupid] to get married."

But, as will be seen, the warning came too late.

By the time "the supper work" was finished, Laura had begun to look very weary from her day's travel and excitement.

"You are tired," the doctor gravely told her as she took off her gingham apron.

"You must go to bed, Laura."

She was aware of a note in his voice that she had never heard before and that she did not understand. "Will you show Miss Coxie to her room, Mother?"

"To be sure, if she feels fur goin' to bed. Can you sleep cold?" she inquired of her guest.

Laura looked unintelligent, but the doctor came to her assistance. "Mother means do you require a fire in your room. In the apartment traditionally known as 'the spare room,' in this house, there is a stove, and a fire can be lighted in a minute if you want it."

"No, thank you. It isn't cold enough to make that necessary. I am a bit tired. Yes, I think I should like to go to bed."

"I put a towel and water-pitcher in your room," Mrs. Yingst said; "'Lypholate, he says you're like what he's got to be, too—you would want to wash in your room, and not at the pump like what we do."

"Thank you," said Laura, vaguely.

She bade the doctor and his father good night; and then she followed Mrs. Yingst up-stairs.

Doctor Yingst put on his hat and went outdoors.

Slowly pacing the board walk in the moonlight, he drew in a long, deep breath, and his lips tightened over his teeth.

"It's all up, of course!" he grimly told himself. "I see it all with her eyes now and from her point of view. Her prejudices will never let her marry me!"

## V.

He had been strolling about in the moonlight, over the lawn, among the flower-beds, and even down by the vegetable-garden, when suddenly he was startled by an apparition in the path before him—the ghost—as for a moment he verily believed—of his fair lady.

The sound of her voice scarcely reassured him, so wraith-like appeared her pale face and bright eyes in the light of the garden.

"I saw you from my window—and I found I was not sleepy after all—and the night is so beautiful—I thought I would come down to you."

He looked down into her eyes upraised to his as she stood before him in the path.

What was it, he asked himself, that he read in them? Something which made the hot blood surge up to his temples and beat there.

He ventured to take her two fair hands in his own and clasp them. "Laura! Is your love for me, then, so strong—and so true?"

"Oh, my dear!" she whispered as, yielding her hands to his clasp, she leant against him, "I have no language to express my pride in you—that just by your own power—unaided, and against every adverse condition—you have made yourself what you are!"

"Is *that* the way you look at it, Laura?"

"How else could I look at it?"

"Your family pride, my darling—your own rearing in a cultured home—your prejudices—your very instincts——"

"Yes—I have all these limitations, I acknowledge it. But, somehow, they are not troubling me to-night. I can't make myself feel them. What fills all my heart is the thought of how great has been your faith in me, that you have so frankly challenged my love by bringing me face to face with what you knew those of my world would be tempted to despise."

"And you do *not* despise it?"

"Dear," she said, drawing her hands from his clasp and laying them on his shoulders, "believe me, the happiness you and I have hoped for is not menaced by anything I have learned this day. Only by——"

"Laura! By what? Tell me, dearest!"

"By any least approach on your part to an unworthy shame for these simple, genuine people who love you so much and who have given you to the world—and to me!"

## A PARABLE.

BY CAROLINE STERN.

THE trodden path was sunny smooth,  
And many thousands journeyed there.  
He asked them why, and they, good sooth,  
With curling lip, or stony stare,  
Transfixed with scorn the hapless youth—  
Had not their fathers worn it bare?

And when he tried—the erring wight—  
To turn him from the ways of men,  
To cut his rough way to the height  
(Be his the toil and theirs the gain),  
Perchance his way might prove the right—  
Why, then—? Oh! then—they stoned him then.



## CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

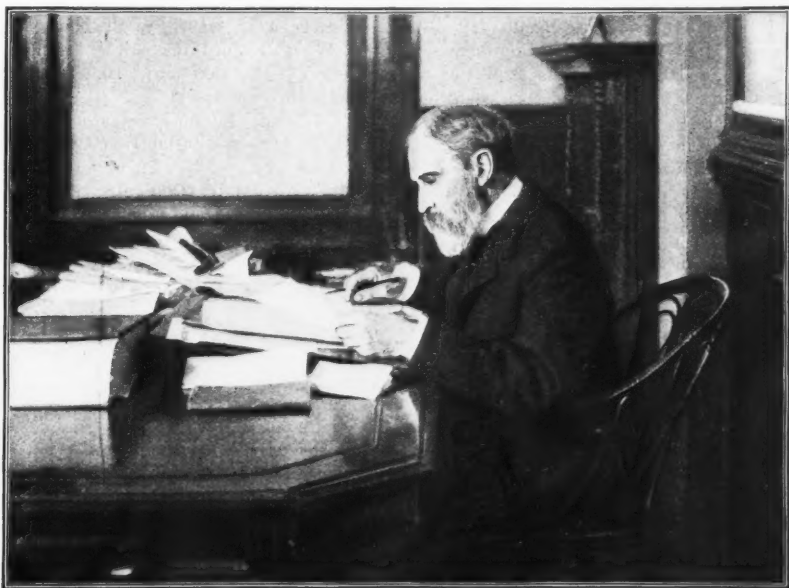
PART XIV.

GEORGE GILBERT WILLIAMS.

BY ROBERT N. BURNETT.

LIKE some mighty oak under which the herds take refuge in a storm, so has George G. Williams been a fortress of strength to which men have repaired for help and security during the last generation. In prosaic business, as in battle, there are great leaders who show their superiority by their ability to arise to the occasion in times of panic and distress. There have been times during the last

the Chemical National Bank, and therefore the oldest bank official, in point of service, connected with any of the New York institutions, having been president since 1878, Mr. Williams has passed through every panic of the last two generations. In recent times he has been the great authority on way of procedure to cure financial ills. He was chairman of the Clearing House Association during the panic of



GEORGE GILBERT WILLIAMS.

thirty years when those sturdy financial pillars of the community—Messrs. Williams and Tappen—have been called on to prop up the business structure when it was as shaky as the temple of old which Sampson supported. That they might fail did not enter the public mind. Confidence in their ability was born of long years of devotion to the public weal, which had never met with a reverse.

For more than sixty years identified with

1893, when many firms suspended. He appointed the committee which undertook to straighten out the wreckage, he, ex-officio, being one of the most active members.

"In times of emergency," said one of the oldest members of the Clearing House, which is the official title of the associated banks, "we look to men of large caliber and high character to take the lead in restoring confidence, and we have never yet



been able to spare Mr. Williams' services on the Clearing House Committee, which is the working body of that organization. Under the rules, there must be rotation in service, and one must be off a year before he can serve a second term. The year cannot come around soon enough, and Mr. Williams is put back with all possible haste, and he holds the record for long service.

"He occupies a unique position in the community. He is one of the few bankers who is both honored and loved by all his associates, and by those who have had occasion to do business with him. What more striking comment can be uttered of this Moses of the business world, when I say that in times when confidence is shaken and the deposits of most banks fall off, those of Mr. Williams' institution increase? The public always seeks the protection of our strongest leaders when peril confronts it. Such a position is only attained through demonstrated qualities, and cannot be snatched away. We could not get his business away from him if we wanted to. He resorts to no cheap advertising-tricks. He can point with pride to accounts handed down from father to son."

Such are a few haphazard comments, concerning one of the best-known bankers in this country, by one who has been intimately associated with him. The average conception the public has of a banker—particularly one in the large city—is that of a stiff, dignified and crusty man, who is unapproachable in his inner sanctum, and who sends out word that he is "exceeding busy to-day; call again." The passageway that leads to President Williams' modest, old-fashioned office, in the plain-looking, brownstone building overlooking City Hall Park, is not guarded by a lackey. The humblest man in New York City, if he is respectable in appearance, can walk into it unmolested and announce his errand to the kindly, old, white-haired gentleman who sits at an ordinary flat-top desk in a little narrow room, whose scant decorations consist chiefly of record- and file-cases. A gentle "What can I do for you?" at once disarms the stranger, and he finds himself talking freely and confidentially with the financier, as if he had known the latter all his life. Surely, here is an adviser whose

word is worth taking, is the impression made on one and all alike before they leave, and they are as gently dismissed after a too-protracted stay as if they had paused but a moment.

As I was chatting with President Williams the other day about his remarkable career, and asking about the growth of the banking-business—than whom nobody has had better opportunity to judge—my visit was interrupted by a distinguished-looking man of perhaps sixty, who called the president aside. The man's face wore an anxious expression. I overheard the drift of the conversation. The visitor began: "I have several hundred shares of—railroad stock, which I am in doubt what to do with. You see, it is affected by the court decision in regard to the antitrust law. What do you think will be the ultimate effect of that decision? Had I better sell the stock or keep it?"

Mr. Williams did not beat around the bush. He answered instantly and sent the man on his way.

"Many cases like that?" he repeated, when asked if he was much sought for advice. "Scarcely a day passes without a request from somebody for counsel on a great variety of things. I always tell them the best I know."

"Probably you have been in great demand as executor of estates," was suggested.

"Yes," came the response, as the old financier's face lighted up.

The banker put it very modestly, but it is probable that he holds the record for number of trusteeships of estates. This is one of the concomitants of high standing in the community. While he is popularly referred to as the leading "old-school" banker of the United States, this appellation should not be too literally construed. Hear what he says about the growth of banking!

"It is commonly said that the Chemical Bank is unique among the ten-million- and twenty-five-million-dollar institutions," suggested Mr. Williams, "but I do not want to create the impression that I am opposed to expansion of bank capital. I think in the future large means will probably be very advantageous, in order to meet varying developments of business.

While our capital is small, our surplus and undivided profits are nearly eight million dollars, all of which is available in our business. We shall probably not increase our capital, but let well enough alone. We carry considerable from earnings to surplus every year. My experience leads me to believe the best security of a bank lies in the class and confidence of its customers. Some of ours date back half a century.

"Since I started in the banking-business, over sixty years ago, there have been remarkable developments, notably in the credit and collecting departments. We have learned how to avoid many pitfalls. From my experience with panics, I should say we would not have a repetition of the sort that occurred in 1893; first, because we have had so much experience. While experience is a hard schoolmaster, it is effective. Secondly, we haven't the conditions now that confronted us then. We had a silver craze at that time, which made us fear for our currency system. That has been entirely eliminated, we are now established on a gold basis—producing sixty millions of the yellow metal a year, most of which remains in this country and makes it more independent. We now lead the world in finance, and our power is growing all the time."

Mr. Williams' reply to the question "To what do you owe your success in life?" would seem affected in many, but it was purely natural and typical of the man. He said:—

"I attribute it to Divine power and uprightness of transactions. I take no stock in the notion that one cannot succeed without so-called commercial sharpness, or tricking. Any young man will succeed who is diligent and practises uprightness. Mind you, all cannot reach the top round of the ladder. In the banking-business the great army must follow the routine departments, but opportunities for advancement are ever present."

Mr. Williams, although seventy-seven years old, has kept much of his youthful vigor and has carried his years lightly since, as a boy of fifteen, he came down from East Haddam, Connecticut, to "take a job" in the Chemical Bank. This is undoubtedly ascribable to two chief causes—cheerfulness of disposition and daily exer-

cise. Except in inclement weather, he walks down to business every morning—four miles from his town house—when in the city. He spends a part of the summer at his beautiful country-place on the site dear to his childhood.

Among his distinguished ancestors were William Williams, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. Members of his family fought in the Revolutionary War. He was induced to enter the Chemical Bank by John Q. Jones, an old friend of the family, who was then cashier and later president, in which latter office he was Mr. Williams' predecessor. Mr. Williams became cashier at twenty, and passed through all of the successive grades. Outside of his services in quieting panics and instituting banking-reforms, his career has been uneventful. He is trustee of several trust and life-insurance companies, and treasurer of St. Bartholemew's Church, besides being interested in charitable enterprises. He does not figure as a club-man. He prefers the pleasures of home life.

The financier finds pleasure in going over the record of "his bank," as it is frequently termed. Its origin was the Chemical Manufacturing Company, organized in 1823, which, in the following year, was granted authority to do banking-business also; but it was required to continue the manufacture of chemicals. When its charter expired in 1844, it was reorganized as a "free" bank by Peter Goelet and Cornelius Van Shaick Roosevelt, the grandfather of the President. The bank gained national fame in 1857 as the only one that did not suspend specie payment. Mr. Williams at that time had been cashier for two years. The total dividends paid to date, largely during Mr. Williams' management, have been thirteen million two hundred and seventeen thousand dollars; the total earnings, including surplus, twenty million six hundred and thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine dollars. Few bankers can point to a record even approaching that of this distinguished financier.

The modern practise of some great bankers is to loan money on securities which can easily be reckoned with. It takes less brain-work for the chief of a great financial

institution. But should there come a panic it will be found dangerous. All the eggs will be in one basket, stocks no longer saleable on "The Street," and a bank's securities dwindled into "chips and whetstones."

Not in this way has Mr. Williams built up the Chemical, but as a patient student of men and their businesses and their ability to grasp their opportunity. This requires judgment, patience and a wise study of industries to be fostered. A man to commend himself to Mr. Williams must have honor, character—then business ability, good habits, earnestness, industry.

With clients selected for such reasons, a bank need not fear in time of panic. There is a factor of manhood, a reserve of vitality at command. The banker has as his security for loans a reserve of intelligence and activity. The bank's extremity in time of panic becomes the occasion for tremendous exertion upon the part of that army of able business men to whom its loans have been confided—men picked with untiring patience and skill by that president, who, like Mr. Williams, is worthy to rank as a "Captain of Industry."

It is told of a Denver banker that, when the panic of '93 came on, he spent many midnight hours studying a list which he had prepared of the Denver business men. Some were marked with three stars, some with two, some with one, some with an interrogation-mark, some with a zero. Habits of gambling and whisky were marked O. Poor judgment with an interrogation-mark. Lack of enterprise with one asterisk. Energy, determination and good judgment with two or three asterisks. When the banker had completed his study, he went out on the street and hunted up the three-star men.

"How are you getting along? Your bank calling in your loans? Come up to me, and you can have all the money you want."

From those of his own customers who appeared on his lists with zero or doubtful marks, he called loans and managed to send them elsewhere! As a consequence, his bank to-day is the largest in the West.

It was by this sort of careful selection that Mr. Williams gradually, through years of painstaking effort, built up the Chemical Bank until it towered above its fellows.

#### WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.

BY RALPH H. GRAVES.

AS the stroke of midnight ushered in the first day of April, a small group of men were gathered at a dinner-party to celebrate the transfer of New York City's elevated-railroad system into the hands of the underground-transit syndicate. The occasion was significant in that it marked the triumph of urban tunnel engineering. The principal officials of the elevated road—the same men who had scoffed for years at what they termed the fancies and hallucinations of tunnel-projectors—had assembled to symbolize their defeat at the hands of their rivals.

One of the oldest of the elevated road's officers, after the formal transfer of a rusty iron spike to August Belmont as head of the purchasing-company, rose and addressed a tall, serious-looking man farther down the table.

"I propose the health of the great engineer who conceived the idea of New York's tunnel railroads," said the speaker.

William Barclay Parsons flushed with

pride as the other guests drank the toast and applauded him to the echo. It was not the mere compliment that pleased him, but the fact that it came from one of the coterie which had villified him, attacked his reputation, reflected upon his ability and opposed his work persistently for half a score of years. It was the moment of triumph for which he had waited. At last a testimonial of his success had been given by his greatest rivals.

Mr. Parsons was forty-four years old in April. For seventeen years he has been identified with tunnel-projects in New York, and since 1894, as chief engineer of the Rapid Transit Commission, his brain has controlled practically every move in the advance of underground transit.

It has been said that Mr. Parsons is snobbish. Perhaps he is proud of his aristocratic descent, but more likely his attitude of self-confidence is due to a consciousness of mental superiority. None denies the superiority, and, although the

consciousness of it is apparent, it must be remembered that the man's estimate of his own ability is justified by his achievements, and that he has no greater confidence in himself than the Commission has in his judgment. Long ago he discovered that a quiet word from him would carry more weight than all the harangues of the citizens who appear periodically at public hearings to protest against his plans. It happened recently that a public outcry was raised about a certain feature in the construction of the Subway. The Commission listened to long speeches by property-owners and considered reports of engineers privately employed by the protesting citizens. The engineers, some of them men of recognized ability, declared that Mr. Parsons was all wrong. When they had finished talking, the chief engineer explained to the Commission in a one-minute speech why he advised as he did.

"It seems to me," remarked Mayor Seth Low, who is a member of the Commission, "that we cannot justify ourselves for acting contrary to our professional advice."

And the board voted accordingly.

Mr. Parson's father, bearing the same given names, was a prosperous merchant of New York City, where the son was born on April 15, 1859. On the side of his mother, who was Miss Eliza Glass Livingston, he traces his ancestry back to English gentry. A paternal ancestor was the second rector of Trinity Church, in

New York. In 1879 Mr. Parsons took his diploma from Columbia College, and three years later he received the degree of Civil Engineer from the School of Mines. He was married to Miss Anna DeWitt Reed in 1884.

He has done railroad-engineering work from Maine to Texas. Before the Spanish-American War, he was consulting engineer for the syndicate controlling the railway system of the Island of Jamaica, and when the war began, the State of New York made him its Chief of Engineers, with the rank of a brigadier-general in the State Guard. It was after the war had ended that he said

to a friend:—

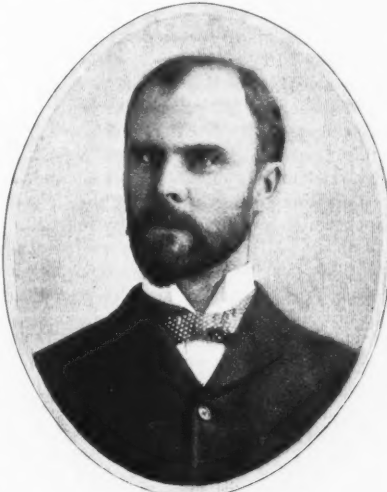
"Just stop Generalizing me. I don't like titles."

His acquaintances, who had begun calling him "General," were not surprised that he put a stop to it. Dislike of even a verbal display was characteristic of him.

Late in 1898 Mr. Parsons made a tour of southern China for an American railroad syndicate and surveyed the line from Canton to Hankow, which, in connection with the Belgian road be-

tween Hankow and Peking and the Chinese Government road to a terminus of the Siberian Railway in Manchuria, was to put China in close communication with Europe. That his interests are not confined wholly to engineering-projects is evident when he gets to talking about the East and Oriental politics.

Besides his many achievements in general



WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS.\*

\*NOTE.—The Editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN, while taking pleasure in publishing this tribute to the ability of Mr. Parsons as an engineer, thinks it should be said, lest it should be misunderstood, that he believes the tunnel system to be "just as modern as a flint-lock musket." Mr. Walker recently appeared before the Rapid Transit Commission of New York, presenting an array of figures which no one has yet seen fit to question, showing that the modern problem of transportation must concern itself with surface movement, rubber tires, direct carriage and small-unit, fourteen-passenger vehicles, that the streets can be kept clear under this system, that the investment cost is less than one-tenth of the Subway, and that the annual operating-expenses would be considerably lower.—EDITOR.

railroad-engineering and his preeminent success in developing the tunnel-idea for New York City, the chief engineer has accomplished various miscellaneous feats in his profession. For instance, he designed the largest pier-shed on the New York water-front.

Mr. Parsons has been a trustee of Columbia University, and is a member of the greatest engineering-societies in this country and Europe, including the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the Institution of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, and the Society of Civil Engineers of France. He is the author of several technical treatises and numerous magazine articles. His book, "An American Engineer in China," was issued in 1900. He lives at Fifty-one East Fifty-third Street, in a neighborhood where prosperous men maintain homes that are models of comfort. Probably there is no other scientific genius with so great an asset of sociability. Although a student and an indefatigable worker, he finds time to belong to many clubs, among which are the University, the Metropolitan (or "Millionaires") and the Century. That his interest in college days has not died out is shown by his membership in the Columbia Alumni and in St. Anthony's Club, a Delta Psi organization.

At first sight Mr. Parsons appears to be about the saddest person in the world, but the melancholy expression of his eyes is not reflected when he talks. On all subjects he is decisive and close to the point, but a mention of New York tunnels serves to show him at his best. No detail of the city's twenty-one-mile railroad is too small for him to remember. He planned all of it, he has walked up and down its course day after day since it was begun, he has "O.K'd" the bills, and he has superintended the work of the contractors with an iron hand. There is not one block whose geological formation he cannot describe from memory, not a section whose engineering-difficulties he cannot recall on an instant's notice.

His subordinates say he has the power of omnipresence. He seems to be everywhere at once—at least, everywhere on the line of the Subway—and his broad, bearded, serious face is well known to the hundreds

of engineers, inspectors and foremen between the City Hall and the Bronx. They regard him with admiration and half with fear, because he does not "stand for" incompetence or remissness; possibly their respect is the greater because they know he himself can work, and they have abundant evidence of this fact every day.

To one who has not investigated them, the manifold duties of the chief are beyond conception. Some idea of them is obtained when it is learned that there are more than a hundred subengineers employed along the line of the Subway. There are a dozen subcontractors on the Manhattan-Bronx line alone, and now that the Brooklyn tunnel has been begun several more are added. Each contractor has his engineers, inspectors and thousands of laborers. In addition to these, there are inspectors who oversee each division and section under the direct employ of the Commission.

To Mr. Parson's duties on the Subway is added a vast amount of work that he has to do for the Commission in relation to existing city railroads and when new transit schemes are presented to the Commission by private corporations. The Pennsylvania Railroad's tunnel under the North River, for instance, had to be approved by the Commission before a charter was asked from the Board of Aldermen, and the first action taken by the Commission was to refer the whole matter to the chief engineer, who made an exhaustive report.

The Manhattan-Bronx tunnel, costing the city more than thirty-six million dollars, was begun in 1900, after the Commission and its engineer had been fighting prejudice and hostile financial interests for years. Mr. Parsons' connection with the Board began in 1891, when he was made deputy chief engineer. Though he resigned that office in 1893, he was out of his chosen field only a year, being elected to his present position in 1894.

If Mr. Parsons were asked what part he had contributed to the political and financial policies which have been incidental to the realization of his projects, he would say he had done nothing beyond drawing the plans; but those who know the workings of the Board are well aware that his advice as to its policy has great weight. Naturally, he is not predominant in this



sphere of the work—for there are others who know finance as well as politics better than he—whereas, none knows one-tenth as much about the scientific side of the city's transit-problems. Whatever his influence outside of his own distinct branch may be, it is wielded behind the scenes. He does not wish to appear either as a politician or a financier.

The Manhattan-Bronx tunnel and the Brooklyn extension having become assured, Mr. Parsons began drafting plans for a complete system of rapid-transit railroads. These plans have been published, but just now the city has no money with which to put them into effect. There have been objections to them, just as there were in the case of Mr. Parsons' proposals in regard to the first tunnel. Legislators and municipal statesmen are now disputing as to details of route and as to legislation proposed for carrying out the chief engineer's ideas. Politicians are saying that the Commission is planning to give over all future tunnels

and elevated connections to the Belmont syndicate, and popular clamor has forced the Mayor to abandon a bill he sent to Albany, the cry having been raised that the measure would create a private monopoly of tunnels at the expense of the city.

In the meantime, Mr. Parsons, who is known to favor the giving of future contracts to the Belmont company on the ground that the complete system of tunnels should remain under a single management, is waiting impatiently for the end of the squabbling. Whatever minor changes the politicians succeed in making in his plans, it is certain that his system of rapid transit will become a reality at no very remote date. The city must be relieved from its ever-increasing congestion of traffic. It is admitted that underground railroads must give the relief, and the experience of ten years has shown that the one man who is competent to complete the solution of the tunnel-problem is the chief engineer.

#### BARON STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

BY WILLIAM R. STEWART.

THE life of the Scotch boy, Donald Smith—now Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal—would read more like romance if it were not so studded with improbabilities. People like their romances to be possible; it is only from reality that will be endured the touches of extravagance which turn standard fiction into fairy tales.

Young Donald Smith, dreaming in his Scotch village of the stirring adventures of a fur-trading uncle in the wilds of North America, and afterward becoming fur-trader himself, first as a clerk of the Hudson Bay Company in the bleakest corner of its vast territory, "pitiless Labrador;" then climbing, after years of hardship and fidelity, to be a chief factor of the Company and resident governor in America, and finally, in his old age, governor of the home company in London, High Commissioner for Canada, and a peer of the realm—that is romance.

Yet, it is the old story of the poor boy who entered the service of the firm at the bottom and rose to be the chief partner. Though in this case so little does the progress to the highest office compass the ex-

ploits of the real boy, Donald Smith, that very few of his admirers in Canada to-day even know that he still fills the post which was once almost vice-regal. For no one career has been able to contain him. People have forgotten him as a captain of the greatest fur-trading company in history through thinking of him as the leading spirit in the organization of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, as a lavish philanthropist, as the head of many large financial institutions and as a conspicuously constructive statesman. Had his multiplicity of rôles been played out on a larger stage than that of the young Dominion of Canada, he would have been one of the world-characters of the century. Cecil Rhodes captured the imagination of mankind by making a fortune and planting an empire in South Africa, and by his project of traversing that continent by a Cape-to-Cairo railroad. Lord Strathcona made a fortune and planted a still more promising empire in British North America, and actually did cross the continent with a successful railway.

By the Indians, among whom so many

years of his early and middle life were spent, Lord Strathcona was known as Manitoupeewapisque, which means Spirit of Iron. The Indians knew the man. Had there been less spirit of iron in him, he would have abandoned the terrible hardships of a fur-trader's life long before, after years of the most arduous apprenticeship, he had risen to be the head of a great company. But nothing discouraged him. He could stay year after year at a bleak "post" in Labrador waiting his opportunity, journeying out to civilization and back with dog-sleds—making the journey once, it is said, half blind with a painful eye-malady, to consult an oculist, only to be turned back at the outskirts of Montreal by the autocratic governor of the Company with a reprimand for deserting his post—and yet he waited undaunted for thirteen years, making a success of his forlorn hope, until the opportunity came and promotion rewarded him. And the time arrived when he was himself the Governor of Montreal, sending other men into farthest Labrador.

It is, perhaps, as a maker of railroads that Lord Strathcona comes most properly into this series. He seems to have always had an eye that could see possibilities under a heap of ruins. His first bold stroke was in 1872, in the resuscitation of what was then called the St. Paul and Pacific Railway, which stretched out from St. Paul in a northerly direction and had fallen into hopeless bankruptcy. Lord Strathcona was at the time "member" for a Manitoba constituency, and was greatly interested in getting railway connection between Winnipeg and the rest of the continent. Much had been hoped from the St. Paul road, which was intended to come to the border; and now it was an abandoned line of rails, rusting in the sun. But two men got together—James J. Hill and Donald Smith—and they decided, with two others, to raise the money and buy the bonds, which were held chiefly in Amsterdam, and so get possession of the wreck. In their hands it speedily became a railroad again, and, before long, trains were running through to St. Boniface, across the river from Winnipeg. So Donald Smith gave to the Canadian Northwest its first railroad, and at the same time made a shrewd financial stroke for himself.

It is this ability to see opportunities where others discern only discouragement which largely distinguishes the business "captain" from the business "private."

Donald Smith was always the captain. Canada had been trying for years to get a railroad built through to the Pacific Coast. Project after project had failed. One government had been wrecked by the question. Sir John McDonald and his minister of public works had striven to interest British capital in the enterprise, but the effort had been vain, and nothing was accomplished until the Smith-Stephen syndicate entered into a contract with the Dominion Government. Very wise men thought the project was foredoomed to failure. It was prophesied that the undertaking would ruin the country, and that the railroad, when completed, would not "pay for its axle-grease." But the tall, lean Scotchman, whose motto is "perseverance," went ahead and built the railroad, and to-day it is one of the most solidly prosperous transportation enterprises in the world.

Lord Strathcona—Donald Smith—was born in Marayshire, Scotland, in 1821. After completing a common-school education at his native place, he went to Canada and almost immediately entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company. This was not the life for which he had been trained, for his father intended him for the civil service in India. But the prospect of adventure in the Far North, with its unknown and—who knew?—perhaps unlimited opportunities, had greater attractions for the ambitious young Scotchman than the routine of official life in the Far East.

Donald Smith's start with the trading-company of which he afterward rose to be the head was sufficiently humble. At the Mingan post in Labrador, where he was stationed, his salary was twenty pounds a year and board—board that consisted mostly of salt pork, beans and bread, with such fresh meat now and then as the commandant might sanction the purchase of from the Indian hunters. At the end of five years he was promoted to a clerkship, and his salary advanced to one hundred pounds. In those days there was no competition in fur-trading, and rival companies were not on the alert to buy over employees of another who showed special aptitude for

their vocation. The head officers of the Hudson Bay Company were in far-off London, with hundreds of miles of wilderness and an ocean which took a month to cross between them and their representatives in Canada. Still, the authorities of the Company took notice, in their own deliberate way, of what was going on at the various posts, and, in one form and another, little stories used to reach them of young Donald Smith up at Mingan.

For one thing, he taught the Indians business habits. That was one of the secrets of his first success. He gave them hints about hunting (he just out from Scotland, and they hunters all their lives!) which enabled them to make their excursions after skins far more profitable than they had been before, and so largely increased the sales to his post. He took pains, also, to care for Indians who were sick, and was looked upon as a great "medicine-man" in that country. He went fearlessly into settlements where the Indians had some contagious disease, and took the management of the cases into his own hands. One of the details of his treatment, which he insisted upon, was plenty of ventilation—an insistence which his patients in that bleak land did not always appreciate.

In 1851 Donald Smith was removed to the Northwest. He was thirty-one years old then, and his thirteen years of struggle for recognition in Labrador had not been wasted. He became first trader, then chief trader, and successively factor, chief factor and resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company in America. In the Northwest, as in Labrador, he gained, to an astonishing degree, not only the confidence of his associates, but also the affection of the natives.

A friend of the writer tells a story which well illustrates this. An intelligent Eskimo woman, nearly seventy years of age, had just learned that "young Boss Smith" had been made a baron.

"Well, well," she said, "and me remember the day he married me and Isaac Diskyak, at Rigoulette, same like it was yesterday! Isaac, he bought a ring at the Company's store to put on my finger. But me foolish when Isaac died, and trade the ring off for a plug of tobacco. So Boss Smith is king now?"

"Well, no," it was explained, "not exactly king, but a baron—a great lord."

Then the old crone said: "Well, well, that's good news! Boss Smith always a great man, and kind to everybody. Now he'll come and drive out the Moravians from the country, and make everybody happy."

The Moravians are not popular among the half-breeds of the Northwest.

In 1869 the Canadian Government decided that, in the interest of the proposed federation of the Dominion, it was desirable that the title of the Hudson Bay Company to the ter-

ritory over which it had for so long exercised complete control should pass to the Crown. Donald Smith went to London to protect the interests of his associates. A sum of one million five hundred thousand dollars, supplemented by large reserves of land, was finally agreed upon as remuneration to the Company for the surrender of its charter, and a Canadian officer, Lieutenant-Colonel William McDougall, was sent to the Northwest to exercise the powers of a lieutenant-governor. A number of the Indians, however, who viewed the new arrangement with suspicion,



BARON STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL.

opposed the peaceful entry of the Governor and, gathering in force, compelled him to return to Ottawa. In this crisis the Dominion Government asked Donald Smith to act as a special commissioner to inquire into the causes of the obstruction offered by the half-breeds.

Going to Fort Garry alone, like another Gordon, when Louis Riel held it with his armed following, he remained there for a time a virtual prisoner, but pursuing such shrewd tactics as to largely undermine the rebel's influence with his own friends. Consequently, when the British military expedition came, Captain Buller—now Sir Redvers—who was with it, did not find Riel entrenched behind another Tugela, but the fort was empty, and the rebellion over.

His conspicuous success in this mission, followed by a number of other diplomatic triumphs, led to his being looked upon by successive Canadian Governments as a sort of confidential adviser and agent, to be called in whenever questions of peculiar difficulty and delicacy arose. In 1893 he was prevailed upon by the Conservative Government to take the post of Canadian High Commissioner at London, and when the Liberal Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into power in 1896, the Liberal Premier persuaded him to continue to act in that capacity.

It was in 1886 that Lord Strathcona—still Donald Smith—attained his first imperial honor, being created a Knight of St. Michael and St. George for his services in the Northwest and for his connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway enterprise. In 1896 he received a Knight Grand Cross in the same order, and a year later was raised to the peerage as Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. During these years his place in the financial world was an important one, he being, besides Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, president of the Bank of Montreal, and a leading member of the executive boards of many other important commercial and financial organizations. He was also largely instrumental in framing the present Dominion Banking Act, which is universally recognized as a model of governmental financial legislation. He was for several years a member of the Canadian House of Commons.

Lord Strathcona's wealth is large. He has residences in three Canadian provinces, and in England and Scotland. His picture-gallery in his house on Dorchester Street, Montreal, is valued at over one million dollars, and contains many of the finest paintings on the continent. He has the Canadian record for philanthropy. He built, equipped and endowed, with the help of Lord Mount Stephen (his relative) a magnificent hospital at Montreal, gave a ladies' "residence" to McGill University, and is a constant and sure subscriber to every public good work in the Dominion. His gifts to the cause of education in Canada have probably exceeded a million dollars.

Recently, with Lord Mount Stephen, he has given an immense endowment, at present producing eighty thousand dollars a year, to the King's hospital-fund, for freeing London hospitals from debt. He is an enthusiastic patron of athletics, being Commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, president of the Winnipeg Rowing Club and patron of the Manitoba and Quebec Rifle Associations.

Lord Strathcona's sterling integrity and punctilious regard for an obligation once contracted was strikingly shown during the panic in Northern Pacific, on the New York Stock Exchange, on May 9, 1901, when the stock of that railroad had been cornered and forced up to seven hundred dollars a share. A rival corporation had been seeking to oust J. Pierpont Morgan from the control of the road, and Lord Strathcona, J. J. Hill and Lord Mount Stephen, all large holders of Northern Pacific stock, had given their word to Mr. Morgan that they would not part with their holdings. Lord Strathcona's shares in Northern Pacific were worth at par four million dollars, and, by refusing to sell, he gave up a fortune.

Though past eighty, Lord Strathcona is still very active in the duties of Canadian High Commissioner at London. For years he has had the appearance of great age, nevertheless, continuing to do a vast amount of work. A splendid vitality must have been the gift of the Scotch hills; his perseverance, his sagacity, were gifts, too, of the Scotch blood; but his "far visions" of opportunity—they were the touches of genius which know nothing of the limits of nationality.



PERHAPS it is nothing much to boast about, but there are two or three fellows who take some satisfaction in the matter of Allan Kent's insurance. To their notion, the encounter with the Equinoctial Life partook of the nature of an engagement between a battle-ship and a fleet of despatch-boats. And the result of the encounter is the story. Kent did not hear of it until months later, when he was up in the mountains, safely convalescent.

Kent was a man so companionable, so genuine, so uniformly gentle of manner and kindly of nature, that even in "The Register" office, where factions rose and fell as on other newspapers, he was exempt from all jealousies whatever good fortune came to him. Kent's fame and friendships had multiplied rapidly since he came from a country college, ten years before, with the newspaper instinct and an artist's hand. Some noteworthy political cartoons which helped to cheer a national campaign crowned his success as an illustrator and earned him a long vacation. With newspaper luck, applauded by every one who knew him, he happened along into the Orient just in time to be among those present at the Battle of Manila Bay. Thenceforth he was known at home as a correspondent, with his pencil at hand to illustrate the graphic stories he wrote, who let no news escape him, from Vigan to Sulu.

When things in the Philippines were dull, Borneo, Japan, China, India, Afghanistan, Madagascar and the Boer camps in

South Africa gave him material. Thus the little journey around the world that was to be finished in six months grew to one of three years before his friends in "The Register" office saw him again, a seasoned war correspondent of national reputation, but still the same modest, good fellow as of old.

And now the boys feared that they had seen the last of Kent. Rogers stopped at the house every morning and every evening to learn the latest news, Rogers who had given up his first chance in the office, and had drawn pictures at the next desk to his ever since. Ames, his old college chum, who had brought him to town from the Ozarks, and worked with him as a running-mate—reporter and artist—was living at the house, helping the doctors, the nurses and the family to hold fast to the little hope that remained.

For Kent, it seemed, was sick unto death. His system, saturated with malaria and fever-germs of varieties unknown to American medical science, had rebelled. The accumulated hardships and irregularities of life during three years of campaigning in the tropics had broken him down at last.

Good news seldom came from the sick-room during that protracted fight with death. Rogers spent ten minutes at the bedside one morning, feeling that the last hope was gone. Kent had recognized him for an instant, long enough to say: "Hello, Art, how do you like the islands? Worth twenty million dollars and a war, do you think?"



Then once more he fell to delirious campaigning in the Philippines, his eyes glittering bright with fever, his skin yellow, his body emaciated and restless—in his speech Malolos, Cavite, Sulu, Zamboanga, Iloilo, Imus and Tarlac mixed in inextricable confusion. Sometimes he was riding across the South African veldt; once he "heard a breech-bolt snick" in the Khyber Pass; but always he came back to the camps in the Philippines, with snatches of the soldiers' parody on the old song, a parody jocular in form, but serious enough, after all, to the boys who sang it:—

"Then it's home, boys, home, it's home we ought to be;  
It's home, boys, home, in our own countree,  
Where the ash and the oak and the weeping-willow-tree—  
They all bloom so sweetly, in North Amerikee."

Rogers couldn't stand it. He looked sadly upon his friend, who was muttering a jargon of soldier Spanish, and turned away to carry his bad news back to the office. The last thing he heard from the room where Kent lay was another line of doggerel, the plaint of the homesick soldiers and correspondents:—

"No tengo tabaco, no tengo papel,  
No tengo dinero—"

When the office messenger brought Rogers his mail later in the day, there was one letter addressed to Kent, with the familiar business-card of the Equinoctial Life Assurance Company on the envelope.

"That's a ghoulish sort of a coincidence," he said to Grayson, who was in the artists' room asking for news about Kent. "I'm afraid there won't be much more business to do on this policy," he continued, with a grim effort at lightness, an evidence of the depth of his feelings.

"You know I've been taking care of Allan's finances while he was away—such few things as needed attention—and paying his insurance premiums until he got back, four months ago. I suppose this is a notice for the last premium they'll ever get on this risk."

He tore open the envelope and took out the enclosure. It was a notice, in due form, to Allan Kent, that the quarterly premium on his life-insurance policy of five thousand dollars, amounting to twenty-

three dollars and forty cents, was due and payable on March fifteenth, failing which the policy and all claims to indemnity under it would lapse and be null and void. Rogers looked absently at the notice and then at the calendar on his desk. It indicated March sixteenth. As the date impressed itself on him, he glanced again at the printed slip which he held in his hand.

"By thunder!" he ejaculated. "It's a day too late!"

Grayson reached for the notice and read it aloud, scrutinizing the clauses in fine type, and hesitating sometimes in his caution to be sure that the obscure phrases in stilted language were not misunderstood. Rogers turned to the envelope which he had dropped on the table. The face of it was obscured by a succession of cancellation and forwarding marks, written and struck out in turn, so that Kent's name and the final address, "Care of The Register," were the only things clear at first glance.

"Traveled a long while to get here a day late," he growled, as he found the earliest postmark, February fifteenth, a month earlier. "I wonder where it's been."

As he scanned the blotted and erased addresses, a puzzled look came into his face.

"That's queer," he said to Grayson, who was awaiting the solution. "This thing was directed first to our old boarding-house on Brisbane Street, where we haven't lived for four years. Then it went to the place on Pelham Court where Allan was staying before he went abroad. It's been to Missouri and then to Washington before it found some one who knew where to send it. Why, see here!"—he interrupted himself excitedly—"It's not too late. They made a mistake and sent it to an old address. For three years they have been sending these notices addressed to him here, and I've paid 'em, every one, four times a year. This office is the address they have on their books. It's their mistake. I'll go right over and fix it."

Whereupon Rogers sought the office bookkeeper, explained the immediate need of money, got gold coin with which to make the tender of funds more formal,

and made his way to the sky-scraper where dwelt the Equinoctial.

There was just a shadow of doubt in his mind when he came to the cashier's window. The brief exchange of greetings ended, he pushed the notice, the envelope and the gold through the grating and explained the delay.

The cashier was bland, even sympathetic.

"Now, that is really too bad," he admitted. "But you are a day late, and I don't see what can be done. You see, we have to be very strict about such things, even where there may be an apparently good excuse for non-payment."

Rogers was not good at fence.

"Do you mean to say," he half stammered, "that you're going to refuse this premium when the fault is in this office? You sent that notice to an old address, although you had the correct one and

had been sending mail to it for three years. I'll see the general manager."

The General Manager Himself, salary ten thousand dollars a year, was more bland than the cashier.

"This is such a pity," was his sympathetic murmur, when Rogers and the cashier had explained the situation. "But what can we do? We are bound by rules which

we cannot alter. The policy was canceled yesterday. You see, Mr. Kent's policy is merely an indemnity policy of the simplest form, having no equities remaining after a premium due remains unpaid. The only way to secure a reinstatement is to obtain a certificate of health for Mr. Kent, and that, I fear, may be impossible."

"Health," gasped Rogers, as he rose

before the unctuous little man. "I tell you he's lying at the point of death, as he has been for weeks, unconscious or delirious half the time. This policy is all he's got. He's been carrying it for eight years. There's his family. This looks like fraud to me. Why did you send that notice to the wrong address?" The sentences came hot from his anger.

"Now, my dear Mr. Rogers," cautioned the manager. "Don't do us any injustice, I pray you. The Equinoctial



Drawn by Max F. Klepper.  
"ROGERS SPENT TEN MINUTES AT THE BEDSIDE ONE MORNING,  
FEELING THAT THE LAST HOPE WAS GONE."

is one of the largest and most respected financial institutions in the world. It is unfortunate, most unfortunate, that some clerk transcribed the wrong address in this instance, but I may say that life-insurance companies are under no obligation to send any premium notices whatever. They do it merely as a courtesy to their policy-holders. But the policies contain no stipulation for

notices, and the debt is due when it is due. It is the business of the policy-holder to arrange for his payments, not our business to remind him of them."

Rogers left an oath behind, and carried his notice, his gold and his rage with him back to the office.

Judge Solon Thorpe was a friendly lawyer, once in general practise, and now counsel for another life-insurance company. To him went Grayson, when Rogers told of his failure, to bespeak advice.

"You've got a case," Judge Thorpe declared, after he heard the whole story, "if Kent dies. Any jury would give you a verdict for the face of the policy without leaving their seats. The use of that old address on the notice at such a time, after three years of using the right one, is moral evidence of intent to defraud by diverting the necessary warning from such friends as might pay the premium. Mr. Kent's sickness has been commonly known for two months. Evidently the Equinoctial thought it had a death-loss coming, and tried to stand from under. Yes," meditatively, "I'd like to argue that case before a jury. Policy carried eight years, wrong address, sick from service in the Philippines, those cartoons that made us all laugh, family, billion-dollar corporation—I think I could get a jury to recommend hanging the president, general manager and directors. But—they've got lots of money, and when they appeal, they'll get one new trial on error, and another on some other technicality, and it is true that they do not have to send notices. Better try moral suasion first, Mr. Grayson, without a lawyer. Can't you newspaper boys think up something?"

And Grayson said they would try.

The office of the Equinoctial was a dream of commercial beauty, in mosaic floors, onyx wainscoting, gilded pillars, bronze electroliers, rosewood counters and mahogany desks, the whole done after designs by the General Manager Himself.

No doubt any one more reverent than Terry Long would have been more impressed by the evidences of wealth. But Terry had been on the local staff of the "Register" for five years, during which time frequent contact with the banquet-and-

interview "leading citizens" and financiers had dulled his appreciation of their greatness. Furthermore, he weighed two hundred and thirty pounds, carried it lightly, was equally at home in the rush-line or the ring, and owed no man anything, except the life-insurance premium he had come to pay. He, too, held a policy in the Equinoctial.

Long stood at the cashier's window, stooping to bring himself to a level with the man behind the gilded bars.

"Good morning, Mr. Long," said the cashier, remembering him well, by virtue of his size and his quarterly payments.

Long responded in his milder tones, the same suggesting, as had been remarked by one with a gift for mixed metaphor, a fog-horn with its foot on its soft pedal. Then he drew out his notice of premium payment due, handed some currency to the cashier, pocketed his receipt and change, and seemed ready to give place to those who were waiting in line behind him, when an apparent afterthought halted him.

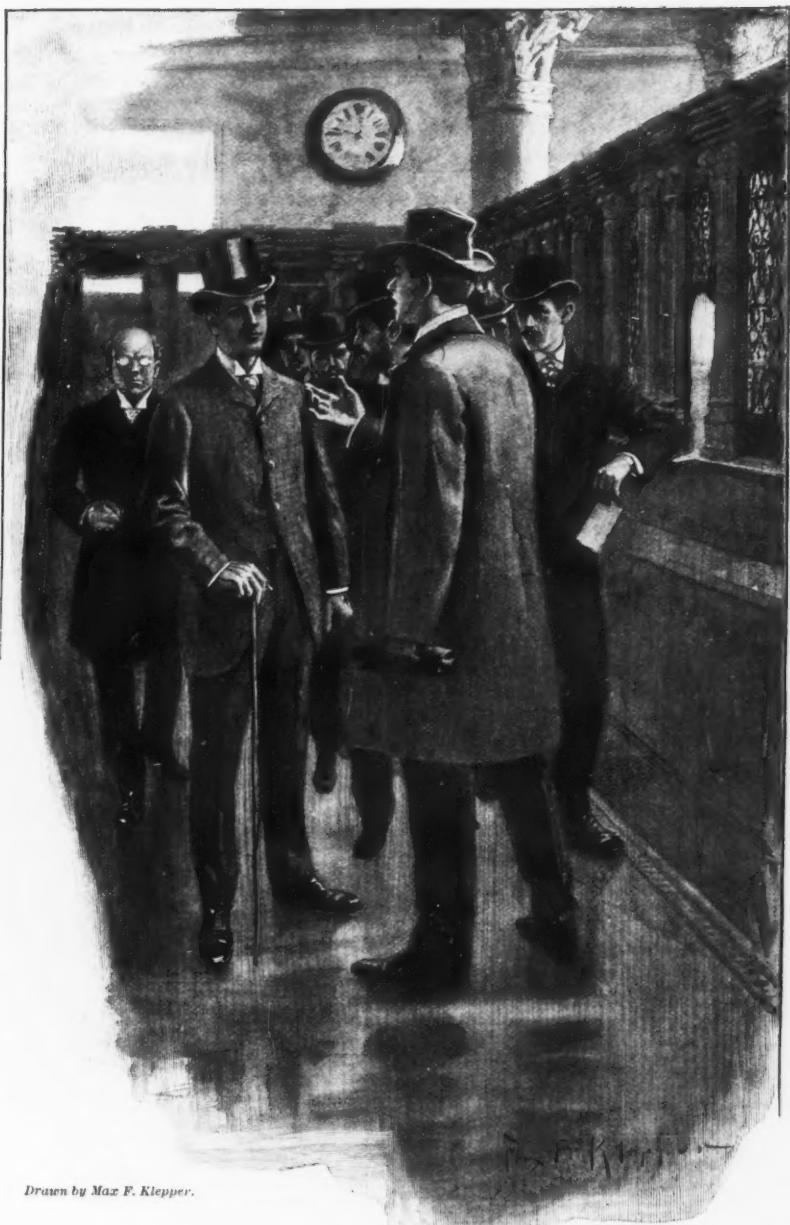
"By the way," he remarked, relaxing the soft pedal just a little, "I see that you sent this notice to my correct address. I wanted to ask if that is to be the common practise as in the past, or if the Kent matter is to be the precedent hereafter.

The cashier grew a trifle red. Uncertain what was coming, he pleaded ignorance and lowered his guard.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "Of course, notices are sent to the right address of policy-holders."

"Oh, don't you know?" queried Terry, sympathetically, the soft pedal raised a trifle more. "Well, I'll tell you all about it. Of course, you know Allan Kent—everybody knows Allan Kent," he observed comprehensively, glancing around at those behind him, as if he were pleased to take them into his confidence.

"You see, Mr. Kent has been lying almost at the point of death for two months, broken down by his hard work in the Philippines and South Africa. Well, he's been carrying a policy in this company for several years, and a premium was due on it day before yesterday. As usual, the notice was mailed to him a month before. But instead of sending it to his address as registered here and used for the last three



*Drawn by Maz F. Klepper.*

"SOME EXPRESSIONS EVEN LESS MELLIFLUOUS WERE WINNING MANIFEST FAVOR FROM THE CIRCLE OF AUDITORS."

years, it was directed to an address he has not used for that time, and so it was forwarded all over the country before it finally reached some one who knew where to send it.

The circle was growing, as people from across the room edged toward the big fellow. The cashier made a feeble attempt to avert the catastrophe.

"If you have any complaint to make, Mr. Long," he interjected with clerkly dignity, "you should make it to the General Manager Himself. You are blockading the window and delaying the customers."

"Oh, I don't know," responded Terry. "It's with you I always do my business, and it was you who said you didn't know what I meant. I guess they're in no hurry. This is a good story, and I think they'd rather like to hear it."

Whereupon, he continued inexorably to the end, the cashier making but one more futile effort at interruption, and subsiding when one of the scowling listeners showed signs of independent aggression and demanded his silence.

There were a number of men grouped about Long by this time, and his voice was no longer modulated, as he dropped his cumbrous ironies and said harsh things in harsh phrases.

"A fraud upon the dying—a theft from women—the business policy of a bunco game," and some expressions even less mellifluous were winning manifest favor from the circle of auditors, when the General Manager Himself, rotund, red, bald and blustering, lumbered into position like heavy artillery. He had been summoned by a hasty message from the panic-stricken cashier, just as he was wondering what manner of voice it was, thus penetrating into the private office. What he heard on the way told him what was happening, and as he edged into the circle the harshest of the accusations met him fairly.

"Here, sir!" he ejaculated. "You can't talk that way in this office!"

"Can't!" bellowed Long, the loud pedal on at last. "By the gods, I'd like to know who'll stop me! If you're responsible for this dirty business, I'll have you out of your job before I drop it. If your bosses in the home office have arranged it as a fixed policy, I'll take it out of them

in publicity—free! Meanwhile, how do you like the sample? Good advertising, isn't it?" and he waved his hand comprehensively, to indicate the patrons of the office, who had halted their business errands to listen to the story. Not one was smiling. Not one sent a friendly glance to the General Manager Himself. Instead, they stayed close to Long, manifestly giving him their sympathy and support, one shaking his hand, another offering a card.

He had finished his errand, and turned to go. The latest antagonist gasped in helpless rage, but sought to counteract the harm by an explanatory conversation with an old and valued policy-holder, who showed few signs of patience. Two men who had been waiting at a desk to sign applications for insurance, told the agent that he need not continue filling out the blanks. Then they followed Long and joined him on the stairs to ask for more information.

That afternoon a telephone message reached the General Manager Himself, from John W. Sanders, head of a wholesale house, club-man, and well known in public life. He asked that an agent be sent to him with policy-forms, rates and application-blanks, explaining that he wanted to take out additional insurance to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars or perhaps fifty thousand dollars, and that his partner was of the same mind. Whereupon, this being what insurance men consider "easy," the "star" agent of the Equinoctial went smilingly to the place appointed.

Never were conditions, rates and terms more satisfactory. Never was business more easily secured. Application-blanks were filled, an appointment for medical examination was made, the business preliminaries were at an end, and a social moment arrived.

"By the way," queried the merchant, "did you hear how the Eldorado Life treated Allan Kent?"

The agent had heard nothing. Not present at the morning skirmish in the Equinoctial office, no gossip of it had reached him. But he knew Allan Kent and had enjoyed his cartoons, he knew the Eldorado as his dearest enemy and most



hated rival in the business. And as Sanders told the story, perhaps not as graphically as had Long, the agent filled in all the harrowing details out of his vivid imagination, and emphasized the gross injustice and manifest fraud of the affair with joyful fervor.

"Only the Eldorado would do such a trick," he averred. "The Equinoctial is too careful of its friendship with policy-holders to tolerate a thing of that kind. Kent is a great man, and it is a shame they tried to beat him;" and on he plunged, heaping obloquy on the Eldorado.

The merchant assented to it all with enthusiasm.

"I'm glad to hear you say it," he continued. "Of course, I would not care to do business with such a company. The story is all over the club, and everybody seems to be sore on the company. They don't forget those election cartoons of Kent's. The matter won't do the Eldorado any good. They'd better stop the talk if they can."

At ten the next morning the agent called at the office of Sanders and Kay with the company's physician, who was to make the customary medical examinations. Mr. Sanders met him sympathetically.

"I'm so sorry," the merchant explained. "Last night, at the club, I learned that the affair of Kent's insurance was not with the Eldorado, but with the Equinoctial. Too bad about the mistake. But, of course, I couldn't think of insuring with your company after what you said of such methods last night. Such a surprise, isn't it?" And he bowed them out, speechless and stupefied.

The "star" agent raced to the office for an explanation. Seventy-five thousand dollars of insurance was gone a-glimmering, from his calculations, and a story was in circulation in club-land that he would not be able to live down in a year.

It was a stormy half-hour that he spent in the private office, for even the General

Manager Himself may not be too severe with a "star" agent. While they were in the midst of the matter, by strange coincidence another agent arrived with identical ill-fortune to report—a patron who had written that he wanted insurance, a prompt call, a favorable reception, an application for a policy, the story of how the Eldorado had played a trick to cancel Allan Kent's risk, the righteous wrath of the agent at such methods, the discovery that it was the Equinoctial itself which was involved, and then the prompt termination of business dealings.

So it was for two days. The office of the Equinoctial was harried from a dozen directions. Agents met the story in the most surprising quarters, until they began to rebel against calling on men who wrote asking for information on rates and policies. It remained only for the story to reach the rival agencies.

The General Manager Himself capitulated. On the third morning, came a letter addressed to Allan Kent, in care of the "Register" office. Rogers opened it, to find this message:—

"DEAR SIR:—We find, upon investigation, that a subordinate clerk inadvertently mailed your last notice of premium due on Policy 33, 121 A to an obsolete address. Fearing that the notice did not reach you in time, and considering you one of our most valued policy-holders, we have issued a receipt to you for the amount of your premium, thus making your policy secure, and have charged you with same as a loan, payable at your convenience. We take pleasure in handing you receipt as noted. Of course, this is somewhat irregular, technically, but it is the invariable disposition of the Equinoctial to deal liberally with all its patrons. Trusting that you will appreciate our friendly spirit in the matter, I am,

"Yours very sincerely,

"JOS. SPURGEON,

"General Manager."



## MANKIND IN THE MAKING.

BY HERBERT GEORGE WELLS.

### VIII. (CONTINUED)—LOVE AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE IMAGINATION.

WE want fine, upstanding personalities, and we shall not get them if we break them down to obedience in this particular—for the cardinal expression of freedom in the human life is surely in this choice of a mate. There is no freedom without this freedom. Our men and women in the future must feel free and responsible. It seems almost instinctive, at least in the youth of the white races, to exercise this power of choice, not simply rebelling when opposition is offered to it, but *wanting to rebel*; it is a socially good thing, and a thing we are justified in protecting, if the odds are against it, this passion for making this business one's very own private affair. Our citizens must not be caught and paired; it will never work like that. But, in all social contrivances, we must see to it that the freedoms we give are real freedoms. But our youths and maidens, as they grow up out of the protection of our first taboos, grow into a world very largely in the hands of older people, strong men and experienced women are there before, and so we are justified in any effectual contrivance to save them from being "gobbled up"—at least against their real instincts. That works—the reflective man will discover—toward whittling the previous polygamy to still smaller proportions. Here, indeed, our present arrangements fail most lamentably; each year sees a hideous sacrifice of girls—mentally scarcely more than children—to our delicacy in discussion. We give freedom, and we do not give adequate knowledge, and we punish inexorably. There are a multitude of women and not a few men with lives hopelessly damaged by this blindfold freedom. So many poor girls, so many lads, also, do not get a fair chance against the adult world. Things mend, indeed, in this respect; as one sign, the percentage of illegitimate births in England has almost halved in fifty years, but it is clear we have much to revise before this leakage to perdition of unlucky creatures,

for the most part girls, who are, I honestly believe, no worse, on the average—until our penalties make them so—than other women, ceases. If our age of moral responsibility is high enough, then our age of complete knowledge is too high. But, nevertheless, things are better than they were, and promise still to mend. All around we raise the age; the average age at marriage rises, just as, I believe, the average age of misconduct has risen. We may not be approaching an age of universal morality, but we do seem within sight of a time when people will know what they are doing.

That, however, is something of a digression. The intelligent inquirer, who has squared his initially materialistic system of morals with the problems arising out of the necessity of sustaining pride and preference, is then invited to explore an adjacent thicket of this tortuous subject. It is, we hold, of supreme importance in our state to sustain in all our citizens, women as well as men, a sense of personal independence and responsibility. Particularly is this the case with mothers. An illiterate mother means a backward child, a downtrodden mother bears a dishonest man. Slaves and bullies are the sexes where women are slaves. The line of thought we are following out in these papers necessarily attaches distinctive importance to the woman as mother. Our system of morals, therefore, has to make it worth while and honorable to be a mother; it is particularly undesirable that it should be held to be right for a woman of exceptional charm or exceptional cleverness to evade motherhood, unless, perhaps, to become a teacher.

A woman evading her high calling must not be conceded the same claim upon men's toil and service as the mother-woman, and, more particularly, Lady Greensleeves must not flaunt it over the housewife. And, here, also, comes the question of the quality of jealousy, whether being wife of a man and mother of his children does not almost

necessarily give a woman a feeling of exclusive possession in him, and whether, therefore, if we are earnest in not debasing her, our last shred of polygamy does not vanish. From first to last, of course, it has been assumed that a prolific polygamy alone can be intended; for, long before we have plumbed the bottom of the human heart, we shall know enough to imagine what the ugly and pointless consequences of permitting sterile polygamy must be.

Then, coming into all this tangle, whether as a light or an added confusion it is hard to say, comes the fact that while we are ever apt to talk of what "a woman" feels, and what "a man" will do, and so contrive our code, there is, indeed, no such woman and no such man, but a vast variety of temperaments and dispositions, monadic, dyadic and polymeric souls, and this sort of heart, and that. It is only the young fool and the brooding mattoid who believe in a special separate science of "women;" there are all sorts of people, and some of each sort are women and some are men. With every stage in educational development people become more varied, or, at least, more conscious of their variety, more sensitively insistent upon the claim of their individualities over any general rules. Among the peasants of a countryside one may hope to order homogeneous lives, but not among the people of the coming state. It is well to sustain a Home, it is noble to be a good mother, and splendid to bear children well and train them well, but we shall get no valid rules until we see clearly that life has other ways by which the future may be served. There are laws to be made and altered; there are roads and bridges to be built, figuratively and really; there is not only a succession of flesh and blood, but of thought, that is going on forever. To write a fruitful book or improve a machine is just as much paternity as begetting a son. . . .

The last temporary raft of a logical moral code goes to pieces at this, and its separated spars float here and there. So, I will confess, they float at present in my mind. I have no System—I wish I had—and I never encountered a system, or any universal doctrine of sexual conduct, that did not seem to me to be reached by clinging tight to one or two of these dissevered spars and

letting the rest drift disregarded, making a law for A, B and C, and pretending that E and F are out of the question. That motherhood is a great and noble occupation for a good woman, and not to be lightly undertaken, is a manifest thing, and so, also, that to beget children, and see them full grown in the world, is the common triumph of life, as inconsequence is its common failure. That to live for pleasure is not only wickedness, but folly, seems easy to admit, and equally foolish, as St. Paul has intimated, must it be to waste a life of nervous energy in fighting down beyond a natural minimum our natural desires. That we must pitch our lives just as much as we can in the heroic key, and hem and control mere lasciviousness as if it were a sort of leprosy of the soul, seems fairly certain. And all that love-making which involves lies, all sham heroics and shining snares, assuredly must go, also, out of a higher order of social being; for here, more than anywhere, lying is the poison of life. But between these data there are great interrogative blanks no generalization will fill—cases, situations, temperaments. Each life, it seems to me, in that intelligent, conscious, social state to which the world is coming, must square itself to these things in its own way, and fill in the details of its individual moral code according to its needs. So it seems, at least to one limited thinker.

To be frank, upon that common ground of decent behavior, pride and self-respect, health and the heroic habit of thinking, we need for ourselves not so much rules as wisdom, and for others not, indeed, a foolish and indiscriminate toleration, but, at least, patience, arrests of judgment and the honest endeavor to understand. Now, to help the imagination in these judgments, to enlarge and interpret experience, is most certainly one of the functions of literature. A good biography may give facts of infinite suggestion, and the great multitude of novels at present are, in fact, experiments in the science of this central field of human action, experiments in the "way of looking at" various cases and situations. They may be very misleading experiments, it is true, done with adulterated substances, dangerous chemicals, dirty flasks and unsound balances, but that is a question of

their quality, and not of their nature, they are experiments for all that. A good novel may become a very potent and convincing experiment indeed. Books in these matters are so often so much quieter and cooler as counselors than friends. . . . And there, in truth, is my whole mind in this matter. Meanwhile, as we work, each one to solve his own problems, the young people are growing up all about us.

## SECTION II.

How do the young people arrive at knowledge and at their interpretation of these things? Let us for a few moments, at least, put pretense and claptrap aside and recall our own youth. Let us recognize that this complex initiation is always a very shy and secret process, beyond the range of parent and guardian. The prying type of schoolmaster or schoolmistress only drives the thing deeper, and, at the worst, blunders with a hideous suggestiveness. It is almost an instinct, a part of the natural modesty of the growing young, to hide all that is fermenting in the mind from authoritative older people. It would not be difficult to find a biological reason for that. The growing mind advances slowly, intermittently, with long pauses and panics. That is the law of its progress, and it feels its way through three main agencies—firstly, observation; secondly, tentative, confidential talk with unauthoritative and trusted friends; and, thirdly, books. In the present epoch observation declines relatively to books; books and pictures, these dumb, impersonal initiators, play a larger and a larger part in this great awakening. Perhaps, for all but the children of the urban poor, the furtive talk also declines and is delayed; a most desirable thing in a civilizing process that finds great advantage in putting off adolescence and prolonging the average life.

Now, the furtive talk is largely beyond our control; only by improving the general texture of our communal life can we effectually improve the quality of that. But we may bear in mind that factor of observation, and give it a casting-vote in any decision upon public decency. That is all too often forgotten. Before Broadbeam, the popular humorist, for example, flashes his glittering rapier upon the "Prude" for suppressing

some vulgar obscenity in the music-halls, or tickles the ribs of a Vigilance Association for its care of our hoardings, he should do his best to imagine the mental process of some nice boy or girl he knows, "taking it in." To come outright to the essential matter of this paper, we are all too careless of the quality of the stuff that reaches the eyes and ears of our children. It is not that the stuff is knowledge, but that it is knowledge in the basest and vulgarest colorings, knowledge without the antiseptic quality of heroic interpretation,—debased, suggestive, diseased and contagious knowledge.

How the sexual consciousness of a great proportion of our young people is being awakened, the curious reader may see for himself if he will expend a few pennies weekly for a month or so, upon the half-penny or penny "comic" papers which are bought so eagerly by boys. They begin upon the facts of sex as affairs of nodding and winking, of artful innuendo and scuffles in the dark. The earnest efforts of Broadbeam's minor kindred to knock the nonsense out of even younger people may be heard at almost any pantomime. The Lord Chamberlain's attempts to stem the tide amaze the English judges. . . . No scheme for making the best of human lives can ignore all this system of influences.

What could be done in a sanely ordered state to suppress all this sort of thing?

There immediately arises the question whether we are to limit art and literature to the sphere permissible to the growing youth and "young person." So far as shop-windows, book-stalls and hoardings go, so far as all general publicity goes, I would submit, the answer is, "Yes." I am on the side of the Puritans here, unhesitatingly. But our adults must not walk in mental leading-strings, and, were this world an adult world, I doubt if there is anything I would not regard as fit to print and publish. . . . Now, can we contrive that our adult literature shall be as free as air while the literature and art of the young are sanely expurgated?

There is in this matter a conceivable way, and, as it is the principal business of these papers to point out and discuss such ways, it may be given here. It will be put, as for the sake of compact suggestion so much

of these papers is put, in the form of a concrete suggestion, a sample suggestion, as it were. This way, then, is to make a definition of what is undesirable matter for the minds of young people, and to make that cover as much suggestive indecency and coarseness as possible, to cover everything, indeed, that is not *virginibus puerisque*, and to call this matter by some reasonably inoffensive adjective; "adult," for example. One might speak of "adult" art, "adult" literature and "adult" science, and the report of all proceedings under certain specified laws could be declared "adult" matter. In the old times there was an excellent system of putting "adult" matter into Latin, and for many reasons one regrets that Latin. But there is a rough, practical equivalent to putting "adult" matter into Latin even now. It depends upon the fact that very few young people of the age we wish to protect, unless they are the children of the imbecile rich, have the spending of large sums of money. Consequently, it is only necessary to state a high minimum price for periodicals and books containing "adult" matter or "adult" illustrations, and to prosecute everything below that limit, in order to shut the flood-gates upon any torrent of overstimulating and debasing suggestions there may be flowing now. It should be more clearly recognized in our prosecutions for obscenity, for example, that the gravity of the offense is entirely dependent upon the accessibility of the offensive matter to the young. The application of the same method to the music-hall, the lecture-theater and the shelves of the public library, and to several other sources of suggestion would not be impossible. If the manager of a theater saw fit to produce "adult" matter without excluding people under the age of eighteen, let us say, he would have to take his chances, and it would be a good one, of a prosecution. This latter expedient is less novel than the former, and it finds a sort of precedent in the legislative restriction of the sale of drink to children, and the protection of children's morals under specific unfavorable circumstances. There is already a pretty lively sense in our English-speaking communities of the particular respect due to the young, and it is probable that those

who publish these suggestive and stimulating prints do not fully realize the new fact in our social body, that the whole mass of the young now read and buy reading-matter. The last thirty or forty years have established absolutely new relations for our children in this direction. Legislation against free art and free writing is, and one hopes always will be, intensely repugnant to our peoples. But legislation which laid stress, not on the indecorum, but on the accessibility to the young, which hampered with every clause upon that note, is an altogether different matter. We want to make the pantomime-writer, proprietor of the penny "comic," the bill-sticker and the music-hall artist extremely careful, punctiliously clean, but we do not want, for example, to pester Mr. Thomas Hardy. Yet there is danger in all this. The suppression of premature and base suggestion must not overleap itself and suppress either mature thought (which has been given its hemlock, not once, but many times, on this particular pretext) or the destruction of necessary common knowledge. If we begin a hunt for suggestion and indecency, it may be urged we shall end by driving all these things underground. Youth comes to life now between two dangers: vice, which has always threatened it, and morbid virtue, which would turn the very heart of life to ugliness and shame. How are we, or to come closer to the point, how is the average juryman, going to distinguish between these three things; between advisable knowledge and corruptingly presented knowledge, and unnecessary and undesirable knowledge? In practice, under the laws I have sketched, it is quite probable the evil would flourish extremely, and necessary information would be ruthlessly suppressed. Many of our present laws and provisions for public decency do work in that manner. . . . One can only plead here as everywhere, no law, no succinct statement can save us without wisdom, a growing general wisdom and conscience, coming into the detailed administration of whatever law the general purpose has made.

Beside our project for law and the state, it is evident there is scope for the individual. Certain people are in a position of exceptional responsibility. The news-agents, for example, constitute a fairly



strong trade organization, and it would be easy for them to think of the boy with a penny just a little more than they do. Unfortunately, such instances as we have had of voluntary censorship will qualify the reader's assent to this proposition. Some years ago, if my memory serves me, Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters" was tabooed by Messrs. Smith and Son, the British railway news-agents. (It is not so tabooed at present, I understand.) We may admit the very highest claims for Mr. George Moore and still recognize that his massive treatment of a theme is singularly unattractive to the young and light-minded, and one does not detract in the slightest degree from his great artistic reputation in remarking that whatever he sees fit to write about, he is, in these matters, a singularly harmless person.

Another objection may be urged to this distinction between "adult" and general matter, and that is the possibility that what is marked off and forbidden becomes mysterious and attractive. One has to reckon with that. But what is here proposed is not so much the suppression of information as of a certain manner of presenting information.

Let us leave nothing doubtful upon one point; the suppression of stimulus must not mean the suppression of knowledge. There are things that young people should know, and know clearly and fully, before they are involved in the central drama of life, in the serious business of love. There should be no horrifying surprises. Sane, clear, matter-of-fact books, setting forth clearly the broad facts of health and life, the existence of certain dangers, should come their way. In this matter, books, I would insist, have a supreme value. The printed word may be such a quiet counselor. It is so impersonal. It does not watch its reader's face, it is itself unobtrusively unabashed. The power of the book, the possible function of the book in the modern state is still but imperfectly understood. It need not be, it ought not, I think, to be, a book specifically on what one calls delicate questions—that would be throwing them up in just the way one does not want them thrown up; it should be a sort of rationalized and not too technical handbook of physiological instruction in the College Library—or at home. Nat-

urally, it would begin with muscular physiology, with digestion and so on. From first to last, it would have all that need be known. There is a natural curiosity on these matters, until we chase it underground.

Restriction alone is not half this business. It is inherent in the purpose of things that these young people should awaken sexually, and in some manner and somewhere that awakening must come. To insure they do not awaken too soon or in fetid atmosphere among ugly surroundings is not enough. They cannot awaken in a void. An ignorance kept beyond nature may corrupt into ugly secrecies, into morose and sinister seclusions, worse than the evils we have suppressed. Let them awaken, as their day comes, in a sweet, large room. The true antiseptic of the soul is not ignorance, but a touch of the heroic in the heart and in the imagination. Pride has saved more men than piety, and even misconduct loses something of its evil if it is conceived upon generous lines. There lurks a capacity for heroic response in all youth, even in contaminated youth. Before five and twenty, at any rate, we were all sentimentalists at heart. . . .

And the way to bring out these responses?

Assuredly it is not by sermons on Purity to Men Only and by nasty little pamphlets of pseudo-medical and highly alarming information stuffed into clean, young hands—ultra-"adult" that stuff should be—but in the drum-and-trumpet style the thing should be done. There is a mass of fine literature to-day wherein love shines clean and noble. There is art, telling fine stories. There is a possibility in the Theater. (Probably the average age of the theatergoer is under rather than over twenty-two.) Literature, the drama, art; that is the sort of food upon which the young imagination grows stout and tall. There is the literature and art of youth, that may or may not be part of the greater literature of life, and upon this, mainly, we must depend, when our children pass from us into these privacies, these dreams and inquiries that will make them men and women. See the right stuff is near them and the wrong stuff as far as possible away, chase cad and quack together, and for the rest, in this matter,—*leave them alone.*

(To be continued.)

## HOW TO CARE FOR THE SICK IN THE HOME.

THE FOURTH OF THE SERIES "HOW TO ADMINISTER A HOUSEHOLD."

BY MARY E. THORNTON.

ONE finds, in the plans for the home of the capitalist of to-day, provision, absolutely complete, for the isolation and care of the sick of the family, whether the illness be infectious or contagious, nervous or operative. In the majority of homes, however, the diagnosis typhoid, pneumonia, diphtheria, appendicitis, even measles—that affection out of which, we are led to believe, some ancient wag was able to extract a deal of fun—strikes terror to the heart of the twentieth-century mother, occupied as she is with her diversified interests and demands.

But the shade of the Spartan mother is still with us, and, when the first shock is over, she rises in her might and girds herself to do battle with bacilli.

### THE ROOM.

In this battle, sun and air are all-important.

A large room, preferably at the top of the house, accessible to sun and air, should be devoted to the sick one.

When we more fully appreciate the value of sun and air, we will not rest until we have sleeping-accommodations on the roofs of our houses and the decks of boats, until our windows are so arranged as to admit of being entirely removed, and until all our hospitals are placed on the water or on isolated elevations of land.

When that time comes, we shall be making an effectual rally against the national tendency to neurasthenia and tuberculosis, with their attendant trains of ills—and not until then.

The room should have two windows and a fireplace in working order, and, what is quite as essential, the lieutenant in charge must have lungs accustomed to dilation and a nose intimately acquainted with copious drafts of fresh air.

The clothes-horse should be brought from the laundry, and it should not be the sort with casters, which is easily toppled over, but one that will stand firmly. Over this pin a sheet, a clean furniture-cover or any large piece of washable material, for a screen.

This should stand between the patient's bed and one window, thus permitting that window to be partly open all the time.

A good way to obtain a circulation without having the air blown directly into the room, is to raise the lower sash about eight inches, placing a board just the length and width of the space thus made under it. In this way the air is driven upward, between the two sashes, and becomes diffused through the room.

If the patient has strong prejudices against fresh air, open the window or windows in an adjoining room, without acquainting him of the fact. But even this amount of circulation is not sufficient, and, frequently, during the day the patient should be protected with extra covering, the screen should be brought close to the bed, and windows should be opened wide for five or ten minutes.

Failing a screen of any sort, an umbrella may be placed over the patient during the airing process; or, a strong cord may be strung across the room, and on this cord a sheet should be loosely pinned, so that it may be drawn and withdrawn at will. The latter is an excellent way to admit sunshine into a room, when the direct light may be too strong for the fever-tired eyes of the patient.

A good way to accomplish a sun-and-air bath for a child is to put on coat and cap, arrange reins from the foot of his crib for him to hold, and, telling him he is "going driving," draw his crib to the window, where he will be shone and blown on.

It is hard for the sick person to wait for anything, so the "airing-time" may be selected by the nurse for doing any dusting or cleaning, thus helping in a measure to take the mind of the patient off the fact that he is being aired.

If there can be a cheerful wood-fire in the grate, then the room is that much more an approach to the ideal sick-room.

Of course, there may be circumstances under which a wood-fire would be inadvisable—for instance, if the patient should have a tendency to hemorrhage from the

lungs, when the smell of the burning wood might prove irritating to the sensitive membrane. Then, too, the flickering shadows might serve as an added source of excitement to a delirious patient, or the crackling of the embers might deprive a neurasthenic of much needed sleep.

#### THE BED.

The bed in the sick-room should be somewhat higher than the beds in ordinary use, thus, if much treatment has to be administered, saving the backs of the nurses and doctors.

A low bed may be elevated by procuring from a carpenter four blocks of wood sufficiently thick to make the bed the required height. The center of each block should be hollowed. Having removed the casters, place the legs of the bed in the hollows.

The iron-frame bed, three feet wide, six feet six inches long, with high head- and foot-pieces (the latter to be used as a frame in the construction of croup-tents, in making cradles for operative cases, or in arranging for vapor baths), with a woven-wire mattress, on which should be one firm hair mattress, is the bed par excellence for the sick-room.

The bed should be so placed as to be easy of access from at least three sides, with the gas or electric light at the back. The light should be shaded at night by a square of bristol-board, fastened by a cord, so as to completely shield the eyes of the patient. If there is a mirror in the room, see that the patient is not getting a reflection from it.

If available, a quilted protector should be placed over the mattress. Cover this protector with a large sheet, which should be tightly drawn and tucked well under on every side. Across the middle of the bed place a rubber sheet, one yard in width and long enough to tuck under the mattress. Over the rubber sheet place an old sheet, so folded that the hem comes at the lower edge, and this, too, must be drawn tightly and tucked under on both sides.

Put on the upper sheet, tucking it in well at the foot, being careful to have the wrong side of the hem up and allowing enough extra length to turn well over the blankets, which should be soft and of light weight.

On no account should a heavy *Marseilles* be used. If a dimity counterpane is not at hand, spread a clean sheet over the blankets.

Should the patient sit up while the bed is being made, do not, when it is all in readiness for him, toss the upper covering carelessly over the foot-board, but fold the sheet and blanket accordion-wise nearly to the foot; or, in the case of an ether patient, quite to one side (the folds in the latter case being lengthwise); then, when the patient is placed in bed, the clothing may be drawn carefully over him.

A weakened patient will not infrequently be bathed in a profuse perspiration after sitting up for a while, and a brisk rubbing, with a warm Turkish towel, will be necessary.

A word about hot-water bottles: Too great stress cannot be laid on the necessity for protecting the patient from burns. The bottles should never be placed close to the body of an etherized or helpless patient; and, in any event, they should be well covered and carefully watched.

When the patient is compelled to lie on his back, a large pillow placed under his flexed knees will rest him wonderfully.

When he is turned on his side, very likely his knees will interfere, the one with the other, and a small pillow placed between them will be a comfort.

A pillow of excelsior stuffing makes an excellent support for a patient who is turned on the side, but who lacks the strength to remain in that position unless firmly supported.

While the patient is on the side, seize the opportunity to gently massage hips and back. Use alcohol, as it serves to harden and tone the tissues. Dust such portions freely with powder, and be ever on the watch for a bed-sore; for if one is ever started, it is very difficult to eradicate it.

#### CHANGING THE BED.

Loosen under sheet on every side, roll it up the full length of bed, making the roll as flat and close to the patient as possible.

The fresh sheet, having been previously well aired and warmed, should be folded accordion-wise to about one-fourth its width, placed on the side of the bed from which the soiled sheet has been removed,

and, a sufficient amount of it having been tucked in, the nurse will go to the other side of the bed, and, turning the patient toward her, tuck in closely at his back the rolled, soiled sheet, following it up closely with the clean one. Then turn the patient gently to the other side, when the rolled and folded sheets may be drawn through, the former taken off the bed, and the latter drawn tightly and tucked under at the side.

The rubber sheet and the draw-sheet may be folded in with the clean under sheet and both drawn through together; or, the rubber sheet and draw-sheet may be changed separately in the same manner.

It is a good plan, if the draw-sheet be very long, to at first only put enough of it under the patient to tuck in tightly, folding the surplus length under the mattress; then, as the sheet needs freshening, a portion may be drawn through and folded under on the other side.

The rubber sheet and the draw-sheet will very likely have to be pinned to the mattress. If the patient be very restless, this plan will be best pursued with the under sheet as well, as it is of the greatest importance that there should not be a wrinkle under him.

In any emergency, it is well to have a second set of rubber sheets and draw-sheets. Often pads, about one yard square, with oakum or jute as a foundation, covered with a layer of cotton waste, the whole inclosed in cheese-cloth, and tacked here and there to keep the pad smooth, will be needed.

Failing the above foundation, old newspapers or a bit of kitchen oil-cloth will be found good substitutes.

A second bed or cot is most useful in the sick-room, as then the patient may be lifted onto that (first protecting the cot by spreading a clean sheet over it), and his own bed given an airing. Failing an extra bed, draw the mattress to one side, place folded blankets covered with sheets on the exposed portion of the woven wire, slide the patient over onto this, and turn his mattress. Always remember that everything that comes in contact with the patient must be protected by a washable material, as it serves to confine and localize the germs, thus keeping the air as free as possible from

contamination, and, in this way, protecting, too, those about him as well as the community at large.

The ideal room will have a bare floor with a few rugs, which, unless the trouble is contagious, may be shaken outside the room each day, when the floor should be wiped up with a damp cloth. In doing the latter, if the back of the cleaner needs saving, it is well to cover a broom with a cotton bag and, in this way, draw up the dust.

Given a contagious disease, the rugs may be wiped with a damp cloth rung out of chloride or other antiseptic solution. This same method may be pursued if the nurse is confronted with the calamity of a carpet on the floor. All surfaces should be dusted with a dampened cloth.

#### MEDICATION.

Too much care cannot be taken of medicine. If possible, one person should be in charge of the sick-room, and should take all the orders from the doctor, writing them down carefully. When she is relieved by another member of the family, she should leave plainly written directions for the administering of medicines during her absence. An accurate, written record of the doses given while she is away should be kept.

The medicine may be refused, ejected or spilled when the dose is given, or the poultice applied; then, and not till then, should it be recorded. An accurate record of the doses of medicine, as well as the nourishment taken and the time it was given, should be kept.

The amount of sleep a patient has is of the utmost importance. In fact, nothing that happens in a sick-room between the doctor's visits is too small to record. Some patients like to think they have had much less sleep than is actually the case, or that they are much worse than they really are. It will save friction if these things are written and read instead of discussed. In fact, too much cannot be written and too little cannot be said in the sick-room.

The amateur nurse should remember that the greatest care should be exercised in keeping all medicines away from sick people and children as well as irresponsible people generally. Bottles containing poisons

should be marked in some distinctive way. Many druggists are using bottles with a corrugated surface for dangerous drugs. A bit of tape tied about the bottle will serve as a warning, and a nurse, in pouring a dose, should use the greatest precaution, looking at the bottle *after* pouring the dose, as well as before. The writer knows of one instance when that second glance averted the death of a patient. Always pour medicine out of the side of the bottle other than that on which the label is placed.

All evidence of the treatment, as well as the paraphernalia of the sick-room generally, should be kept out of the patient's sight and, if possible, in an adjoining room. Here, too, should be kept towels, basins, pitchers, the bundles of coal and supply of logs, a pile of old newspapers (which are most valuable in the sick-room), toweling for wiping glasses, teaspoons, et cetera, used by the patient. For this purpose, too, clean tissue-paper is excellent. Bed-linen, clothing and towels for the room and patient should, in most instances, be the oldest and softest the house affords.

#### BATHS.

Just as sun and air serve as preventives of disease, so is water a necessary adjunct in all treatment of disease.

Having sent for the doctor, the very first step to take for an ailing one, child or adult, is to place him in a hot bath. This will often aid materially in arriving at a diagnosis.

Before beginning, make sure that everything needed is at hand, thus avoiding leaving the patient in a more or less moist condition while going in search of a towel or some other equally important accessory.

Close the doors and windows when beginning to get things together. Then, when all is in readiness, the atmosphere of the room will be warm and quiet. There should be hot and cold water, soap, towels, sponge, powder-box, alcohol, basins, pitchers, clean clothing for bed and patient placed near the fire. The towels should be placed over the radiator, as a warm towel is more absorbent. It is well, during the bath, to place the towel once used over the radiator or in front of the hearth, as it is most uncomfortable for the patient

to have a cold, damp towel brought in contact with his body.

Having made sure that all is in readiness, proceed to prepare the patient. Bath-sheets of Turkish toweling are to be preferred to the woolen blankets so much in use.

Place the bath-sheet over the bedclothing, and, with this serving as a covering for the patient, draw from beneath it the upper sheet, blanket and counterpane at one time. Roll the other bath-sheet to about three-eighths of the width, and proceed as in changing sheets.

To remove the bed-garment, pull it up gently in back, roll the patient carefully to one side, push the sleeve off one arm and over the head, turn the patient a trifle to the other side, when the garment may be taken off.

Bathe only a small area at one time, drying that quickly and rubbing with alcohol, using the palm of the hand. Do not use powder on the skin generally. The object of the bath is to open the pores, and to immediately close them would be senseless. However, such portions as are in danger of becoming irritated because of pressure or moisture, should be bathed frequently and dusted with an absorbent powder.

When finished with the bath, the patient's bed-garment, having been warmed, is brought; and, putting both arms through the sleeves, the garment should be lifted over the head and drawn quickly, but gently, down at the back, rolling the patient a very little to each side as it is done. Always dress an injured arm first, undressing it last.

After the traces of the bath have been removed, the patient should be given a cup of bouillon, or a glass of hot milk; and very likely he will then fall into a most refreshing sleep.

Not the least-important part of a nurse's duty is the securing to the patient of as great an amount of sleep as can possibly be managed. "Time flies," but not in the sick-room.

In no other walk of life is more required in the way of sympathy, tact and patience than in that of the nurse. To the amateur or to the professional, nothing more comprehensive can be said than: "Put yourself in his place."



## MEN, WOMEN AND EVENTS

### THE FEAR OF FAILURE.

The Fear of Failure hampers the energies of many a young man and woman in the early days of their battle with the world. The calm trustfulness and naiveness of childhood gives place to a wary, suspicious, fearful attitude of mind, which eventually becomes a set habit, molding the different affairs of each hour.

This fear is most notable in connection with duties, with business. There is always that tentative, doubtful air of alleged prudence and discretion, which simply prevents the accomplishment of anything, small or great.

Is it any wonder that the majority are "unlucky," that only a few "get along," when it is only a very small number that have a generous share of that stuff—Will-power—that makes the Man?

It is not as though this power was an occult force, beyond the reach of the masses—it is the inheritance of each individual—it is an attribute of Manhood.

But the Will is only man's birthright in an incipient form—it is a seed-germ, to be developed as the man grows.

How few take time for this self-development! Though it is not so much a question of time as it is of concentration. Then, how few take the little trouble required to train their Will, to cultivate their character.

If a man stops a moment in the midst of his rush and bustle, to think of what stores of force are contained in him, lying latent, waiting for his personal control and direction—he will surely conquer the habit of fear.

And supposing one does fail. Have not each one of us, in the past, had repeated experiences of a failure leading by a direct route to a larger success than was before dreamt of?—opening out new and valuable suggestions.

So the main point is to keep moving. Every move counts. Actually, there are no failures. Whatever leads to eventual success and growth cannot justly be called a failure.

Men forget what life is for. Their consciousness takes in only the flimsy, evanes-

cent, passing show. They forget that Experience is the one all-important factor. That Character is worth more than all else the world can possibly yield—the very object of all materials, of all circumstances.

It is not to be expected, however, that we shall patiently and uncomplainingly tolerate a long succession of failures, with no hope of any definite goals near at hand. It is but natural that some immediate signs of palpable returns for our labors should be demanded by us. These returns are indeed not slow in coming to the man who, in his own special sphere of action, acts with determination and carefully planned purpose.

What so many are afraid to do is to make a first step. They don't like to open new paths. They want precedents and pathways ready to walk in. In short, they lack self-reliance.

One brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems more piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but, then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us. At least, if not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

People need to open out fields of interest. First, they must inspire in themselves more faith and courage, and, then, lose not a moment in grasping an opportunity, however small—obeying, with promptness, some idea—only doing something.

It is exercise alone that makes life enjoyable. And what kind of exercise is so exhilarating as the exercise of one's creative power—the exercise of Will—that makes one happy in the course of the work itself, as well as in the consciousness of one's authorship when the work is complete?

FREDERIC W. BURRY.

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### SKETCHES OF INTERESTING CAREERS.

#### I. A SELF-EDUCATED SENATOR.

The life of the senior United States senator from Minnesota has in it the elements of a purpose-novel of twofold intent. The themes, which are closely interwoven, are the powerful influence which

the early inspiring of a definite ambition has in shaping a life, and how success is gained despite the most untoward conditions.

A foreign-born American, Knute Nelson came to this country from Norway with his widowed mother when he was less than five years old, and earned his first money selling newspapers upon the streets of Chicago. Later, when he and his mother were settled on a little sandy farm out in Wisconsin, his life was given a definite direction by one Mary Dillon, who taught the district school. Miss Dillon was a cultivated woman who came with her family to this country from Belfast, Ireland, to mend their broken fortunes. She became interested in the little, virile, eager-minded Norwegian boy, and, at stated intervals, invited him to her home. There, for the first time, he saw table-napery in use and a tea-table ornamented with flowers. On one of these occasions, in talking with him of the famous personages of history, Miss Dillon said:—

"You, too, may become a distinguished man, Knute. You've a good mind, and all you have to do is to be industrious and persevering. You can't be President, for you were not born in this country, but you can be a United States senator." This was long before there was a "New Education," but one of its foundation methods was used by Miss Dillon in thus relating young Nelson's life to the vital facts in the lives of men of success. From this time on he studied them with keen personal interest, seeking to find just how they had achieved. He realized that the first step was to learn more than a country district school taught.

Senator Nelson tells that he journeyed in an ox-cart of home construction, the wheels of which were sections of a big log, to the little village academy from which he graduated. On this cart was a large wooden chest which contained, in addition to his scanty wardrobe, sufficient provision from the farm to last him half the term. He did his own cooking, living as simply as did Daniel when he was in training to stand before Babylon's triumphant king. At this time he bore, without the slightest thought of relinquishing his object, the constant slights and ridicule of his fellow students.

Senator Nelson's personality announces the staying qualities which enabled him to realize the ambition inspired by his first teacher. He walks short, sits tall, and has the sturdiness of those not easily overthrown. His wide, firm mouth closes evenly; his iron-gray hair and beard are cropped to coordinate with the square-turned lines of his head and face; and his ear, which, according to de Maupassant, indicates one's origin far more accurately than any certificate of birth, is sizable, with elaborate, well-defined convolutions.

If you ask him a leading question which he does not choose to answer, he will tell you a story in terse, clean-cut English. He makes no plunges, least of all the Lucifer plunge of presumption. Taking up all questions as he would a case to be tried in the courts, no opinion can be wrested from him until he has mastered the subject.

In a small way, he entered the arena of politics shortly after he had finished his academic course, and has filled almost every office in the gift of the people, once or more, up to the one he now occupies. Meanwhile, he found time to serve as a soldier during the Civil War, and to become an able lawyer.

The woman who opened the world of books to the Senator, and the scarcely less important world of the amenities of life, was a guest at his home while he was a congressman. After her death, among her effects was found, carefully dated and arranged, almost every thing that had been published, up to that time, about him. It is one of the regrets of his life that Miss Dillon, the inspirer of his attainments, did not live to see him a senator.

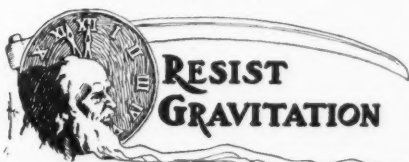
Since he became the senior senator from his state, Nelson is a tinge more dignified than when he was first elected, but in other respects is quite unchanged. In Washington, he lives a simple home-life, elegant in being exquisitely well ordered, and delightful in its unaffected, cordial hospitality. When he retires to his home in the beautiful lake-country of Minnesota, where sportsmen gather for the fine fishing and hunting, he takes neither to gun nor rod, save, perhaps, in entertaining a friend.

Work is the key-note of the Senator's life, and he is hard at it ten and fifteen hours each day. When he finds himself

suffering from fag, which is rarely, he goes away, leaving no address, and, settling himself in a quiet corner of some city for a few weeks, devotes himself to studying pictures, of which he is very fond. He keeps every obligation in hand, even those which are seemingly insignificant. Holding himself well out of the current of the artificial and excessive, he goes on with a certain quiet, abiding enthusiasm, and, both in the senate and out of it, is making his well-earned success useful.

ANTOINETTE VAN HOESEN.

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Gentlemen of forty years, and thence up to one hundred and four, should take courage, and refuse to think themselves old. Examples have never been wanting, and are at present rapidly multiplying, that a man need be no older than he chooses. In the early part of the nineteenth century (to go no farther back) the Bruisers of England were a remarkable group of men, whose exceptional strength and stamina were retained by them beyond the ages of fifty, sixty and, in one or two cases, of over eighty. About the same time, Captain Barclay gained renown as an unequaled runner and walker; and he was over forty when he accomplished the feat of going a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Professor John Wilson (Kit North), born in 1785, and dying in 1854, was also a mighty walker, and as a wrestler and leaper was the equal of any of the professionals of his day; he retained his vigor almost to the last. George Borrow, the author of "Lavengre" and other delectable works, could walk all day, and as a boxer was a terrible antagonist; he, too, was good to the last. Coming down to our own day, we find Jem Mace, the Gipsy pugilist, who, still alive at near seventy, was only a few years since in the ring, and gave a good account of himself; and there is our own Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons, who is strongly suspected of being

forty-seven, who the other day put up an astonishing defense against the most powerful young fellow who, perhaps, ever put on fighting-gloves; and yet Mr. Fitzsimmons has been fighting thirty years, and has taken part in over three hundred contests. Not long ago, in India (of all places in the world), an English army officer, Colonel Savage, did things which not one man in ten thousand of any age could do. At the age of forty-nine, he ran one hundred yards in ten and three-fifths seconds, and the hurdle and two hundred yards in almost record time, beating his field of young champions in all the events. He repeated these victories in the following year, and, at last accounts, at the age of fifty-three, he again won the 100 in ten and two-fifths seconds, and in the 220 handicap, starting from scratch, he left his field and came home hands down. And there is Edward Payson Weston, our American walker of the last generation, now getting on toward seventy, who could still do sixty miles in a day at a pinch. Finally, there was a patriarch of one hundred and four years in the papers last week, who was excellent in all physical respects, and was taking regular callisthenics and other exercises every day; he was as flexible and active as most men of thirty. Indeed, vigorous centenarians are becoming too common to attract notice.

This means, not that the men mentioned were naturally or congenitally athletes, but simply that they did not yield to the vulgar prejudice that years bring infirmity. You may do what others have done; and the knowledge that they have done it helps your belief. There is a philosophy of this matter, and the gist of it is that we should resist gravitation, moral, mental and physical. Do not let your body sag downward, or your mind, or your character. You will notice that all old persons who permit themselves to be old have bodies that are slowly being dragged downward;





tine. Never believe that you are a back number; read new books (really new ones, not old ones rehashed); associate with lively people; be plucky, and take your own part. Gravitation, in all planes of existence, is man's enemy if he yield to it, but his best friend if he resist it. Have confidence in the possible integrity of human life from its start to its finish, and it will reward you with health, strength and felicity.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

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**GEORGE WYNDHAM  
AND NEW IRELAND.**

After centuries of brutal or stupid management of Ireland, an English leader seems in a fair way to give prosperity to the beautiful island and lead its people up to their fullest economic development. The Rt. Hon. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, appeals to the American mind, going direct, as he does, to the heart of the trouble by a process of right thinking. Desiring justice, sympathetic in his working, clean cut in his conclusions—lo! this difficult problem of the centuries becomes perfectly simple; and everybody applauds. Wyndham seems to have kept aloof from the Chamberlain methods, yet not to have

their thoughts, also, are heavy and slow, and they tend to move in grooves and to feebly repeat themselves in all their manifestations. These tendencies may be overcome by taking thought about them; sit erect in your chair; when you stand, lift yourself to your full height; when you speak, let your voice possess volume and energy; when you think, think freshly, and away from rou-

incurred the antagonism of those who have represented the baser sort of politics in English public life. An admirer describes him as "of a happy disposition, absorbed in his subject, forgetful of himself, genial, expansive, sympathetic and quick to share his ideas, his aspirations and his fears with his intimates." Steadily pursuing ideals of right, managing to attach to himself those who desire justice, yet moving without friction among the professional politicians, there is hope that this thinker may become the leader of an entirely new school of British political methods.

Here is a sample of the man's mind, taken from a critical estimate of "Plutarch's Lives," written by him before state cares had absorbed his fullest attention:—"The temper is illustrated again and again by the manner in which they observe his doctrine, that rulers must maintain their authority, and at the same time 'bear the follies of their people and companions that are in charge of government with them. To read the 'Pericles' or the 'Pompeius,' the 'Julius Caesar' or the 'Cato,' is to feel that a soldier may as well complain of bullets in a battle as a statesman of stupidity in his colleagues. These are the constants of the problem. Only on such terms are fighting and ruling to be had. So, too, with 'the people,' with the many, that is, who have least chance of understanding the game, least voice in its conduct, least stake in its success. If these forget all but yesterday's service, if they look only for to-morrow's reward, the hero is not, therefore, to complain. This short-lived memory and this short-sighted imagination are constants also. They are regular fences in the course he has set himself to achieve. He must clear them if he can, and fall if he cannot; but he must never complain. They are conditions of success, not excuses for failure; and to name them is to be ridiculous. The Plutarchian hero never does name them."

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

